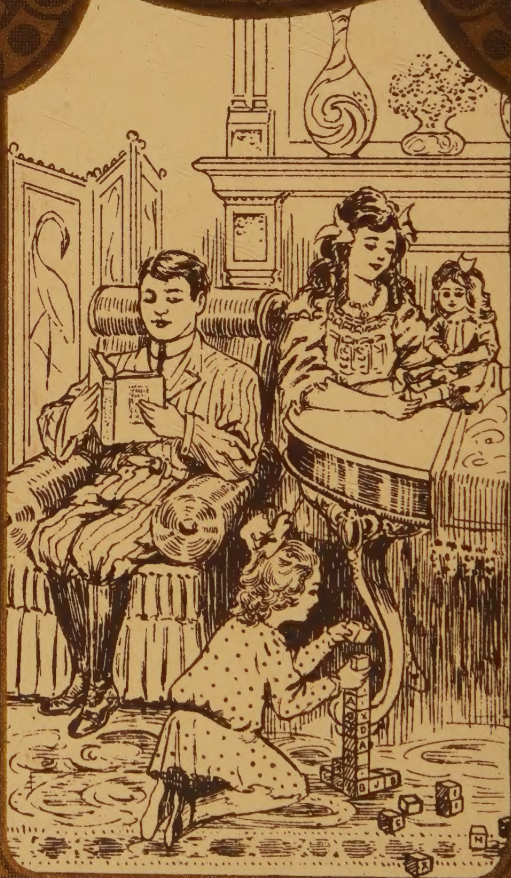


The
YOUNG FOLKS
TREASURY











TOO NEAR THE WARPATH

YOUNG FOLKS' TREASURY

In 12 Volumes

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Editor

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Associate Editor

Heroes and Patriots

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

Editor

JOHN H. CLIFFORD

Assistant Editor

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PARTIAL LIST OF EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
Editor

EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Associate Editor

DANIEL EDWIN WHEELER
Managing Editor

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INTRODUCTION

“**W**HAT is a hero?” I asked a little boy of seven.
“A brave soldier,” was the answer, readily given.

I repeated my question to a girl of twelve. She hesitated for a moment or two, and then she said, “One who does brave deeds,” but I saw that her answer did not satisfy her.

So I asked another question: “Would you, then, call a man who bravely defends himself against thieves, who are trying to steal his watch, a hero?”

“Oh, no!” they cried together. The girl was thoughtful for a while, and then said, “It mustn’t be for yourself.”

Here in this book you will find the life-stories of some of the heroes and heroines of history; men and women who bravely lived or died (there may be as much heroism in living as in dying) chiefly for their country, and who therefore belong to history. Many of them are national heroes.

I would not have you think that the heroism for one’s country which is shown on the battle-field is the only heroism. There are, indeed, more heroes of peace than of war. Our newspapers daily tell us of heroic deeds and noble self-sacrifice, and many of the truest heroes and heroines live and die unknown.

The nobleness and manly courage of an Alfred the Great or a Robert Bruce; the devotion of a Boadicea or a Joan of Arc; the patient perseverance of a Washington or a Grant, are to be found in our own time, and in every time, in many a humble home and lowly life.

So, when we are thrilled by some glorious deed that has been seen and honored by the world, let us remember too that great army of heroes and heroines who have lived and

died in almost unseen places, and give honor to the known and the unknown together.

There are, then, many kinds of heroes. The soldier who comes home in triumph to the sound of trumpets and the waving of flags leaves behind him on the battle-field the hero who has fallen in the fight. It is a fine and thrilling thing to see the conquering hero come, but not less thrilling is it to think of the hero who will never come again.

Let us always remember the heroes of every-day life—the boys and girls who do noble things that are not written about in books. Let us remember the great heroism of simple lives, the golden deeds of quiet, modest men and women.

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HEROES AND PATRIOTS

HEROES OF ANCIENT TIMES

STORIES FROM GREEK HISTORY

I. TIMOLEON (B.C.—?-336)

WE do not know the year in which Timoleon was born, but in 336, it is said, he died at "a good old age and full of honors." There is a proverb which says, "All is well that ends well." It might have been written about Timoleon, as you will see.

No stories are told about his childhood. His father and mother were people of rank and wealth in Corinth, where his brother Timophanes and himself were born. Timophanes was not like Timoleon in character, for he was cruel and greedy, though very brave. Timoleon, on the contrary, was gentle and kindly, hating no one but those who did not serve their country well.

Because of his bravery Timophanes was often sent out with the army to fight the enemies of Corinth. Timoleon sometimes went with him, and so loyal a brother was he that he did all he could to hide his brother's faults, and to make him seem a better man than he really was.

On one occasion both the brothers were fighting in a battle against the Argives. Timophanes was commander of the cavalry, while Timoleon served as an infantry soldier. Timophanes's horse was wounded, and threw him on to the ground among the enemy; the soldiers near him were partly driven back, partly ran away in fright. Then Timoleon saw his brother in danger, and ran to help him.

Timophanes lay helpless on the ground; Timoleon cov-

ered him with his own big shield, and, fighting bravely, at last drove the Argives away. Then he carried his brother off to a place of safety.

Yet this young man, who willingly risked his own life to save his brother, had it in him to be very stern toward that same brother when he did wrong.

For, not long after this battle, the people of Corinth were afraid that their enemies were coming to attack the city. They hired four hundred soldiers to fight for them, and asked Timophanes to be the leader of this troop. Timophanes was at heart a bad man. He was pleased to have four hundred soldiers to do as he bade them. But he meant to use them to make himself tyrant of Corinth, as Pisistratus did long before in Athens. Pisistratus, however, behaved well when he became tyrant, but Timophanes did many wicked deeds.

The soldiers, being but hired men, were ready to do whatever their captain ordered. They helped him to seize the city, and to kill all the best men in it, who would have been strong enough to prevent Timophanes from having his own way, or to punish him for his crimes.

Timoleon was grieved at his brother's behavior, and went to him alone to beg him to change it. He asked him earnestly to give up the tyranny, and to beg the forgiveness of the citizens for all the crimes and murders he had done. Timophanes would not listen to him, but haughtily drove him from his house.

Timoleon was not to be discouraged, however. He went to a few of his friends and kinsmen who had once been fond of Timophanes, and arranged with two of them to visit Timophanes again. On the next day, therefore, Timoleon, with Æschylus, a brother-in-law of Timophanes, and Orthogras, a friend, went to Timophanes's house.

They all spoke very seriously to Timophanes; but it was of no use. At first he laughed at them; then the more serious they grew, the more angry he became. At last Timoleon drew aside and hid his face in his cloak, while the others slew the tyrant.

The news of this terrible deed soon spread through Corinth, and many praised Timoleon for being so true a patriot. For they remembered how, while his brother served his country well, no kindness was too great for him, but when he betrayed his country, then Timoleon did not spare him. This, they said, was the truest love both to his brother and to his country.

But there were others who were horrified at Timoleon, and thought him a bad and cruel man. His own mother was one of these. She would not let Timoleon see her, nor would she speak to him again. This broke Timoleon's heart; and he was so filled with sorrow that he would not eat, and wished to die. But his friends came about him, and forced him to eat and live. Had he been less gentle in temper, Timoleon might have got over the dreadful event soon. He would have reminded himself that he had done the right thing in consenting to the death of a tyrant and traitor. But as his mother still said she would never see him again, he sank into low spirits, and for years would take no part in anything that was done in Corinth.

For this we cannot praise him, though we may feel sorry for him. But he still owed to his city his service, and should have crushed his own grief aside.

Almost twenty years after his brother's death, came messengers from Syracuse, a large city in the island of Sicily in the west (you can find it in the map of Italy, near the "toe" of the "boot"), to ask the Corinthians to come over and help them. They had a tyrant whom they wished to drive away, and other enemies besides. These others were Carthaginians from the north of Africa, who were often very tiresome neighbors of Syracuse.

The Corinthians were glad to help the Syracusans. Timoleon, who hated tyrants so much, seemed to them the right man to send against the Syracusan tyrant Dionysius. So they made him general of the army which they sent. When he reached Sicily, he had much fighting to do. It was not very long before the chief among his enemies, Dionysius and Hiketas, quarreled with one another. They

hated each other so much that Dionysius chose to yield to Timoleon rather than to trust Hiketas any longer.

So in a very humble way he came to Timoleon's camp as prisoner. Timoleon sent him to Corinth with one ship only, so great was the change of fortune for a man who had been the wealthiest tyrant in the world. In Corinth he lived in a mean and poor way, giving lessons to little children, or, as others tell us, to poor singing-girls; and at times drinking and talking gossip in a butcher's or a barber's shop to any one that would stop to talk to him. Visitors to Corinth used to go and see him, so wonderful did it seem to every one that a man who had been so great in the world should be happy to live such a mean and sordid life. For Dionysius looked always as if he were happy enough.

But we must return to Timoleon. Even after Dionysius was gone, Timoleon had still much fighting to do. Yet he took the great city of Syracuse in less than two months after leaving Corinth. Then Hiketas quarreled with the Carthaginians, and went to his own city of Leontini. Hither Timoleon followed him, and after hard fighting defeated him. Then he was free to turn against the Carthaginians. He meant to drive them right out of the island. So he made ready to fight them; but in the meantime a great many more Carthaginians had come across to Sicily, and were landing in thousands at Lilybæum.

The Sicilians were so frightened that only three thousand of them would help Timoleon to fight. Besides these he had four thousand hired soldiers. But one thousand of these ran away in fright, crying out that Timoleon must be mad to think of fighting against seventy thousand men with but six thousand.

If he was mad, there was much method in his madness, for he cheered on his six thousand, and led them to the banks of the river Crimesus. He was glad the others had left him, for he had no use for cowards when he had such a mighty foe to meet.

As they drew near the river, expecting to see the enemy in a few moments, they met men leading mules loaded with

baskets of parsley. At that time in Sicily people placed parsley on the graves of their dead friends, just as nowadays we place everlastings. The Sicilians were simple people, and they thought that parsley was a bad omen. You know that sometimes your old nurse has told you, when you see a beetle running across the road when you are out for a walk in the country, that "it is a bad omen, for it means rain"; or again, when the cat washes itself, and rubs its paw over its ears, "it is a bad omen," for again it means that it will rain. Well, in the same way, the Sicilian soldiers said to Timoleon, "This parsley is a bad omen, for it means we are all soon to be in our graves."

But Timoleon answered: "In my country we crown the victors with parsley, and these mules have brought us parsley to make ourselves crowns ready to wear after we have beaten the enemy." And he went up to the mules, pulled some parsley from their load, and twisting it into a crown for himself, put it on his head. When his officers and soldiers saw this they ran and took parsley also, and went forward bravely toward the enemy.

Just then two eagles came flying toward them. One of them held a snake in its talons, which it had killed. It was always a good omen to be met by eagles. So the soldiers thanked the gods for sending them these signs, and prayed them for help to win a great victory. How the gods answered their prayers, you will soon hear. And now the little army went on more bravely than before. But Timoleon did not think it wise to fight the whole army of the enemy at once with his small troop. So he waited till the Carthaginians began to cross the river, and when some of them had crossed, but were still in disorder, he attacked them with fury.

The Carthaginians fought bravely, almost as bravely as the Sicilians, so that it is doubtful which side would have won had not a terrible thunderstorm burst upon the two armies. Rain and hail descended in torrents, beating upon the faces of the Carthaginians, so that they could not see what they were doing. The hail made so much noise as it

rattled down upon their shields that they could not hear their own officers giving them orders. They wore heavy clothes and armor, and when these got full of water the Greeks could easily force their enemies over on their backs upon the ground. They were so heavy with the wet that they could not get up again, and were easily killed. The river was in flood, and its waters came up above its banks, and spread all over the field in which they were fighting, so that often the men who were knocked down were drowned by the water into which they fell. Terrified by all these things, those that had not fallen turned and ran away. But the Sicilians were more lightly armed, and could run faster. So they caught and killed many.

After the battle was over, Timoleon's soldiers picked up many beautiful and precious things of gold and silver. Much of this booty they sent home to Corinth to be hung up in a temple, as an offering to the gods, "who had given them the victory."

The Carthaginians left Sicily after this defeat, and for thirty years they did not trouble its people again.

Timoleon had still a few more tyrants to crush, but after he had defeated them all he settled down to end his days happily among the Syracusans in their beautiful city. They gave him a magnificent house in the city to live in, and a very beautiful one in the country. In this he spent most of his time, for he was growing old and weary, and he wanted the Syracusans to feel free to do what they thought right without him. Yet they liked to ask his advice about everything they did, and often went out to his country house to visit him and to take strangers to see their dear hero.

As soon as his wars were over, his wife and family came from Corinth to live with him, for he would not go back to Corinth.

In the midst of all this happiness he went blind. The blindness had been coming on for a few years, since a white speck had appeared on one of his eyes during his wars against the Sicilian tyrants. But he did not mind it very

much, for his work was done, and he felt that it had been blessed by the gods.

A few years later he died quietly in his bed, after a short illness, and was followed to the grave by a loving and grateful people. A monument in his honor was set up in the market-place, and a large block of buildings was afterward added in which the young men of the city took their exercise. This was called the Timoleonteum, and for long it served as a memorial to Timoleon.

II. ALEXANDER THE GREAT (B.C. 356-323)

I AM now going to tell you the story of one of the most wonderful men that ever lived, who in his short life of thirty-two years did a great deal more than most others have done in seventy or eighty years.

Though he was a Macedonian king, he must be counted as one of the great Greek heroes, for he spread Greek habits and manners all over Asia, and so made the Greek nation one of the most widely known in the world.

His father and mother were both remarkable persons. His father was a great soldier, and still more a clever and cunning statesman; and in whatever his mother did she showed herself to be very much cleverer than any other woman of her day. But she had a violent temper, the like of which was soon seen in her son, and as he was a young prince, he was not checked as other boys would have been.

The July day on which he was born was a very happy day for his father, Philip of Macedon, who had just taken an enemy's city after hard fighting. Early in the day came the news that his chief general had won a great victory; later he was told that his racehorse had won a prize at the great Olympic Games; and last of all, a messenger came at full speed from his palace at Pella to say that a baby boy was born to him.

The wise men told him that Alexander, as the baby was called, was sure to be a great man, born on such a day of victories. Alexander was a remarkable boy, though not very

amiable, and he seems to have caused his father much trouble by his frequent outbursts of temper. But all the people about the court spoiled him so completely that it was a wonder that he had any goodness left in him at all.

His mother Olympias used to tell him that he was sprung from Achilles, the bravest of the princes who fought against Troy, of whom Homer sang. She wished him to grow up like Achilles. And his first tutor, Lysimachus, pleased him by calling him Achilles, and himself Phœnix, because that was the name of Achilles's tutor.

His head tutor, Leonidas, was one of the few who did not spoil him. He made him rise early every morning and take a walk before breakfast, so that he should have a good appetite for very simple food.

Leonidas used to look into Alexander's wardrobes and chests, in which his clothes and bedding were kept, to see that the pillows were not too soft, or the covers too warm, or that the clothing was not too soft and fine. He was afraid that Alexander would grow fond of things soft and comfortable, if he were not watchful.

Leonidas must have been pleased with the result of his care; for until nearly the end of his life Alexander always liked simple food best, and plain clothing, and just enough of it to keep him decently clad.

Alexander was very fond of outdoor sports—hunting, racing, swimming, and riding. But he never could be persuaded to try wrestling, nor to give prizes for wrestling at the games. His father, who was very proud of the handsome boy, with his deep-set blue eyes, and masses of curling golden hair,

"a sun that ray'd from off a brow,
Like hill-snow high in heaven,"

and his supple, well-made limbs, once said to him: "Alexander, would you not run in the Olympic races for a prize?"

"Yes," said the boy, quickly, "if I had kings to race with me, but not else."

Alexander must have been about fourteen years old

when one day a Thessalian came to the palace at Pella leading a very fine black horse. He asked as much as thirteen thousand dollars for it. He hoped King Philip would buy it, and at first the King thought he would. That afternoon, with his grooms, some friends, and Alexander, he went outside the city to try the horse. But it had a dangerous temper and would let none of the grooms nor the King nor his friends touch it. Philip was vexed, and told the Thessalian to take the horse away. Alexander had been looking on all the time, and had taken a great fancy to the horse. He now said, loud enough for his father to hear: "What a horse to lose, just because they are not clever enough to manage him!"

Philip pretended not to hear; but as Alexander kept repeating this in louder and louder tones, he said, angrily: "Boy, do you suppose you could manage the horse better than your elders?"

"Yes, I could," said Alexander, proudly.

"And what forfeit will you pay if you cannot?" said Philip, now laughing at the confident tone in which the boy spoke.

"As much as the horse is worth," Alexander answered; at which every one laughed loud and long.

Alexander, more determined to manage the horse than before, went up to it and turned it to face the sun, for he had seen that the creature was frightened by its own shadow. He patted and stroked it till it stood quiet, and then he jumped into the saddle. The horse shied and tried to throw him, but Alexander set the animal off at a canter, which soon turned into a hard gallop, right across the country.

The King and his attendants were very anxious, and when Alexander came galloping back at full speed, all the crowd cheered. When the boy suddenly stopped the horse and jumped off, Philip burst into tears of joy at his safety, and cried out: "Macedon is too small to hold you and me any longer."

He gave Alexander the horse as a present, and it was

Alexander's chief favorite till its death. Bucephalus,* as he called it, lived nearly as long as his royal master.

That afternoon's doings made Philip think that Alexander was a very wonderful boy, and that it would be worth while to take more trouble about the things needful for his education.

So the father invited a very wise man called Aristotle to be the boy's tutor. Aristotle was quite willing to come. Philip gave the two a nice large garden all to themselves, where they could walk and talk together, and for the next few years Alexander learned much from his famous tutor. Among other things, he learned a great deal about people who lived a long way off from Pella. When one day some Persians came to see King Philip on business, and found that Philip was away from home, they were much surprised at the lad of sixteen who came to welcome them. For he asked them all sorts of clever questions. He wanted to know what their king was like, and how he treated his friends and enemies. He asked what sort of roads they had, and which would be the best way to travel through Asia, and other things of the kind, which do not usually interest a boy of sixteen.

Alexander's friends noticed at this time that whenever he heard of his father's great victories he was not at all glad. He used to sigh and say: "If my father goes on conquering at this rate, there will soon be nothing left for me to do."

While he practiced all outdoor sports very eagerly, he did not neglect his books, but with equal earnestness read poetry, history, and all words of wise men. His Homer he knew almost by heart, and he used to sleep with it under his pillow, beside his sword, both now and till the end of his life.

While his father was away just then, one of the hill-tribes in Thrace rebelled, and Alexander led an army against them. He conquered them, and built a new city in

* Bucephalus means *ox-headed*. Perhaps the name had some connection with the fact that some Thessalian horses were branded with a bull's head.

their land, which he called after himself—Alexandropolis, which means Alexander's city.

King Philip was much pleased when he came home, and after that he took the boy with him in his expeditions. But at last they quarreled, because Alexander thought that his father had ill-treated his mother Olympias, whom he loved very dearly. So he carried Olympias off to a safe place, and went off himself to another, and it was some time before he would go back to his father.

Meanwhile some of Olympias's friends, who were angry with Philip for his treatment of her, met a young noble called Pausanias, who hated the King for some reason of his own. This man they urged on until, at a marriage feast, he sprang out of a corner upon King Philip and stabbed him to death.

So at the age of twenty, and when every one was panic-stricken at this horrid murder, Alexander became King of Macedon.

But the "stripling," as Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, mockingly called him, had some very hard work to do at home, and near home, for the next year and a half. He was so proud, and often so cruel, that he soon made people forget that he was so very young.

When he started on his great march against Persia, the terror of his name had spread into many lands. The Greeks held a council at Corinth to see how many soldiers they could send with him, and a great many famous men came there to meet Alexander.

While he was waiting there to learn what the Greeks would do, he went to see a wise man named Diogenes, who thought it wrong to have many possessions, because it wasted time to take care of them. He lived in a tub, to save himself the trouble of housekeeping. When Alexander came near, with many people crowding after him, Diogenes stared at him, but said nothing. At last Alexander said, very politely: "Is there anything I can do for you?" He little knew what a short reply he would receive.

"Yes," grunted Diogenes, "stand out of my light, so

that I may get the sunshine on me." And not one word more would he say.

Alexander's attendants asked if they should not punish so insolent a fellow, but Alexander liked him so much, that he said: "If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes."

But he soon forgot all about Diogenes and his tub, in the hurry and bustle of preparing for his long march. As he said "good-by" to his dearly loved mother, and to the palace at Pella, on that bright spring morning, before his twenty-second birthday, he knew that he was not likely to see Pella again. For he meant to conquer the whole of Persia, and to set up his throne far away from Pella, in some city which should be in the middle of the world when he had finished fighting.

By the month of April he had reached the spot where Troy had once stood, seven hundred years before. There he visited the tomb of his supposed ancestor, Achilles—or what was thought to be his tomb.

And then, with his head still full of Homer's stories of Achilles's bravery, he went forward to do battle with the Persians at the river Granicus. The Persians were across the river, on flat land, and Alexander had to make Bucephalus swim the river before he could get at them. When he and his troops scrambled up the other bank, the Persians rushed upon them. Alexander was easily known by the white plume in his helmet, and by his splendid horse, and several Persian princes attacked him. One of them hacked the white plume off his helmet, and another was just going to stab him in the back, when he was cut down by Alexander's friend Clitus. After a little more hard fighting, the Persians turned and ran, and the battle was won.

But Alexander still had much fighting to do before that summer was over, and his victories were not easily gained. In the winter he reached Gordium, where there was a very old chariot. About this chariot an interesting story is told.

Long, long years before Alexander was born, the people in Phrygia were in great trouble. They asked the oracle for



ALEXANDER THE GREAT VISITS THE WISE MAN DIOGENES.

advice in their distress, and were told that soon an old wagon would come along the road to their city, carrying a man inside it. This man would be their king, and would save them from all their distresses.

Soon afterward a man called Gordius came among them in a wagon, and they all hailed him as their king. Gordius then consecrated his wagon to Zeus, and fastened the pole of the wagon to the yoke by a knot of bark. This was called the Gordian knot. Gordius prophesied that whosoever unfastened that knot should be king over all Asia.

Alexander had heard of this saying, and he went to the old temple to look at the knot. He did not see how it was to be untied, as there seemed to be no loose end of bark to pull at; so he drew his sword, and cut it through. Hardly had he done this when a storm of thunder and lightning burst upon the city. This made the people think that the gods were glad that Alexander had cut the knot, and that he would be king of all Asia.

Soon after this Alexander fell ill, and was sick unto death. None of the ordinary doctors could do anything for him. He had been feverishly hot, and wishing to cool himself, had bathed in the river Cydnus. This made his fever worse. At last, as he was not getting better, a doctor named Philip said that he would cure him if he would do exactly what he was told to do. Alexander promised, and Philip went away to get ready some medicine for him. While he was away, Alexander's chief general, Parmenio, sent him a letter, telling him not to trust Philip, who meant to poison him. Alexander hid the letter under his pillow, and when Philip came back, bringing with him a cup of medicine, he took the cup. Then he felt under the pillow, drew out the letter, and gave it to Philip to read.

As Philip read, Alexander drank the medicine quite calmly. But Philip's eyes flashed with anger at the cruel things said about him, and flinging himself down by the side of the bed, he begged the King to trust him and the cure he meant to work.

The medicine was so very strong that it made Alexander

speechless and unconscious for three days. A story spread to the camp where the soldiers were that the King was dying, and the men would not believe anything else until, on the fourth day, Alexander was able to rise and go out through the door to let them all see him.

Soon after his recovery Alexander met Darius in battle near Issus. Alexander had been busy conquering the province of Cilicia, and Darius feared that Alexander would give him the slip. So he took his army away from the large open plain, in which it would have been very easy for so large an army to crush the much smaller force of Alexander, and followed him until the two met in the narrow rocky gorges of Issus. Alexander saw at once that the conditions favored him, as there was not room for all the Persian army to be drawn up properly. In fact, the lines of the Persian subject troops blocked the road for miles behind their front line. Alexander's men filled up the two miles only between the sea and the hills.

Alexander, as usual, led the cavalry on the right wing, and soon broke up the enemy's left wing by several brilliant charges. Then he made for the Persian center, where King Darius sat in his chariot. Darius was greatly frightened as Alexander and his horsemen drew near, and soon leaped from his chariot, mounted a horse that was kept ready for him, and fled. He hardly rested till he reached Thapsacus, on the Euphrates River.

When the Persians saw that the King's chariot was empty, they thought he was dead, and that all was lost; and the flight became general.

Alexander, who had been wounded in the thigh, but not severely, was left in possession of the Persian camp and of the harem. In the harem were the mother and queen of Darius. Alexander was very kind to the Persian ladies, and took the greatest care of them, so that they hardly felt like prisoners.

Alexander had not lost more than four hundred and fifty of his own men. After this great victory many tribes came

to make friends with him, for fear that he might turn against them too.

Some conquerors would have followed Darius until he had been captured. But Alexander did not think him worth troubling about. Darius had shown himself to be such a coward that he could with safety be left alone for a time. Alexander was very anxious to gain the submission of Syria and of Egypt. From Syria he met with little trouble except at Tyre. The people of Tyre were haughty, and accustomed to have their own way. So when Alexander demanded that they should let him enter their city to sacrifice to their chief god, they said "No." Alexander was so angry that he made up his mind to besiege the city and make the proud Tyrians admit him. It was, however, a very difficult city to besiege. It was built on a steep rock half a mile out in the sea; and the sea was very deep at the foot of the rock. But no difficulties ever discouraged Alexander from trying to do anything he thought he ought to do. At first he had no ships, so that he could not get close to the rock. So he began to build a great stone roadway, called a mole, out from the mainland. But as soon as the mole came close to the city walls, the Tyrians fired down on the workmen, and killed so many that the building could hardly go forward at all.

Alexander thought he would make his men safe while they worked by building wooden towers, under which they could find shelter from the enemy's missiles as they built the mole. But as soon as these wooden towers were set up, the Tyrians sent out fire-ships to set them ablaze, and as they were made only of wood, they were easily burned. Then, to make matters worse, while Alexander's men were flying from the flames, the Tyrians in their ship broke down a great part of the mole.

This troubled Alexander very much, but still he would not lose heart or give up the attempt. He made two neighboring cities give him their ships, and with these he kept the Tyrian ships away from the mole. At last it was fin-

ished, and then Alexander's men battered the city walls till they broke a hole through them.

Then they rushed in over the broken wall, and took possession of the city after their seven long months' hard work. Alexander held a thanksgiving service for his victory in the temple which he had wanted to visit some months before, and he consecrated to the god the war-machine by which the hole in the wall had been made, and placed it in the temple.

While the siege was still going on, Darius sent messengers to him to offer ten thousand talents of money, and his daughter as a wife, with all the land west of the river Euphrates as her dowry.

When Parmenio heard this offer, he said: "If I were you, Alexander, I would accept it."

"So would I," said Alexander smiling, "if I were you, Parmenio."

But the answer he sent to Darius was, that all these were his, Alexander's, already, so soon as he liked to take them.

From Tyre he marched south toward Egypt, but was delayed for three months at Gaza, where Batis, the governor held out very bravely for King Darius.

In Egypt Alexander founded the city that has since been called after him, Alexandria. The Egyptians received him gladly, as they had no love for the Persians.

And then, after leaving Darius alone for almost two years, in which he gathered another huge force together, Alexander met him once more in the plains near Arbela. This time Darius had chosen a plain in which he could give enough room for the movements of his enormous army of a million infantry, forty thousand cavalry, two hundred scythed chariots, and fifteen elephants.

Alexander's generals noted the great size of the Persian army with much anxiety, and Parmenio came and asked him to attack the Persians at night.

"I will not steal a victory," answered the King, proudly; but he took care to make himself familiar with the kind of

ground on which his men had to fight, before deciding to begin the battle.

Meanwhile Darius tired his men with too much outpost duty, for he was very nervous about the result of the battle.

The night before the battle Alexander slept so soundly and so long that Parmenio grew impatient as he waited for him to come out of his tent in the early morning. At last Parmenio went in and stood at the King's bedside and called him loudly. But he had to shake him before Alexander awoke.

"How is it," said Parmenio, when the King at last opened his eyes, "that you, who so often are up before all your soldiers, can sleep so soundly on such a morning as this?"

"I have followed Darius up and down through all Asia," the King answered, "and shall I not sleep now when he is given into my hand?" Soon he was standing outside his tent, glorious in shining armor, and ready for the fight.

The battle was long and fierce, but was again settled in favor of the Macedonians, because Darius seemed to act on the principle that

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day";

and, as at Issus, he leaped out of his chariot when he saw Alexander fighting his way. He caught a stray horse, mounted it, and rode away as fast as he could. He could not have escaped from Alexander so easily this time if Parmenio had not sent a messenger asking Alexander for help. The messenger said that Parmenio was in very great danger. Some think that Parmenio lost courage in this battle, but as Alexander had stiff work to do when he went to his rescue, his danger must have been real enough.

Alexander was so full of the excitement of conflict that he gave chase to Darius through the night after the battle. When at last he turned back to his own camp, with a mere handful of followers, he met a large troop of flying Persians. They recognized him at once, and charged against him.

But with bravery as great as his recklessness, he spurred first at the leader of the party and cut him down; then at the next, whom he soon killed; and the next, until at last they thought they must be fighting "with devils, not men," and broke away, flying in terror. Alexander then went back to his own camp.

The chief result of this battle was the surrender of the two great cities of Babylon and Susa; and for many months Alexander was busy as he could be in putting in order the mighty kingdom he had won. One of the most wonderful traits of Alexander was his cleverness in governing and arranging large districts. Clever generals are not always clever in this other way, but in Alexander the twofold skill was found.

There is a little sadness in the part of his story that follows. Alexander's great plans for conquering the world, and for teaching all nations the many noble lessons that the Greeks had to teach the rest of mankind, were too far-reaching for his Macedonian soldiers and captains to understand. They were getting tired of marching ever on and on, farther away from their dear old Macedonian hills and homesteads, and they began to murmur and to wonder when Alexander would think it time to stop and rest. But Alexander had no thought of resting yet, for his work was not nearly done.

But the grumbling spirit in his army spread, till Alexander had to pay attention to it. He was told that his old friend Parmenio, and Parmenio's son, Philotas, had made with others a plot against his life; and he gave orders for their execution.

But at last even the common soldiers, who had always been devoted to him, said they would not go any farther. They were then in the Punjab, in India, and though the King coaxed them and scolded them in turn, they would not move. "There they stood," as the old historian says, "looking hard at the ground, and with tears trickling down their cheeks" (so sorry were they to say their King "nay").

"And so the King, at last, conquered by his soldiers, made up his mind to turn toward home."

But it was a miserable march. At the beginning Alexander was so severely wounded, while besieging a town, that he nearly died. It happened in this way: Alexander's men had no more than two ladders among them when making the attack on the town walls. And they did not want to engage the enemy until more ladders should be brought to them. But Alexander grew impatient, and seized one of the ladders. Putting it against the wall, he scrambled up, followed by two men only, while a veteran used the other ladder to reach the top of the wall at the same time as the King.

At first the townsfolk thought the King was at the head of a large troop, and they drew away from the wall; but when they saw only three behind, they rushed upon him, and others at a distance pelted him with stones. His own men, still outside the town, saw his danger, and in their hurry to go to his help all scrambled up the two ladders at once. As you might expect, the ladders broke under such a weight. Meanwhile Alexander, with the reckless spirit which we know of old in him, jumped down from the top of the wall inside the town. There he had a terrible fight, with his back to the wall, against numbers of the enemy.

His men outside grew wilder and wilder as they guessed the danger threatening their King. Still there were no more ladders to be had. At last they made a human ladder, scrambling up on each other's shoulders, and reached their King's side only just in time. A stone that had fallen heavily on his helmet had nearly stunned him; then an arrow pierced right through his armor into his lung, and he fainted and fell. The veteran had been killed already, but the two other followers were able to protect the King's body till their comrades came over the wall to their help.

For many days Alexander lay sick unto death; and when he began to gain a little strength, many a scolding he re-

ceived from his friends for running such risks when his life was so important to them all.

But though Alexander must have liked to be told that people could not do without him, I think he was most pleased with a blunt old soldier who said, "Ye have played the man; for in this world those that will take no pains will get no gains neither."

As soon as he was strong enough, the march was begun again. It was full of such misery that it is too painful to describe; but even that came to an end at last; and then Alexander spent two years or more in putting the government of his vast kingdom in order.

Yet he did not mean to be done with traveling; far from it. He was busily planning a great expedition, which was to be by sea this time; and in the spring of the year 323 B.C. he went down the river Euphrates to see about the building of a new harbor, and there he caught a malarious fever. He would not take care of himself, but said that it was just a slight chill, of which he would soon be better. He did not get better, but much worse, and on the eleventh day of the fever he was so weak that it was clear that he could not live much longer.

In the afternoon all the Macedonian soldiers who were with him asked to be allowed to see him. The officers let them come in and walk one after the other quietly round his bed. When he heard them he opened his eyes and said: "After I am gone, will you ever find a king worthy of such heroes as these?"

Just before the end he drew off his finger a large signet-ring, and told the officer to whom he gave it that he left his kingdom "to the best man"; then he sank back and died.

With the death of this hero ends Greek history in the strict sense of the word. Alexander had spread abroad the love for things good, glorious, and beautiful; and for this every nation in the world since his time owes him a debt greater than can ever be repaid.

III. THE DEFENDERS OF THERMOPYLÆ

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

FOUR hundred and thirty years before Christ there was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægeus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshaling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skilful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild, freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen-witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals—Babylon the Great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendor to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men, but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire; they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every tem-

ple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his; but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider of the best means of defense. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean Sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southward into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the main land, and between

the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Cæta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the seashore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel-track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the farther side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about four thousand, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the

expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him three hundred men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the three hundred celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since [so historians tell us] it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the king of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it," either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut-woods of Mount Ceta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain-side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe

below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoiter the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it, and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counselor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leaped off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backward; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at nightfall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was

guided through the thick forests that clothed the hillside. In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut-leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent-bed where the shaggy forests opened: it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycenæ and the seven hundred Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also four hundred Thebans who remained;

and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two millions of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the three hundred Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself, claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he had come to fight, not to carry letters"; and the other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the three hundred had been sent to a neighboring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them, called Eurytus, put on his armor, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes,

were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came toward the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained among them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were eight thousand. It must have been with a failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him, and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except one thousand, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and was shunned by his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honor by perishing in the forefront of the battle of Plataea, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honor to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. The poet Simonides wrote the inscriptions that were engraved upon the pillars that were set up in the pass to commemorate

this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honor of the whole number, who had for two days resisted:

"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

In honor of the Spartans was another column:

"Go, traveler, to Sparta tell
That here, obeying her, we fell."

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the lion-like, and Simonides, at his own expense, erected a pillar to his friend, the seer Megistias:

"The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
Who slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheus fords,
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
Yet scorned he to forsake his Spartan lords."

The names of the three hundred were likewise engraven on a pillar at Sparta.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away; even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Cæta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass—nay, than the very battle-field itself—has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

NOTES AND QUERIES.—Why is such great honor given to Leonidas and the Spartans for their stand at Thermopylæ? Who made the law of their country which they obeyed in refusing to retreat? Read Plutarch's life of "Lycurgus." Do you not think that even greater

honor is due to the Thespians, who, unbound by any law, and untrained in a national custom that involved a special disgrace in withdrawal, nevertheless, stood by their comrades of their own free will and partook of certain death with them? Consider also, in this connection, that while the three hundred Spartans represented but a small proportion of the citizens capable of bearing arms, the seven hundred Thespians were probably the entire fighting force of that little city.

STORIES FROM ROMAN HISTORY

I. HANNIBAL: HOW HE CROSSED THE ALPS

ONE day, more than two hundred years before the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, a crowd of citizens filled the streets of the ancient city of Carthage. They were waiting to see the Roman ambassadors pass on their way to the senate.

"Will it be peace or war, think you?" asked a dark Carthaginian.

"War," answered his neighbor. "There is not room in the world for two great republics. Either Rome must fall, or Carthage, and if Hannibal has aught to do with it we need not fear for Carthage. Already 'tis said the Romans tremble at the sound of his name, and they have cause. One day he will conquer Rome itself, and then we Carthaginians will be masters of Italy, and Rome will pay tribute to Carthage, the greatest city in the world."

So proudly spoke the man. He could not know that in less than a hundred years Carthage would be in ruins—burned to the ground by the Roman troops, and all her great possessions given over to Roman rule. But at that time there was good cause for boasting, for Carthage with all its splendid temples and beautiful buildings, overlooking the blue Mediterranean Sea, rivaled even Rome in greatness and power, and no one could then tell which of the two republics—Roman or Carthaginian—would prove the stronger in the end.

"Hannibal has ever hated the Romans!" This time it was a woman who spoke. "His father taught him that lesson well. 'Tis said that when the boy was but nine years old, Hamilcar made him swear, before the altar of the gods, a bitter oath of hatred against Rome."

"Hamilcar conquered Hispania (Spain) for us, and he

was a great general," said the first man, "but his son will be still greater, mark my words. Already he has forced many more of those wild Spanish tribes to pay him allegiance, and look you, he keeps to his oath. Why did he besiege Segantum and take it? For no other cause than to pick a quarrel with the Romans. The city was under their protection; now it belongs to Carthage, thanks to Hannibal, and if they do not beware he will take more from them yet."

"Hush! Here they come!" said the woman.

Swiftly the Roman ambassadors passed, as eager as the Carthaginians to know whether it was to be war or peace.

"Know ye what Hannibal has done?" cried Fabius, the chief ambassador, as they stood before the Carthaginian senators. "The republic sent him word that if he took Segantum it would mean war with Rome. In spite of this warning he has besieged and taken the city. Now we would know what the Carthaginian government has to say?"

"Hannibal acted as he thought best for the good of his country," answered the senators, and thereupon they began to make excuses for their general. Fabius lost patience.

"I here bring you war or peace; take which you please," he said, and gathered up his toga into a heavy fold.

"Give us which you like," was the answer.

Fabius shook out the fold.

"I give you war," he said.

"We accept the gift, and welcome," cried the senators.

Hastily Fabius set sail for Spain, where he hoped to persuade the Spanish tribes to turn against the Carthaginians, or Africans, as they were called later; but he failed. Quickly he journeyed to Gaul. Nothing could be done there for his cause. The Gallic tribes, although they had been conquered by the Romans, were at heart enemies to Rome; no help was to be had from them.

To Rome then Fabius returned, to find the citizens much alarmed, busy making ready for the terrible war which they knew must come.

In Spain, in the city which Hamilcar had founded and named New Carthage, his son Hannibal was training both

Spanish and African troops for the great invasion. He had made up his mind to do a wonderful thing; he was going to march over the Pyrenees through Gaul, and over the Alps into Cisalpine Gaul, which is now called Northern Italy. On the way he hoped that many of the Gallic tribes would join him, and with their help he hoped—this daring man—to conquer not only Gaul, Etruria, and the other provinces, but Rome, the unconquerable city itself.

The desperate march began. Hannibal, at the head of ninety thousand foot and twenty thousand horse soldiers and thirty-seven elephants (the Carthaginians made great use of elephants in battle), was on his way to conquer Italy.

But the river Iberus once crossed, his troubles began. The tribes there fought with him for every inch of the way, and when he came to the foot of the Pyrenees the fourth part of his army had been slain. Worse was to come. At the sight of the terrible snow-topped mountains, eleven thousand soldiers refused to go farther. Hannibal, who himself was as brave as a lion, who never once complained however tired or cold or hungry he was, said not one word of reproach to them.

“Go if ye will!” he said, knowing that unwilling soldiers make bad fighters; and they went.

On marched Hannibal with the rest of his army over the Pyrenees, through Gaul to the foot of the Alps, and as yet the Romans had made no sign. I think not one of them believed that Hannibal would dare to lead his army over those terrible mountains.

“Impossible,” they cried, “for any soldiers save mountaineers, lightly armed and with no baggage and horses to hinder.”

“Nothing is impossible for Hannibal!” his soldiers would have answered had they been there; for Hannibal, all through his life, was adored by his men.

Winter was near. Already snow had fallen, but in spite of the cold Hannibal would not wait. He persuaded some of the Gauls to show them the way up the pass; but on the third day’s march the guides turned traitor, and the whole

tribe fiercely attacked the Carthaginians, even climbing the high precipice above the road to roll down great stones upon the soldiers. This went on until at a turning of the pass Hannibal, with a few men, kept them at bay, while the rest of the army filed past in safety.

But the brave soldiers had to fight with still stronger foes than men. The cruel snow and sleet fell upon them; bitter winds froze them to the bone; the steep, slippery, dangerous road hindered their marching; hunger and weariness went with them day by day. The men died by hundreds, nay, by thousands; the elephants and horses dropped exhausted by the way, and still Hannibal would not give in; still they struggled up the pass, higher, and higher, and higher, until on the ninth day they reached the top. Italy was in sight.

"On! my heroes, on!" cried Hannibal, when the troops had rested awhile; and the downward march began. The road was so bad that three days had to be spent in the mending of it, and three days meant the loss of many more soldiers' lives. Another three days of still greater hardships, and Hannibal, with all that was left of his army, entered Cisalpine Gaul. He had reached Italy at last.

How many lives do you think that terrible sixteen days' march cost him? Thirty-four thousand men, and we know not how many horses, were killed by hunger and cold and weariness—for there had been little fighting.

Happily the tribes in that part of the country were friendly, and for a time Hannibal stayed there to rest his troops and find fresh horses.

Rome presently sent an army of forty thousand men, led by two consuls, and a great battle was fought. Hannibal, in spite of his smaller army, cleverly won. The Romans fled, and the whole of Cisalpine Gaul was at the mercy of Hannibal. He, however, having lost a great many men, retired into winter quarters, there to wait until spring should make war possible again.

II. HOW FABIUS MAXIMUS FOUGHT WITH HANNIBAL

THE patrician general Fabius Maximus was the man chosen by the frightened citizens to be Dictator of Rome and leader of the army, when they heard that Hannibal had made himself master of Etruria as well as of Cisalpine Gaul.

Above everything Fabius loved his country, and his one great desire was to save it from the Carthaginians, who were taking city after city, burning, robbing, murdering, leaving misery behind them wherever they went.

Fabius was sad when he thought of this and of two brave armies that had already been slaughtered by Hannibal, and he prayed earnestly to the gods to grant him their favor and give him victory over the enemy. Then he set out at the head of the army, his mind quite made up as to the way he would fight against Hannibal. A canny, cautious way it was, and because of it he was sometimes called "the Delayer." Wherever Hannibal and his army went, Fabius followed with his. If the Carthaginians camped, Fabius did the same; if they marched, so did he; yet he would never let his army be drawn into a pitched battle, but always kept them a little distance away from the enemy.

His soldiers fretted sorely at this, for they loved to fight. His generals and captains were angrier still, thinking of the glory which would be theirs if Hannibal were defeated. Lucius Minucius, the general of horse, and next in rank after Fabius, was the angriest of them all. Many bitter things he said to the army about their Dictator, calling him an "old woman," and mocking at him whenever the chance was given him, until at last the soldiers came to despise Fabius, and longed to have Lucius for their leader.

The general of horse grew prouder and more insolent every day. It was the custom of Fabius to encamp on the hillside and in high places, so that the army might be out of reach of the enemy's horse. Lucius said that this was done to let the Roman soldiers see how many towns Hanni-

bal had burned to the ground. Then he would ask the Dictator's friends if Fabius wished to hide from his enemy behind a screen of fog and cloud. These and many other things he said, accusing his leader of cowardice.

Fabius, when he was told of it, answered:

"It is true that I fear Hannibal, but for my country's sake, not for my own, and it is no shame for a brave man to fear for his country and to act as he thinks best for its defense. The only way we can hope to vanquish Hannibal is by tiring him out, by keeping him always on the watch for an attack which may or may not come. The only way is for us to bide our time. With every town that he captures he loses more men, and here he cannot find soldiers to fight in their place, for this part of the country keeps faithful to Rome. Thus his army is growing less and less, and one day, if we are patient, we shall give battle and win; for no general, however great, can conquer without men and money."

Then his friends begged him to fight once at least; for the people in Rome, hearing no good news, were growing discontented and angry. To this Fabius calmly answered:

"I should indeed be the coward they think me if I put the whole army in peril—nay, endangered Rome itself—because I fear their mockery and scorn. This is the only way, and however much I am hated and despised I will keep to it as long as I am Dictator of Rome."

After this, something happened which made the soldiers and the Roman citizens, when they heard, even more discontented with Fabius. Hannibal, clearer-sighted than the Romans, understood very well that it was not fear that made the Dictator avoid a pitched battle. He guessed the clever plan, and did his best to spoil it. Although his army was the smaller, his men were better trained and more skilful than the Romans, and he himself was a far greater general than Fabius; so, being sure of victory, he was very anxious to fight.

Therefore he marched into the Campania, thinking that when Fabius saw all that most beautiful part of the country



FABIUS MAXIMUS CALMS THE FEARS OF THE ROMANS
CONCERNING HANNIBAL.

laid waste by fire and sword, he would no longer refuse his soldiers their will to fight. But the guides, instead of leading him the right way, brought him by mistake into a valley out of which there was no opening save through the passes in the hills.

Fabius, who as usual had followed the enemy closely, took care to have each pass guarded by the Roman legions. Thus Hannibal was caught like a rat in a trap, or so it seemed. Was he caught, the great Hannibal—really caught at last? Even his own troops thought so, and confusion and terror reigned in the camp until Hannibal himself calmed the tumult, telling the men to have no fear, but to wait quietly till dark.

When night came he caused great lighted torches to be bound to the horns of two thousand oxen, and had the beasts driven up the hillside.

The Romans saw lights moving over the hill through the darkness, and thinking that the enemy were trying to escape that way, rushed to prevent them. This left the pass clear; Hannibal marched quickly and safely through it, and was once more free to work his will upon the country.

Fabius was bitterly reproached for letting the enemy escape, and the people firmly believed that they had made a mistake in appointing him Dictator.

"Fabius has done nothing yet to show himself worthy of the great trust we put in him," they said. Fabius bore the injustice patiently, for he knew that if he had not conquered Hannibal, he had at least kept him in check.

About this time he had to go to Rome to offer up sacrifices to the gods. Lucius Minucius, who was left in charge of the army, disobeyed orders. While Hannibal with most of his army was away from the camp, having gone in search of food, Lucius attacked those who were left, and by good fortune won a slight victory without losing many of his men.

This, when it became known, made him the idol of the people, and had they dared, they would have taken the command from Fabius and given it to Lucius.

Fabius, when the news was brought to him, cried:

"Alas! this will make him rasher than ever! At any rate, he shall be punished when I return, for having disobeyed orders."

The people, fearing for their hero, thereupon made Lucius Dictator as well, giving him equal power with Fabius. Thus there were two Dictators, and when Fabius joined the troops again the army was divided into two camps—one obeying Fabius, the other Lucius.

As you will guess, Lucius at once caused the red robe to be hung over his tent, which was a sign to the soldiers to prepare for battle. Hannibal was delighted; he had been waiting anxiously for this. The battle took place. Lucius, who was more courageous than wise, was defeated.

Toward the end of the day, Fabius, who was watching the battle from a hill near by, turned to his men and cried:

"Soldiers, if you love your country, follow me now. Lucius Minucius is a brave man and a gallant soldier, and he deserves to be helped. So long as there was a chance of victory we were bound to stay here, but now in misfortune we can lend him our aid.

Whereupon he led his army to the rescue, caused Hannibal to retire, and save Lucius and his soldiers from being wholly slaughtered.

Thus again Hannibal was victorious, yet the generous Fabius said never a word of blame or reproach to his rash comrade. Lucius showed that he too could be generous and great-hearted. Before the whole united Roman army he begged Fabius to forgive him, and turning to his soldiers, he bade them behold their leader, gave up his title of Dictator, and until the end of that campaign obeyed Fabius cheerfully and uncomplainingly, like the good soldier he really was. And the Roman citizens, hearing of the matter, from that time forth began to give Fabius the trust and respect that his patient courage deserved.

III. HOW HANNIBAL WAS DEFEATED

IT was in late spring, when the sky shone blue and the flowers were in bloom, that Rome first had word of the battle of Cannæ. The young patrician Cornelius Lentulus brought the terrible news. As he came riding furiously into the city, the citizens rushed eagerly to meet him, for ever since the army had marched out from Rome—eighty-eight thousand brave men and strong, led by Paulus Æmilius and Varro—they had been waiting for news.

"This time," thought they, "we are sure to hear good tidings. Has not Varro promised to conquer Hannibal in one day? Did he not swear to show us that Fabius was wrong to avoid giving battle, and is not Varro as good a general as Fabius, bolder and younger, and a man of the people like ourselves? Yes! a thousand times yes! Victory is sure!"

"Hail, Cornelius Lentulus!" they cried. "What news from Cannæ?"

Ah, what news! Cornelius turned **his** white, anguished face upon the people, and they at the sight of it fell back, whispering uneasily among themselves, not daring to ask another question.

To the weary messenger came Fabius, who was then in Rome, having given up the Dictatorship after six months, according to custom.

"Speak, Cornelius," he said. "We know by your looks that you bring no good news to Rome, and we are prepared."

"Alas for me that I must speak! Alas for you that ye must hear!" cried Cornelius. "Our army is no more—seventy thousand Romans lie slain upon the dreadful field of Cannæ!"

The people groaned and cried aloud in terror; but Fabius, calmly bidding them be silent, said: "Tell us more. What of our consuls? What of Varro and Paulus Æmilius?"

"Varro has fled to Venusia with the few that are still living, and there he seeks to make one more stand against the enemy."

"And Æmilius?" questioned Fabius, anxiously; for Æmilius was dear to him, being one of those who had taken his part against Varro.

"I bring you his last words," answered the messenger, sadly. "When fortune went against us and all fled, Æmilius, wounded and heart-broken, would not leave the field; and when I prayed him, with tears, to take my horse and save himself, he would not, preferring death to flight. He bade me tell you, Fabius Maximus, that he followed your orders faithfully to the last, but that he was first overcome by Varro, and then by Hannibal. And I will bear witness before you all that this is true. Listen, Romans. Following the custom, each consul commanded the troops in turn, and whatever Æmilius did one day to keep the soldiers from fighting, Varro undid the next by leading them forward, and this went on until there came a day when Varro caused the red robe to be hung over his tent, so sure was he of victory, so eager was he to deliver us from our enemy. Alas! alas!"

"Alas!" echoed the terrified people. "The gods are against us! Our army is lost, our sons are slain, Hannibal will march on Rome, and our city will be taken!" and some, mad with fear, tried to flee through the gates.

But Fabius, with other brave Romans, strove to calm their fears, placed a guard at the gates, appointed new consuls, and began to raise another army. Little by little the people took courage, and as time went on and Hannibal did not come, they began to hope again.

Varro was called back from Venusia. Poor Varro! he returned sad and ashamed, bitterly regretting the mistake he had made, and the sorrow he had brought on his country.

But the Romans were a great-hearted people. They understood that what he had done was for love of his country and not for the sake of winning honor for himself, and when he arrived the whole senate and all the people went to the gates to welcome him.

When there was silence, the senators, among whom was Fabius, praised Varro for having tried to gather an army together again at Venusia, and for returning to Rome ready to

do whatever might be asked of him. This they did to console and comfort him; and to show that he still had their trust, Varro was given many important things to do all through the war. After the defeat at Cannæ, nearly every city in Italy surrendered to Hannibal. But in Rome the people did not despair; they raised army after army, giving freely of their money and their jewels to pay the cost of the war. A great many of the soldiers were not even paid, but that did not make them any less eager to defend their country. Many generals were sent out against Hannibal, but the two greatest of these were Fabius Maximus and Marcellus. The Romans named them the Sword and the Shield of Rome. Fabius they called the Shield, because he was ever eager for the defense, while Marcellus was the Sword, because he loved nothing better than the attack.

These two together managed to keep the enemy at bay. Indeed, after some time Hannibal began to fear them both. As Fabius had foretold, his army grew less and less, and he was defeated more than once.

Fortune had turned against him at last. The Italian cities, one by one, went over again to Rome. His own country deserted him in his sore need. When he begged the Carthaginians to send him more soldiers, they would not, and the Romans began to hope that their troubles would soon be at an end. Scipio Africanus, the great general who afterward conquered Hannibal in Africa, went with an army to Spain and drove the Carthaginians from there. Hannibal's brother, on his way to invade Italy, was killed by another Roman general, and Hannibal himself, with his few remaining men, was driven into a corner of the land near the sea.

For two or three years he fought bravely there, till Carthage sent for him to return at once to lead an army against Scipio. So, after nearly sixteen years' fighting, after winning nearly the whole of Italy and losing it again, the great general left Italy forever.

Fabius Maximus, who was old when the war began, lived to see his country freed from its terrible foe. The grateful citizens, remembering that it was he who had first showed

them that Rome need fear no foe, however great, gave him the highest honor that it was possible for Rome to give. This was the Wreath of the Blockade—a simple wreath woven of grass that had been plucked in the place where an army had been besieged and rescued again.

IV. HOW PAULUS ÆMILIUS CONQUERED MACEDONIA

FOR three years the Roman legions had fought in Macedonia, and each year a different consul had commanded them, yet Macedonia remained unconquered.

"It is time," said the senate, "to send a man who can fight."

"Send Paulus Æmilius," cried the Roman citizens; and as they said, so it was done.

Paulus Æmilius was made consul, and as soon as possible was appointed commander of the army in Macedonia.

Paulus Æmilius, the son of that general who died at Cannæ, was not young, but he was honored above all the brave men in Rome (and there were many at that time) for his splendid honesty and his skill in war.

When at last he reached the Roman camp in Macedonia, he found that there was a great deal to do before he could even think of giving battle. The consul before him had not been strict enough with the soldiers; therefore they had grown discontented and impudent, and worse than all, careless of their duties.

Æmilius very speedily let them know that he was their master, and that they must obey him or else be severely punished. Among other things, he forbade the sentinels to go on night duty with their shields, for the Roman shield was so large and long that a man might easily prop himself up against it and sleep standing. This the soldiers often did, even when they knew that the enemy was near and that they might be attacked at any moment.

Æmilius had need of all his wit and his bravery in the coming war. His army was much smaller than that of his

enemy. Perseus, the Macedonian king, had forty thousand foot and four thousand horse soldiers, and he might have commanded even more if he had not been such a mean man.

The Bastarnæ, a fierce and warlike Gallic tribe, came, twenty thousand strong, to offer their services, but these warriors wanted paying, and Perseus, rather than part with his precious gold (of which he had more than enough), sent them away again. His love of gold seems to have been even greater than his hatred of the Romans, or his fear of them, for he was a coward as well as a miser.

Nevertheless, mean and cowardly as he was, Perseus commanded a magnificent army. His camp was pitched by the seaside at the foot of Mount Olympus, in a place impossible for the Romans to capture.

Æmilius first set about frightening the enemy from the stronghold. This was done by sending some of the troops under the command of young Scipio Nasica—Scipio with the long nose—by a steep and perilous road to attack the Macedonians in the heights.

Scipio succeeded so well that Perseus left the place in haste and marched to Pydna, where, after putting the troops in order of battle, he awaited the Romans.

He chose for the battle-field the plain outside the town of Pydna, because there the ground was smooth and even, and only on such ground was the Macedonian phalanx of any use. The phalanx was formed by a large square of foot-soldiers armed with long, heavy pikes and large shields. Upon the order being given to advance, each soldier linked his shield with that of his neighbor, and at the same time thrust forward his pike, so that all along the line nothing could be seen but bristling pike and gleaming shield, and as long as the men kept together it was almost impossible for the enemy to break through the terrible phalanx.

Across the plain two rivers flowed; they were not very deep, for it was the end of summer, but they were quite deep enough to give trouble to the Romans. Also, near by, there was a chain of little hills to which the more lightly armed soldiers could retreat and make ready for the next attack;

so, you see, altogether Perseus had chosen his field of battle wisely.

By and by up came the Romans, marching steadily and in good order. Æmilius, when he saw the army of his enemy all in battle array, stood silent awhile in astonishment and some dismay.

Scipio Nasica, made eager by his victory on the heights, asked to be allowed to attack on the instant. Æmilius smilingly shook his head.

"If I were as young as you are, my friend," he said, "I should certainly give battle at once. But I am old enough to know that were we to attack now it would mean defeat, for we are weary with marching, while our enemies are fresh and eager for the fight."

So saying, he bade the first line of soldiers stand on guard, while the rest began quickly to dig the trenches of the camp, and very soon the whole army, having supped, lay down to sleep.

And then a strange thing happened. The full moon, which shone high in the heavens, began to disappear. Little by little her light went out in a most mysterious way, and before long the earth was in thick darkness.

The Macedonians, now in their camp, lay awake shivering with fright, for they believed that this strange darkness was a sign of the anger of the gods, a sign of defeat, a sign of the coming death of their king. But the Romans slept peacefully and woke up calm and cheerful on the morning of the battle, for Æmilius had told them beforehand to fear nothing. The darkness was only an eclipse of the moon.

The fateful hour of battle came at last. Æmilius, as he watched the phalanx advancing, was afraid in his heart, although like a brave man he hid his fear and went up and down the ranks bareheaded and without a shield, cheering and encouraging his men.

First came the tall Thracians, terrible to behold with their black vests and glistening white shields, their iron-shod pikes shaking on their shoulders as they marched. After them followed the hired soldiers, and after these the Macedonians

themselves, splendidly clad in new purple vests, and bearing arms that shone golden in the sun.

The Romans first attacked the terrible-fronted phalanx, but for all their bravery they could not break the line. Their swords were not long enough to reach the men who bore the long pikes.

Steadily, step by step, the enemy advanced, and as they did so the Romans retreated. They did not flee, but they were not anxious to face the pikes again. Æmilius rent his clothes and prayed the gods to help him.

Suddenly he saw that here and there the phalanx was broken, owing to the ground becoming more uneven. At once he sent little companies of men who fought their way through the broken spaces, and so made the division still wider. This turned the fortunes of the day, for the phalanx once broken, its soldiers were almost helpless, their heavy pikes being of little use at close quarters.

Perseus fled with the cavalry, leaving the brave men who had fought so well to their fate. All was over. Æmilius had conquered Macedonia in one little fortnight. All the gold that Perseus had so carefully hoarded was taken by his conquerors. Æmilius kept none for himself, but gave it all to his country, and so great was the treasure that for more than a hundred years the citizens in Rome paid no taxes.

Perseus, coward to the last, tearfully surrendered, and was brought to Italy in triumph with his wife and children.

Æmilius lived some time after his conquest, loved and honored by his countrymen. When he died, his ashes (the Romans always burned their dead) were carried to the tomb by some Macedonian nobles, who, being in Rome at the time, wished to do honor to the brave man who had conquered them.

His son, who fought also at the battle of Pydna, rose to be even a greater man. He was the second Scipio Africanus, the man who destroyed Carthage.

V. HOW SCIPIO ÆMILIANUS AFRICANUS DESTROYED CARTHAGE

CATO the Censor, when he was an old man, always used to finish his speeches in the senate with these words:

"And I, for my part, think that Carthage should be destroyed!"

Thereupon without fail, Scipio Nasica, in his turn, would make answer:

"And I, for my part, think that Carthage should be left standing!"

Most of the senators agreed with Cato. They were afraid that Carthage, which was fast recovering the power it had lost after the defeat of Hannibal by the first Scipio Africanus, would rise up again to be a dangerous rival to Rome. Fear made them both unjust and cruel, and they decided to destroy the city.

An excuse was soon found for declaring war. The Carthaginians at once sent ambassadors to Rome to beg for mercy, but in vain; the Romans were merciless. They told these messengers that if they wished to save Carthage they must destroy all their ships, and deliver up their weapons of war to Rome.

The wretched Carthaginians, believing that if this were done peace would be made, obeyed the command, and straightway the treacherous senators broke all their promises by sending a large army to Utica—a town twelve miles from Carthage.

Soon messengers arrived there from the threatened city to ask why this had been done. They were told that Rome could not rest in peace while Carthage stood by the sea; therefore it was the will of the senate that the Carthaginians should leave their city and build another farther inland.

When the messengers returned with this terrible answer, the Carthaginian senate held a meeting behind closed doors; but the citizens, suspecting that all was not right, broke

through the doors and demanded to know the whole truth. It was told to them.

Mad with rage and fear, they slew every Roman in the city. Then they rushed to the armory for weapons; there was not one weapon to be found. They ran to the harbor to man the ships; there was not one ship to be seen. They wept and bewailed their misfortunes; they shrieked out curses upon those who had brought them to such a pass. The ambassadors fled for their lives from that city where naught was to be heard but sounds of woe, of anger and despair.

But their very despair gave the citizens courage. War was declared against the Romans; to Hasdrubal, one of the Carthaginian generals, was given command of the troops outside the city, while another of the same name took charge of those within the walls.

Then day and night, night and day, men, women, and children worked in the houses, in the shops, in the public buildings—even in the temples of the gods. They were making weapons for the coming struggle.

Every day one hundred and forty shields, three hundred swords, five hundred spears and javelins, besides many bolts and catapults, were finished. The women cut off their long hair and twisted it into strings for the catapults. Lead was taken from the roofs, iron from the walls. The fortifications were strengthened; the gates were closed; the slaves were set free so that they might fight with more good will; and when at last the Romans came marching to take what they thought was a defenseless city, they found, to their great surprise, that the Carthaginians were ready for them.

For two years the Romans besieged the gallant city, but without success. At last Scipio Æmilianus, made consul by the senate, took command of the troops, and the Carthaginians soon learned to fear the very sound of his name. He drove Hasdrubal to take refuge within the walls, and having captured the market-places and suburbs that gave food to the city, he made up his mind to starve the citizens into surrendering.

Carthage stood on a peninsula, and was joined to the main-

land by a narrow isthmus. Across this strip of land Scipio caused trenches to be made, three miles long and parallel with the walls. For their defense towers and fortifications were raised, so that when the work was done not a morsel of food could enter the city by land. Neither could anything reach it by sea, for across the harbor's mouth Scipio built a large embankment or mole of stone, and outside this lay the Roman ships.

The citizens in Carthage starved. Once they managed to capture a little food, but Hasdrubal, their own general, took it all for himself and his soldiers. Nevertheless, they gave no sign of surrender at that time. Scipio attacked the walls, scaled them, and took the market-place and the splendid temple of Apollo. But the hardest task of all was still to come—this was the capture of the citadel.

Three long streets lined with high six-storied houses led up to it. Every house, packed as it was with Carthaginian men-at-arms, had to be fought for and captured, before the citadel itself could be attacked.

The Romans chased their enemies from floor to floor and from house to house. They fought with them on the stairs, on the flat roofs, on the narrow planks that were laid across to the opposite houses as a means of escape. There never was a more terrible fight. The houses had to be burned after they were captured; the fire lasted six days; and all that time Scipio scarcely ate or slept, so anxious was he.

On the seventh day he sat down to rest awhile, and as he rested a company of Carthaginians appeared before him. They offered to surrender if he would spare their lives. Upon Scipio agreeing, more than five thousand men and women marched out of the citadel through an opening in the wall. Hasdrubal, his wife and his children, together with nine hundred deserters from the Roman ranks, fled to the temple of Æsculapius; but very soon, mad with hunger and fear, they themselves set fire to the building.

Hasdrubal, turning coward, rushed out from the flames with an olive-branch in his hand, and fell at Scipio's feet to beg mercy. Scipio scornfully gave him his life. Then

through the roar of the flames came the sound of a woman's voice—the voice of Hasdrubal's wife.

"Scipio, I wish you nothing but happiness," she cried, "for all you have done has been according to the rules of war. But I charge you show no mercy to Hasdrubal, who has betrayed his country, his gods, his wife and his children."

And having said this, she flung herself into the flames.

The city thus captured, Scipio had still another thing to do. It was the will of the senate that Carthage should be destroyed, and therefore the city must be burned to the ground.

Scipio wept as he watched the magnificent buildings fall one by one into the ashes.

"Assyria has fallen," said he, "and Persia and Macedonia; Carthage is burning; the day of Rome may come next."

But he was too good a soldier not to obey orders. Every stone of the houses was leveled. A plow drawn by oxen was driven over the ground where Carthage once stood, as a sign that the city was to be left desolate forever. Last of all, Scipio spoke the curse over the ruins, forbidding that any man should build there again.

It was done. Rome had no further need to fear its ancient enemy. Carthage was no more.

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

THE STORY OF A NAVAL HERO

NELSON'S EARLY BOYHOOD—JOINS HIS SHIP

ON September 29, 1758, Horatio Nelson, "the greatest of our heroes and the dearest to ourselves," as the English people say, was born.

He was the son of a country clergyman who lived at Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, England. The boy had many brothers and sisters. There were eleven children in the family, only two of whom lived to grow old.

Horatio as a child was weak and sickly, and all his life he was delicate. Even after his many years afloat he never quite got over the feeling of seasickness. But, although not a strong boy, there was nothing of the milksop about him, and at an early age he showed the spirit of absolute fearlessness which in later years was to stand him in such good stead.

"Fear, grandmamma! I never saw fear; what is it?" he once said while quite a little child.

His father, in bringing up his children, trusted entirely to their own sense of honor, and in this respect Horatio never failed him.

Once, while riding with his brother to school through deep snow, William, the elder, wanted to turn back, as the drifts were thick, and in parts dangerous. "No! we must get there if we possibly can. Remember, we are on our honor to do so," was Horatio's reply; and his pony and he struggled on, and after some difficulty reached their journey's end in safety.

Horatio's school days were brief. At the time when he was twelve years old, Spain suddenly attacked the Falkland Islands, a British colony in the far South Atlantic, and forced the English colonists to lower their flag. This act naturally aroused great anger in England, and her ships were immediately made ready for war.

At this time both Spain and France had mighty fleets, manned by skilful and brave seamen, and Britain was not yet the all-conquering power at sea which she afterward became, thanks to Nelson and his sailors.

The boy himself wished to go to sea, and on his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, getting command of the "Raisable," he begged hard to be allowed to serve in that ship. Mr. Nelson, who had always said that in whatever station his son might be placed he would, if possible, climb to the top of the tree, accordingly wrote to his brother-in-law.

"What has poor Horatio done," came the answer, "who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea?" Still, his uncle said he might come, though he evidently did not approve of his choice of a profession, and Horatio found his way to the vessel.

From that time till the day of his death, except for a few brief months on shore, his home was on board ship.

NELSON'S EARLY YEARS AT SEA—HIS FIRST COMMAND

Young Nelson gained experience on several vessels, and when an expedition to the north pole was fitted out, although an order was given that no boys were wanted, he so earnestly begged Captain Lutwidge, the commander of the expedition, to let him come, that his wish was granted, and he sailed as the captain's coxswain.

In the arctic seas he came near ending his life. One clear moonlight night, while the ship was lying ice-bound, he and another sailor-boy, armed with a rusty musket between them, slipped down over the side and started off over the frozen sea to try to shoot a polar bear. They had to wait some time before one was sighted, but at length a huge white



HIS PONY AND HE STRUGGLED ON.

fellow appeared. Nelson's companion took careful aim and pulled the trigger, but the musket missed fire.

"Never mind!" shouted young Horatio; "do but let me get a blow at him with the butt end and we shall have him." So saying, he dashed off with raised gun, determined to come to close quarters. Fortunately at this moment the noise of a gun from the ship broke the stillness of the arctic night, and so startled the bear that, with a defiant growl, he turned tail and shambled off over the frozen snow.

When the boys got back to the ship, Captain Lutwidge, who had witnessed the scene and been thoroughly alarmed for their safety, spoke somewhat sharply to them for this piece of daring folly. Asked what he meant by it, Horatio, with the pout of his lip peculiar to him, could think of no other excuse than that "he wished to kill the bear that he might carry the skin to his father."

After serving on several other ships, in 1777 Nelson received a commission to the "Lowestoft," before leaving which he distinguished himself by an act of skilful seamanship and great bravery.

The frigate had captured an American privateer, and the first lieutenant had been sent to board the prize. A heavy sea was running, and after one or two attempts the boat was obliged to return, having failed in her object.

"Have I no officer in the ship who can board her?" exclaimed the captain.

"It is my turn now! If I come back, it is yours," said Nelson, stopping another officer who had hurried to the side, and jumping into the boat himself.

Then, as always, he was "the first on every service, whether by day or night," and his zeal and love of duty were bringing their reward, for promotion was coming fast.

At twenty, Nelson was a commander, while a year later he was post-captain of the "Hinchinbrook." Great Britain was by this time at war with both France and Spain, and there was a great deal of fighting on shore, in which Nelson had his share and showed great courage. In the words of an

eye-witness, "he did more than his duty; when anything was to be done, he saw no difficulties."

Soon Nelson was in command of the "Albemarle," a frigate of 28 guns, and though now an invalid, and often in great pain, he was glad to be employed. He had the power of winning men's hearts, and his new ship's company, both officers and men, soon showed that they would do anything to serve him.

With the "Albemarle" he did good service, and Lord Hood, the flag-officer, declared that the young captain "knew as much about naval tactics as any officer in the fleet!"

On the "Albemarle" being paid off, the whole ship's company showed the affection they felt for her captain by offering, if he could get another ship, to enter her immediately. Nelson was much touched by this devotion, but he had earned a rest, and after being presented to his sovereign by Hood he returned once more to his father's quiet rectory, to wait till the Admiralty should again call on his services.

IN THE WEST INDIES—AND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Thanks to Lord Hood, very soon after Nelson's return to England he was appointed to the command of the frigate "Boreas." In this ship he sailed for the West Indies. There were some thirty midshipmen on board, to whom he showed great kindness. "Well, sir," he would say to some midshipman newly come from a life on shore, and naturally rather timid of going aloft, "I am going a race to the masthead, and beg I may meet you there."

Encouraged by this, the boy would clamber up somehow, to be met at the top by his captain, who would assure him that it was very foolish to imagine that there was any danger in the feat, and very soon the youngster would be as much at home scaling the rigging as if he were climbing a tree bird-nesting.

When Nelson had to attend any big dinner or state banquet on shore a middy always went with him. "Your Excellency must excuse me for bringing one of my midship-

men," he said to the governor of Barbadoes, "as I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to besides myself during the time they are at sea."

In 1787, while still in the West Indies, Nelson married Mrs. Nisbet, a widow of twenty-eight. Three months later the "*Boreas*" sailed for England, and on arrival there Nelson went with his wife and stepson to live under his father's roof at Burnham Thorpe.

Mr. Nelson was now an old man, and had long been an invalid, but the sight of his dear son, he declared, had given him new life. The latter had intended to go to France, again to study the language, but his father begged him so hard to stay and cheer his old age that Nelson felt it would be cruel to distress the fond parent he might never see again.

In 1793 all Europe was horrified by the news that the French had beheaded their king and queen, and had promised "assistance to all peoples and countries wishing to be free." This was a direct challenge to all forms of law and order, and was a threat at the loyal people of Britain, who were wisely and kindly governed and had no wish for any change.

The country had need of her seamen, and on January 30 Nelson got what he had always wished for—the command of a battle-ship, the "*Agamemnon*," of 64 guns. Two days later Great Britain and Holland declared war on the French Republic.

From his native county, Norfolk, seamen flocked in numbers to Nelson's flag, and captains whose ships were filled by the aid of the hated press-gang looked on with envy at the ease with which he obtained the men he needed.

Although at the siege of Calvi Nelson lost the sight of one eye and suffered great pain, he still stuck to his post. "Nothing but the loss of a limb would have kept me from my duty," he declared.

A little later Nelson's skill and daring caused the loss of two fine French ships; but this was not enough to satisfy him. In vain he pleaded with the admiral to pursue and attack the whole French fleet, which he felt sure would be destroyed.

His plan was always to attack, and either destroy or severely damage the enemy. His own loss he never thought about.

When Admiral Jervis, afterward Lord St. Vincent, took command of the fleet, he said to Nelson: "You must have a larger ship, for we cannot spare you either as captain or admiral." Soon Nelson, now a commodore, shifted his pennant to the "Captain," of 74 guns, and bade farewell to the battered "Agamemnon," with her crew "who minded shot as little as peas."

In the preliminary maneuvers at the battle of St. Vincent (1797) Nelson's frigate, the "Minerve," to the command of which he had now succeeded, had an exciting escape from the enemy. Slipping out of Gibraltar in order to join Jervis and his ships, the little vessel was espied by the whole Spanish fleet, which quickly started off in pursuit. They gained fast; one huge ship was already quite close, and Nelson, fairly brought to bay, had already given the order to "clear for action."

"Before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting I will have a struggle with them," he said, pointing to his flag; "and sooner than give up the frigate I'll run her ashore."

At this anxious moment a shout of "Man overboard" was heard, and Lieutenant Hardy, in whose arms Nelson died at Trafalgar, on the instant lowered a boat and started to save the drowning seaman. Soon those on the "Minerve" saw that the boat, which had by this time picked up the sailor, could not regain the frigate, try as hard as they might.

The leading Spaniard was already within gunshot; to stop meant almost certain loss of the ship. Nelson's mind was made up on the instant; come what might, he would not desert a shipmate in danger.

"By God, I'll not lose Hardy!" he shouted; "back the mizzen topsail!"

The order was quickly obeyed; the frigate slowed down in face of her pursuers. The Spaniards, astonished at this daring act, for some strange reason failed to press on, and the "Minerve," with Hardy and the rescuing party safe on board, went on her way unharmed.

In the actual battle of St. Vincent, Nelson, by disobeying orders and following his own course, saved the day. He was then on the "Captain," and his men won great honor by boarding and capturing two Spanish ships. When Captain Miller started to lead the boarding-party, Nelson slipped in front of his junior officer and headed the attack himself.

When the "Victory," the admiral's flagship, passed a few moments later, both of the Spanish ships of the line had struck their flags to Nelson.

Cheer after cheer rose from the "Victory," and the ringing huzzas were taken up by the whole fleet.

"Nothing in the world was ever more noble than the action of the 'Captain' from beginning to end." So wrote Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was with the fleet during the fight.

On Captain Calder saying that the "Captain's" wearing out of the line—which really won the battle—was an act of disobedience, the admiral replied: "It certainly was so; and if ever you commit such a breach of orders I shall forgive you also."

A little later Nelson, now a rear-admiral and a knight, ordered an assault on Santa Cruz. The attack was beaten back, though Nelson and his men fought with splendid bravery. While leading the force, Nelson was struck in the right arm by a grape-shot. His stepson, Josiah Nisbet, into whose arms he had fallen, with great skill and coolness bound the wound; otherwise he must have bled to death.

Returning to the ship, the wounded admiral refused all help, and steadying himself with one hand, jumped up the ship's side. Arrived on deck, he called for the surgeon, and quietly told him "to get his instruments ready, for he knew he must lose his arm, and that the sooner it was off the better." He bore the operation without a murmur, and never even mentioned his own wound in his despatches home. What he minded more was the failure of the attack; and what with fretting over this, and the pain of his wound, he became very ill.

"I am become," he said, "a burden to my friends, and useless to my country." To Lord St. Vincent he wrote: "I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the

remains of my carcass to England: a left-handed admiral will never again be considered as useful."

When he reached home, Nelson was greatly cheered by the splendid welcome he got. The freedom of the cities of London and Bristol was given to him, while the King received him most graciously, and decorated him with the Order of the Bath, besides giving him a pension of £1000 a year.

After a time the wound which had caused him so much suffering healed, and Nelson wrote to a London clergyman, begging him to announce in church the next Sunday: "An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for many mercies bestowed upon him."

As soon as he was well he was placed in command of the "Vanguard," 74 guns, in which he sailed to join the squadron off Cadiz.

NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE— DEATH OF CASABIANCA

Before the battle of the Nile, Nelson's captains had often met on the "Vanguard" and talked of the coming conflict with the French fleet. "First gain the victory," Nelson had told them, "and then make the best use of it you can." Now they were all eager for the fight, and full of admiration for the admiral's plan of battle. "If we succeed, what will the world say?" exclaimed Captain Berry. "There is no *if* in the case," answered Nelson; "that we shall succeed is certain: who may live to tell the story, is a very different question."

In the hottest of the fight Nelson was struck on the forehead, and for the time being was quite blinded. With the words, "I am killed," he sank into Captain Berry's arms. With tender care he was carried to the cockpit. Here, as at Santa Cruz, and as afterward at Trafalgar, he refused to have his wound looked to before his humbler messmates had been attended by the surgeons.

When the admiral's time came it was found that the wound was less serious than at first thought. Rest was ordered, but

this the impatient spirit of Nelson could not stand while the battle was raging round him and the result was still uncertain.

Before long the French admiral's flagship took fire, and at a quarter to ten she blew up, with a terrific explosion, the flames illuminating the whole bay, and showing a picture of awful grandeur.

A deathlike silence followed the explosion; both sides for the time ceased firing. Of the brave foemen who fought their ship to the last, only some seventy were saved by the British crews. Among the many who perished was the commodore's son, Casabianca, a brave boy of thirteen, the hero of Mrs. Hemans's poem "The boy stood on the burning deck," who refused to leave the doomed ship.

The fight was fierce, and the English victory was complete. The British crews, who had been "working and fighting at their hardest for near twelve hours," no sooner cast anchor than they dropped on deck completely tired out, and slept where they lay.

On August 2, 1798, the day after the battle, "Almighty God having blessed his Majesty's arms with victory"—so ran the memorandum—a public thanksgiving was held throughout the fleet. On the same day, Nelson sent to the captains, officers, and seamen of the fleet, asking them "to accept the Admiral's most sincere and cordial thanks for their very gallant behavior in this glorious battle."

Honors fell fast upon the victor. Letters of congratulation from the Czar, the Sultan, the kings of Sardinia and the two Sicilies reached him. A grateful country gave him the honor of a peerage, under the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, besides a pension of £2000 (\$10,000) a year. The East India Company, who felt that he had saved India by his victory, made him a present of £10,000 (\$50,000).

At home the whole country spoke of little else but Nelson and his glorious deeds. Indeed, throughout all Europe the fame of the great admiral was ringing.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—AND AT HOME

After the battle of the Nile, Nelson sailed for Italy. The Queen of Naples—who was a sister of the unfortunate and beautiful Marie Antoinette, the queen whom the French had beheaded—greeted him with every show of joy and delight.

“O brave Nelson! O God! bless and protect our brave deliverer!” she said. “O Nelson! Nelson! what do we not owe you! O conqueror! savior of Italy! The whole of the sea-coast of Italy is saved; and this is owing alone to the generous English.”

The people of Naples had all along had kindly feelings to Great Britain, but they had been afraid of seeming too friendly lest they should offend the French, who occupied their territory.

All through this exciting time in Italy, when the ruling powers dreaded attack and revolt, Nelson acted with the coolest bravery and perfect tact. His presence of mind never left him; sailor and fighter first and above all things, he was at the same time bold and skilful in dealing with affairs of state.

“You are as great in the Cabinet as on the ocean,” was the praise given by Lord St. Vincent.

“The world knows that Lord Nelson can fight the battles of his country,” said Lord Minto; but he went on to say that besides his skill and courage as a seaman, Nelson possessed judgment, ability, and patience, with which to protect his country’s honor and interests—qualities “not always allied to the sort of spirit which, without an instant’s hesitation, can attack the whole Spanish line with his single ship.”

Soon the whole of the French force, mainly through the activities of Nelson, was driven out of Naples, and the royal family, who had been forced to leave, were able to return. They showed how grateful they were to the brave Englishman who had not only saved them from danger, but restored them to their rights, by making Nelson Duke of Bronte, with a property of about £3000 a year; and from that time Nelson

signed his name "Nelson and Bronte" in all letters and despatches.

During a fight with a French ship that had escaped in the battle of the Nile, a shot passed through the mizzen staysail of Nelson's ship. Nelson, patting one of the midshipmen on the head, asked him, laughingly, "how he liked the music." Seeing that the boy looked rather alarmed, he spoke kindly to him, told him that Charles XII. ran away from the first shot he heard, though afterward he was called "The Great," from his bravery. "I therefore," said Nelson, "hope much from you in future."

Having obtained leave to go home, Nelson arrived at Yarmouth on November 6, 1800. On landing he received a splendid welcome. He was the idol of the whole nation, his name on every one's lips.

After a short time in London, Nelson went to spend Christmas with his friends the Hamiltons, at the country house of Mr. Beckford. A curious tale is told by his host of Nelson, as showing what different forms courage may take. In order to show his famous visitor some distant part of the estate, the host took him for a drive in his mail phaëton, drawn by four horses. The horses were quite under control, but, being fresh, rattled along at a good pace.

Nelson sat in silence for a time, with a fixed, drawn face. Finally he could stand it no longer, and saying quietly, "This is too much for me; you must set me down," he insisted on getting out and walking the whole way home—the man whose life was a record of daring and bravery at sea and in action!

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN—THREATENED INVASION OF ENGLAND

Nelson's time at home was short, for again there were signs of war, and the fleet was once more to be called upon to strike a blow for his country, which was in a quarrel with Denmark.

The Danes were toiling manfully at the defense of their capital. Workmen, country peasants, city merchants, students,

young and old alike of all classes, enrolled themselves as volunteers, and prepared to make their beloved Copenhagen secure against assault, or lay down their lives in its defense.

In less than three weeks from the time it had left home, the English fleet arrived, and passing the island of Elsinore, dropped anchor about five miles from Copenhagen.

Three English ships were stranded in attempting to pass through the harbor channel. The others made the passage safely, and a desperate battle ensued.

"It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment," said Nelson, amid a shower of splinters; "but mark you," he added, his eye kindling with the light of battle, "I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

The pounding at short range was deadly and unceasing; scarcely two hundred yards separated the combatants. The Danish flagship, fighting to the end with desperate courage, took fire; still, amid the flames, the gunners continued to fire a deadly storm of shot and shell. Only when the fire got the mastery and with a mighty roar the gallant ship blew up, did she cease to trouble her foes. Nelson was fighting against heavy odds, but he would not give in.

At last the fire of the Danes slackened; half their line were wrecks; the floating batteries were either sunk or nearly silenced; their flagship was ablaze.

Nelson's humane nature could not bear that so many brave men should be killed, now that their valor was useless and his own victory complete. Calling for pen and ink, he wrote the following:

"To the brothers of Englishmen, the Danes.

"Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark when no longer resisting; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, Lord Nelson will be obliged to set on fire all the floating batteries he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them."

His secretary was about to close the letter in its envelope with the ordinary wafer then in common use, but Nelson

objected to this, and bade him bring wax and a taper, with which the letter was carefully sealed.

"Had I made use of the wafer," he explained to those around him, "it would have been wet when presented to the Crown Prince. He would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some very pressing reason for being in a hurry. *The wax told no tales.*"

A truce was agreed upon, and the British were busy floating their own ships that had run aground, and securing their prizes, only one of which could, however, be used again, so fiercely had fought the two nations, both sprung from a race of sea-kings.

"The French and Spaniards fight well; but they could not have stood for an hour such a fire as the Danes sustained for four hours," Nelson said.

In the negotiations that followed, Nelson again showed himself "as great in the Cabinet as on the ocean." His victory had been a glorious one, but his skill and tact in arranging terms after the battle were equally remarkable. Friend and foe alike agreed that it was he that had brought about the peace.

"Your Lordship's whole conduct, from your first appointment to this hour," wrote Lord St. Vincent, "is the subject of our constant admiration. It does not become me to make comparisons; all agree there is but one Nelson."

Soon came a time of peace, and, to his great delight, Nelson was relieved. "To find a proper successor," St. Vincent had written to him, "your Lordship knows is no very easy task, for I never saw the man in our profession, excepting yourself and Trowbridge, who possessed the magic art of infusing the same spirit into others which inspired their own actions."

Nelson returned to England, and on his arrival at Yarmouth he was received by vast crowds, who did all they could to honor the conquering admiral. He never halted, but quickly making his way through the dense, cheering throng, he went straight to the hospital, where lay so many of his men,

wounded in the late battle. Stopping at every bed, he spoke a few words to each sailor.

"Well, Jack, what's the matter?" he asked of one.

"Lost my right arm, your honor," came the answer.

Nelson stopped, then holding up his own empty sleeve, shook it at the sailor and said, playfully:

"Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen. Cheer up, my brave fellow!"

At every bed he came to he said something kind and encouraging. And the surgeon said the admiral did more good than a doctor; every eye seemed to sparkle, and every sufferer to forget his pain when Nelson spoke to him.

Before leaving for the Baltic, Nelson, who, after the Nile, described his career as having been far beyond his greatest hopes in the way of honor and rewards, had serious thoughts of giving up the sea and settling down to a life of peace on shore. There was yet, however, much of his finest work to do.

Baffled in his attempt on India, his fleet destroyed at the Nile, Napoleon had declared that he had no choice left but to make a descent on Britain. To meet this danger the presence of the English admiral was of the greatest importance, and in answer to the call of his country Nelson undertook its defense with his usual energy and zeal.

"Whatever plans may be adopted," he said, "the moment the enemy touch our coast, be it where it may, they are to be attacked by every man afloat and on shore; this must be perfectly understood. Never fear the event."

England was now like a large armed camp; the great shadow of invasion was hanging over the country. "Bony" himself (Napoleon Bonaparte), with whose name nurses were used to frighten children, was coming over to try to conquer Britain as he had conquered Europe. Small wonder that the whole country sprang to arms!

At length, however, the French saw that the invasion of England was too difficult to be thought of, and peace was made; but it was not long before war was again declared, and Nelson promptly sailed in the "Victory."

NELSON IN CHIEF COMMAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—
IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY

Nelson was now in chief command of the Mediterranean squadron. Great Britain was once more waging war single-handed against the French Empire. The rest of Europe was crushed; everywhere on land the French were victors, and resistance was for the time being at an end.

Spain was a mere vassal of France; she did not indeed at this period supply her fleet, but gave to Napoleon a money tribute instead. Portugal, the ancient friend of Britain, had at the bidding of the tyrant been forced to close her ports to Nelson's ships.

Never before had Nelson been so impatient to get at the foe. "If the devil stands at the door," he said, "we shall sail to-morrow forenoon."

The French fleet was in Toulon, and off this port Nelson set himself to wait the coming out of the enemy. The watch was a long and weary one.

"I have made up my mind never to go into port till after the battle, if they make me wait a year," Nelson had said, and for almost two years did the English fleet remain ready for action; nor during that time did it ever go into harbor. When, after the long months of waiting, it was called upon to pursue the enemy for four thousand miles, it was found, to quote Nelson's words, "in a perfect state of readiness to act."

This management of the fleet was really as great a triumph in many ways as his most brilliant victories had been. The people at nearly every port were in dread of the French, and it was very difficult to get supplies, so great was their fear of rousing Napoleon's anger. No British ships were allowed to enter Spanish ports, though from these very ports the French privateers sailed out and attacked English merchantmen.

The station off Toulon Nelson called his home. His ships, thanks to his great care, were in fairly good repair; his men were "in the right fighting trim." "Let them come as soon

as they please," he wrote, "I never saw a fleet together so well officered and manned."

La Touche-Tréville was now the admiral of the French fleet. One day, while the main body of the British fleet was out of sight, Rear-Admiral Campbell, with only three ships, appeared in the offing. Seeing this, La Touche-Tréville, with every sail set, left port and bore down on the three vessels. As was natural, the little squadron retired.

The new experience of pursuing, instead of being pursued, so delighted the Frenchman that he published a boastful and quite untrue account of how he had chased Nelson and the whole British fleet. This idle brag stung Nelson to the quick, and he promptly sent home a copy of the "Victory's" log on the day in question to show what the real facts were.

"As for myself," he said, "if my character was not established by that time for not being apt to run away, it would not be worth my while to put the world right."

At the time, he wrote: "Monsieur La Touche came out with eight sail of the line and six frigates, cut a caper off Sepet, and went in again." Two months later, when a copy of the French admiral's letter reached him, he broke out in wrath:

"You will have seen Monsieur La Touche's letter of how he chased me, and how I ran. He is a poltroon, liar, and a miscreant. I keep his letter, and, by Gad! if I take him, he shall *eat it*."

In vain did Nelson try to draw his enemy out to fight by every means he could think of. The Frenchman would not walk into the trap, nor be tempted into giving battle until the appointed time came. The dread of missing the enemy in a fog was one of Nelson's chief anxieties.

"If I should miss these fellows my heart will break," he kept repeating. "If that admiral were to cheat me out of my hopes of meeting him," he added, "it would kill me much easier than one of his balls."

The patience with which the English fleet bore the long watch off Toulon is, in Nelson's own words, a "record of perseverance at sea which had never been surpassed." From

May, 1803, to August, 1805, the admiral himself was out of his ship only three times; on each of these occasions he was absent less than an hour, and was "upon the King's service," as the saying went.

The patience of Great Britain being at last tired out, war was declared against Spain. While the British fleet was at anchor off the coast of Sardinia, the Toulon fleet finally put to sea and joined the Spaniards. On getting this news the British fleet weighed and put to sea. Next morning the signal was made to prepare for battle. A chase after Nelson's enemy now began, stormy weather keeping pursuers and pursued apart.

During this chase, with weary buffeting against foul winds, a despatch-vessel was wrecked and a convoy waylaid, the two small ships protecting it being taken. To add to these small losses, another despatch-vessel had gone ashore off Cadiz and fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The commander of this vessel, Captain Layman, had earned Nelson's praise and esteem by his smartness and bravery at Copenhagen, and Nelson could not bear that a brave man should be blamed. The admiral never turned his back upon a friend; more especially did he stick by a friend in misfortune.

"Dear Parker is my child, for I found him in distress," he had written of a captain wounded in the attack of boats at Boulogne. To this other captain in distress, the great seaman's tender heart went out, and he wrote to the Admiralty on his behalf.

"My dear Lord," he began, "give me leave to recommend Captain Layman to your kind protection; for notwithstanding the court-martial has thought him worthy of censure for his running in with the land, yet, my Lord, allow me to say that Captain Layman's misfortune was, perhaps, conceiving other people's abilities were equal to his own, which indeed very few people's are.

"Captain Layman has served with me in three ships, and I am well acquainted with his bravery, zeal, judgment, and activity; nor do I regret the loss of the 'Raven' compared

to the value of Captain Layman's services, which are a national loss.

"You must, my dear Lord, forgive the warmth which I express for Captain Layman; but he is in adversity, and therefore has the more claim to my attention and regard.

"If I had been censured every time I have run my ship, or fleets under my command, into great danger, I should long ago have been out of the service, and never in the House of Peers.

"I am, my dear Lord, most faithfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

Small wonder the whole fleet adored "Our Nel," as they called him, and who, they said, was "as brave as a lion but as gentle as a lamb."

On August 18, 1805, the "Victory" anchored at Portsmouth and the long chase, which had proved to be in vain, was at an end.

Nelson no sooner landed than he posted up to London, where he had much to talk about, not only with the Admiralty but with the Secretary for War.

On this visit to London the famous meeting between Nelson, "the greatest sailor since our world began," and the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon, "the great world's victor's victor," took place. Neither knew who the other was. They were both waiting in the anteroom of the Secretary of State. At first the "Iron Duke" found Nelson's talk trifling and silly. But when the war and the state of Europe were touched upon, then in an instant the somewhat boastful trifler vanished, and Nelson, the statesman, sailor, and savior of his country appeared in his true colors.

On September 2 Captain Blackwood called at Merton at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already up and dressed, eagerly greeted him with the words, "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets, and I think I shall yet have to beat them."

On Blackwood telling him that the French squadron had arrived off Cadiz, he could scarcely conceal his joy. "Depend

upon it, Blackwood," he exclaimed, "I shall yet give Mr. Villeneuve [the French admiral] a drubbing."

All haste was made to get ready the fleet Nelson had chosen. He stuck to the "Victory" as his flagship. Already a feeling of his coming death was upon him: he knew "they meant to make a dead set at the 'Victory,'" he told his brother.

In his private journal are found these words:

"Friday night (Sept. 13), at half-past ten, I drove from dear, dear Merton to go to serve my King and country. May the great God, whom I adore, enable me to fulfill the expectations of my country.

"And, if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy.

"If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind! His will be done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Nelson had felt his reception at court after his return from Copenhagen to be a cold one. Now, his leave-taking must have assured him of the love and admiration of a whole nation. Vast crowds had gathered at Portsmouth to catch a glimpse of him, and to bid godspeed to the national hero. To quote Southey:

"They pressed forward to obtain sight of his face. Many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed.

"England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson."

On September 25 the "Victory" was off Lisbon, and letters were sent on shore begging that the fleet's arrival might be kept secret.

At all costs Villeneuve was to be tempted to put to sea and give battle. "Day by day," wrote Nelson, "I am expecting the allied fleet to put to sea—every day, hour, and moment. I am convinced that you estimate, as I do, the importance of

not letting those rogues escape us without a fair fight, which I pant for by day and dream of by night."

On September 28 the "Victory" reached the fleet; the day after was Nelson's birthday. The reception he met with, he declared, "caused the sweetest sensation of his life." The officers who came on board to welcome his return—"the band of brothers," as he called them—forgot his rank as commander-in-chief, in the joy with which they greeted him.

"When I came to explain to them the 'Nelson touch,'" the admiral writes to Lady Hamilton, "it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears; all approved." The "Nelson touch," which has passed into a saying common in the British navy to this day, was the great admiral's plan of attack or conduct of war.

"The business of an English commander-in-chief"—so ran Nelson's famous order—"is first to bring an enemy's fleet to battle, on the most advantageous terms to himself (I mean that of laying his ships close on board the enemy as quickly as possible); and, secondly, to continue them there without separating until their business is decided."

"First, to lay his ships close on board the enemy; and, secondly, to continue them there." Surely this, in a few simple words, is the secret of England's naval greatness and of Nelson's own fame.

On October 19 Nelson was to have his eager wish granted. The day previous he had noted in his diary: "Fine weather; wind easterly: the combined fleets cannot have finer weather to put to sea." Next morning a signal came to the British:

"THE ENEMY ARE COMING OUT OF PORT."

TRAFALGAR—THE DEATH OF NELSON

The rival fleets were made up as follows:

Franco-Spanish, 33 ships of the line, firing a broadside of 30,000 lbs.

British, 27 ships of the line, firing a broadside of 29,000 lbs.

It will thus be seen that though Nelson had fewer ships, yet the destructive power of his fire was almost as great as that of his enemies.

On October 13 Nelson's old ship, the "Agamemnon," under the command of "the hero of a hundred fights," Captain Berry, joined the fleet. "Here comes Berry. Now we shall have a fight!" joyfully exclaimed his chief.

At last the action for which the great admiral was so eagerly longing was about to take place.

On October 21, forty-eight years earlier, his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, had greatly distinguished himself in a desperate action against a superior force of the enemy. "The 21st will be our day; it is the happiest day in the year for my family," Nelson had declared a few days previously.

"This day or to-morrow will be a fortunate one for you young gentlemen," he said to a group of midshipmen. And again, on the evening of the 20th, he said: "To-morrow I will do that which will give you younger gentlemen something to talk and think about for the rest of your lives, but I shall not live to know about it myself."

The morning of the 21st showed the sea to be calm, with only a slight swell; the wind was light, and made the progress of the sailing ships slow.

To understand the battle, we must picture to ourselves the allied fleet moving in two long lines abreast. Nelson, on the other hand, divided his ships into two columns which moved to battle in "line-a-head" and "line-a-bearing," or what we might almost call Indian file. Thus, while the Franco-Spanish fleet came on in a crescent shape, Nelson sailed to meet them in two perpendicular lines, which he flung right on their center. His object was, as ever, destruction, and complete destruction, of the enemy, no matter what loss he himself might sustain.

"In cases where signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." These were roughly his orders to the fleet. Before entering the battle he thought deeply for a suitable signal to give to his ships and men. Finally he de-

cided on the now immortal words: "England expects that every man will do his duty." Amid ringing cheers the flags spelled this sentence out to the fleet. "You must be quick," Nelson said to his signalers, "for I have another signal to make—'Close Action!'"

Duty and close action, these were the watchwords of Nelson's life and career. No more fitting sentiments could come from him on the day of his death and of his last and greatest triumph.

Nelson's own ship, the "Victory," led his column. Collingwood, in the "Royal Sovereign," led the other column.

The battle began about noon. The allies commenced firing at long range. Nelson, confident in the better discipline and fighting powers of his crews, pressed on in silence, withholding his fire.

The "Victory" was under a storm of shot and shell. In a minute fifty of her men were killed or wounded. One shot alone killed a party of eight marines; another went screaming on its way between Nelson and Captain Hardy. Still the British stood to their guns, but the order to fire did not yet come.

At last the weary waiting and suspense were at an end. The "Victory" was at length to speak and to hit back. "This is too warm work to last long," Nelson said to Captain Hardy.

When close between the French ship "Redoubtable" and the huge Spanish "Santisima Trinidad," the longed-for order came; the "Victory's" broadsides poured in at close range. The effect was nearly instantaneous; so close were the combatants that the flames from Nelson's guns set fire to the French and Spanish ships.

The enemy fought with unflinching courage. Twice was the order given to cease firing on the "Redoubtable," as it was thought that she had struck her flag and that her guns were silenced. Twice did the "Redoubtable" reply with shouts of defiance and a storm of shot.

From this ship, which he had twice spared, came the hero's death. Conspicuous by the medals that covered his breast, the admiral made an easy mark for the French sharpshooters



"THEY HAVE DONE FOR ME AT LAST, HARDY," SAID
ADMIRAL NELSON, SINKING TO THE DECK.

stationed in the mizzentop. "In honor I gained them, in honor I shall die with them," he declared when his officers begged him to take them off before action.

Recognizing Lord Nelson, a French sharpshooter took careful aim and fired. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," the admiral exclaimed, sinking to the deck.

In mortal agony he was carried below. Heedless of his own pain, he gave orders that a handkerchief should be spread over his face and medals, lest his men should see, and be disheartened by the knowledge, that he was hit.

"You can do nothing for me," he said to the surgeon who hastened to his side, and he bade him go and attend to those whose lives he had a chance of saving.

From the first he knew he had only a few hours to live; but in spirit he was still on his quarter-deck, and his thoughts were of the battle raging round him, not of his own suffering. He repeatedly asked for Hardy, who could not as yet be spared from his duty on the quarter-deck.

At length, feeling victory was assured, Hardy left the deck. "Well, Hardy, how goes the battle?" was his chief's first eager question.

On hearing the joyful news that all was going well, and that twelve or fourteen of the enemies' ships had struck, "I hope none of *our* ships have struck, Hardy?" Nelson anxiously exclaimed. "No, my Lord, there is no fear of that," came the answer. Nelson then shook hands with him, and telling him that he was dying, said farewell to his old and well-tried friend.

Again Hardy came. This time he confirmed the capture of fourteen or fifteen ships. (There were really eighteen.) "That is well," replied the dying admiral, "but I bargained for twenty." "Anchor! Hardy, anchor!" He gave the order, ever mindful of the well-being of his fleet, and in those last moments feeling sure that a storm was coming on. This was indeed the case, and in the gale that followed the battle, many ships which had been captured foundered and were lost.

The end was now nigh. The shouts of triumph and victory were ringing in Nelson's dying ear.

"Thank God, I have done my duty. God be praised, I have done my duty," he kept repeating at intervals.

Finally, with the words, "God and my country," the mighty spirit left the pain-racked body. Nelson, the savior of his country, one of the greatest seamen the world has ever seen, had fought his last fight, gained his most splendid victory.

The destruction was complete; the naval power of England's foes was shattered; the British loss was almost trifling in comparison with that of the enemy.

Nelson, before battle, had prayed for a great and glorious victory, and that no misconduct in any one might tarnish it. "May humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet," so ran his prayer. His wishes were fulfilled, and his tars spared no effort to save the lives of their gallant foes, now that the battle was over.

In those days news traveled slowly, and the official despatches did not reach London until more than a fortnight after the battle. They were carried by post-chaise, to which was fastened a pole with the union jack, the British national ensign, flying above the tricolor of the vanquished foe. Thus, as the horses galloped through the country on their way to London, was the news of victory conveyed to the country people and wayfarers. The mail-coaches took up the tale and spread the tidings. Many were draped in black, and the triumphant flag they carried was wreathed in crape, to tell the people that though a glorious victory had been won, Nelson, the national hero, had laid down his life to gain it.

"I had their huzzas before: I have their hearts now," Nelson had written to Hardy before he embarked from England for the last time. Then cheering crowds had followed him, striving to get a glimpse of his well-loved face, or even to touch the hem of his garment. Now, amid the mourning of a whole nation, he was followed by a sorrowing people to his resting-place in St. Paul's.

At that time Lady Londonderry wrote: "He now begins his immortal career, having nothing to achieve left, and bequeathing to the English fleet a legacy which they alone are

able to improve." That legacy the men of the British navy to this day strive to guard jealously.

Nelson, the boy who knew no fear, had gained his great end. He had saved his beloved country; nay, he had saved the whole of Europe.

A STORY IN PRAISE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

IT was the little man in the drab overcoat and three-cornered hat who did it—the little man with the smooth boyish face and the strangely keen eyes that seemed to be able to read your most secret thoughts; he did it; he saved France from the hands of her enemies, when it seemed as if fortune had deserted her altogether.

You must not think, however, that France had not made a brave fight for it; indeed, she had held her own against all Europe before ever the world had heard the name of Napoleon Bonaparte.

You must know that when France had declared her right to freedom, and proclaimed herself a republic nevermore to be ruled over by kings, the princes and rulers of the countries of Europe began to feel uneasy. They began to wonder if their own heads were safe.

"If this goes on," said they, "our own people will maybe follow the bad example, and we shall all be murdered like Louis XVI." So they gave soldiers and money to help the refugee French nobles to win back again the crown for the royal house of France.

The little Dauphin had died during the Revolution, so that the next heir to the throne of France was Louis XVIII., brother of Louis XVI.

France, determined to defend the republic at all costs, sent out her army, and there was war in Europe.

Austria said, "The French rebels must be made to bow before a king again," and the Austrian army went forth to war.

England said, "Is this freedom which allows murderers

to rule? Better the old way," and England made ready her army and her fleet.

Prussia said, "Let me have a hand in the crushing of these people," and the Prussian army went forth to war.

So also the Russian, the Italian, and the Spanish armies. Thus, at one time or another, France had to face every great power in Europe.

The French army made a gallant stand, but they could not expect to succeed long against such great odds, for they had little or no help from their government in Paris. Paris, in truth, was so busy murdering and killing, and changing its rulers, that it neglected the army, sending little money or ammunition; and if you have no money and no ammunition, how can you go on fighting?

Matters became desperate. Something had to be done. Something was done; a few wise men who happened to be in power at that time appointed a new commander-in-chief of the army and gave him power to do whatever he thought best. Napoleon Bonaparte was the name of this new man. Very few people knew anything about him. The name sounded strange to them. "Who is he? What has he done?" they asked.

"He comes from Corsica. Twice before has he saved France—once at Toulon, when he showed the generals twice his age the right way to take the city; once in Paris, when he saved the government from being overthrown by a royalist plot." So answered those who knew him, for most men who knew Napoleon believed he was the only man who could save France from her enemies.

But the old warriors who had led the army before and fought so well were doubtful at first of their new chief. "A young whipper-snapper to be set in authority over us!" they cried indignantly. "What does he know of war? What is the experience of a young officer compared with ours? What kind of man must he be to have been given this honor?"

They soon found out what kind of a man this Bonaparte was. He showed his power at once, and, after the first interview, he had won most of them to approve of his plans.

The new campaign was to be opened in Italy, said he, and he gave his reasons; and the march must be made so quickly as to surprise the Austrian and Italian armies, who would not expect them there. The soldiers heard him speak and would have followed him anywhere, so strong was the power of the man.

"Soldiers of France," he cried, "I come to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world, the plains of Lombardy. There you will find honor, glory, riches. Now march!"

And march they did. What cared they if their clothes were ragged, their feet bare, when Napoleon was there to lead! They marched with almost miraculous speed through the mountains and into Italy; and if you can believe it, in fifteen days Napoleon had led that army to victory six times. His movements were so quick, his plan of fighting so new and strange, that he bewildered his enemies.

Again he spoke to his army: "Soldiers, in fifteen days you have won six victories, taken twenty-one colors, fifty pieces of cannon, many strong places, the richest land in Piedmont. Lacking everything, you have supplied yourselves with all. You have won battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, lain down in camp, time and again, supperless and hungry. The two armies that attacked you now flee from you; only republican armies could do such heroic deeds. Nevertheless, while you have done much, there is more to do. Neither Milan nor Turin is yours, and these towns command Italy. Forward, then! Your country expects much of you! Do not let her be disappointed!"

Forward again marched they, following close on the enemy. General Beaulieu, the head of the Austrian army, was determined to defend Milan from these surprisingly victorious soldiers. He chose his position well, making for Lodi, a town on the river Adda. If Napoleon should force him to retreat from Lodi, he had his choice of two refuges—Mantua, which lay to the east, a grim citadel almost impossible of capture, and Milan itself in the northwest, a strongly fortified town and the seat of the government. But Napoleon had

made up his mind to give the Austrians such a thorough beating before they came either to Mantua or Milan that they would not be able to reach either of those cities.

He chased them so swiftly that the first part of the French army came upon the last part of the Austrian army just as they were entering Lodi, and thus the Austrians had no time to close the city gates after them. The two armies marched fighting as they went.

Now a long, narrow, wooden bridge led out from the town across the river Adda; this bridge was called the Bridge of Lodi. The French forced the Austrians to cross this bridge. On the other side, however, Beaulieu brought up his artillery in great numbers. They swept the bridge with a storm of shot. Napoleon immediately did the same upon his side so as to prevent the Austrians from destroying the bridge by setting it on fire, as they tried to do. Thus the two armies seemed at a deadlock, for who would dare cross the bridge under such deadly fire?

Napoleon then sent a troop of cavalry up the stream to find a safe ford. When he saw that they had crossed and were on the other side ready to help him, he turned to the grenadiers and gave the order to cross the bridge. Not only did he give the order but he led the way himself. After him sprang the giant Lannes, who was later on to be one of his best generals and friends. The grenadiers followed.

Once Napoleon feared they would fail him. They had been but a moment on the bridge, and in that moment a thousand had fallen. "On, on to victory!" cried Lannes, springing forward, and the men, who loved him, obeyed. On they pressed, trampling over the bodies of their dead comrades. Still the relentless storm of bullets rained down upon them. Still they poured over the bridge, nothing daunted, and at last came to the other side. Lannes was the first to reach the bank, Napoleon second. Lannes was promoted on the spot. After this their victory was assured. "What can we do against such a foe?" cried the Austrians; "he snatches victory out of the hands of death."

Four days after this Napoleon and his army marched in

triumph through the streets of Milan. But at the Bridge of Lodi Napoleon had done more than defeat the enemy. He had shown his own soldiers that not only could he make the plans that gave them victory, but that he could fight side by side with them for it, showing equal courage; and they, loving him for this, named him "The Little Corporal."

They loved him always—those brave soldiers—even to the end, when after defeating every nation in Europe, save only England and Russia, he lost all through his own vainglory and ambition.

The story of his wars, triumphs, and downfall is too long to tell here. He brought France both glory and shame, both victory and defeat. Through selfishness and ambition, he fell from his high place among the sons of men, and France he dragged with him in his fall.

But in Paris his memory is honored with a wonderful marble tomb, round which are grouped all the flags captured by him in battle, and there is scarcely a country in Europe which has not one or more flags there.

France recovered slowly after the downfall of Napoleon and his empire, and after many adventures and misfortunes has at last come to be a prosperous and stable republic, respected and honored by all nations.

NATHAN HALE

THE brief history of the life and death of Nathan Hale, the boy martyr of Connecticut, is the very saddest story of our Revolutionary War; but the record of those twenty-one years bears a message to every boy of American birth, for it is a record of purity of purpose, unselfish devotion to country, and deathless courage.

On June 6, 1755, in the little town of Coventry, Connecticut, was born a boy whose hold on life seemed so slight that he was not expected to live. This boy was Nathan Hale, the sixth child of Richard Hale and his wife, Elizabeth Strong Hale. Despite the prophecies of doctors and nurses, however, little Nathan lived, though during childhood he was a frail little fellow, giving but small promise of the physical strength and beauty for which he was afterward noted.

A strong love for outdoor sports and athletic exercises was perhaps the chief factor in developing the fragile child into a youth of uncommon vigor of body, and also of mind, for young Hale soon showed an ambition to excel in his studies as well as in his games and sports.

His grandfather, who was a physician, and his great-grandfather, who was a clergyman, were both college-bred, having been graduated from Harvard; so Nathan's fondness for books came by right of heredity, as did the strong fiber of Puritan thought and character that was a part of his personality.

The Hales came by descent from the Hales of Kent, England, whose coat of arms consists of three broad arrows feathered white on a field of red—a device strangely suggestive of the pure young life so swiftly ended by a violent death.

Nathan's parents had decided that the ministry was the

profession for which their son seemed especially fitted by nature and inclination, so they placed him under the care of the Reverend Mr. Huntington, one of the most eminent Congregationalist divines of his time, and under that good man's direction the youth prepared for Yale. So diligently did he apply himself to his tasks, and so earnest was his tutor, that at the age of sixteen Nathan Hale was ready to enter college.

He was graduated from Yale in 1773, with the highest honors, and carrying with him the respect and affection of the faculty as well as of his associates. His gracious and gentle manners won the love of all who knew him best, and gained for him an entrance into the most aristocratic circles of New Haven society. Immediately after leaving Yale he taught school at East Haddam, and in 1774 he was appointed the first preceptor of the Union Grammar School at New London, an institution where boys were prepared to enter Yale.

Few lives seemed more peaceful than that of the young schoolmaster, who, meanwhile, was making ready to become a preacher of the gospel of Christ. How little did he dream that the lesson and the sermon he was to leave to the world would be the sacrifice of a life in the service of his country!

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached New London, there was great excitement among the people. A meeting was called at once, and it was the voice of the young schoolmaster that rang out with these stirring words: "Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we have obtained independence!" This was the first time that Americans had heard the call to arms in a public assembly, and the call came from a youth who was soon to seal his faith with his blood.

That must have been a dramatic scene in the town hall of New London! One can imagine the astonishment of the stern-looking men gathered there that day—all heart-stirred by the alarming news, yet scarcely knowing how to express the thoughts that were struggling in their minds—when the slender young patriot, his gentle face aglow with enthusiasm,



STATUE OF NATHAN HALE

his fair hair making a golden halo about the white brow, stepped forward and dared to utter those burning words.

The next morning he was back in the school-room, where he prayed with the boys, as was his custom, and resumed the course of his daily work; but from the moment that he said: "Let us march!" a new purpose had come into his quiet life. Very soon after, he enrolled as a volunteer, and a little later he was appointed lieutenant in Colonel Charles Webb's regiment. Going to Boston, Lieutenant Hale took part in the siege of that city, and was brevetted captain for gallant conduct.

The year 1776 was a hard one for the soldiers of the Continental Army. On one occasion some of the men determined to go home at the expiration of their time, for there was no money to pay them. With the unselfishness that was always a characteristic of Hale, he offered to give them his month's pay if they would consent to stay and fight for the cause he so ardently loved.

When the British evacuated Boston, the greater part of the American army went to New York, and it was there that the youthful captain of Webb's regiment performed a deed of daring rarely equaled in the records of the great American war.

There was a terrible lack of food among our men, not enough tents to shelter more than a third of them, and almost no provision for clothing them. At this time, anchored in the East River, New York, was a British sloop, lying under protection of the man-of-war "Asia," and the sloop contained provisions. Obtaining permission from his commanding officer, Captain Hale undertook the capture of this sloop, an undertaking of the greatest danger. He managed, however, to infuse his own spirit of daring into a few of his comrades, and with a handful of trusty followers he embarked in a whaleboat at midnight and made directly for the sloop. Darkness favored the dangerous venture, and Hale and his men drew up alongside without being seen by the men on either vessel. In a moment they had boarded the sloop, taken the sentries and guards prisoners, and were sail-

ing away with the prize! Cheer after cheer greeted the brave fellows as they hove in sight of their comrades, and the provisions on board the sloop were immediately distributed among the half-starving American soldiers. Soon after this, Hale was made captain of a company of Connecticut rangers which was known as "Congress's Own."

Conflicting statements are found in history concerning the latter part of Nathan Hale's army life. According to some authorities, he took part in the battle of Long Island and in Washington's famous retreat across the East River from Brooklyn. It is at least certain that he was with the troops in New York when the British raided Long Island.

It was at this time that Washington found it absolutely necessary to get accurate information, if possible, concerning the plans of the English, also a knowledge of the exact number of their forces. At the house of Robert Murray, on Murray Hill, New York, he called a meeting of officers to talk over the state of affairs and to decide upon some means by which such information might be obtained. The officers listened in silence to his plan, which was to send some trustworthy, bold man across the lines to find out the facts it was necessary to know. In order to accomplish this most dangerous commission, the man would have to go in disguise. Every one in that group knew what such an errand meant, and no doubt some cheeks paled at the thought of it. If the venture should fail and the messenger be captured, by the rules of warfare he would certainly be executed as a spy.

The word spy is hateful to an honorable man. For some moments there was a hush in the room, no one volunteering for the service that might end in a death of shame. At length a voice broke the silence: "I will undertake it, sir," and the voice was that of young Nathan Hale, who had just risen from a sick-bed. A thrill of admiration pulsed through every heart, followed by a tremor of dread. It was but a boy, a stripling, who had offered to risk a life that was full of promise for the cause of American liberty. The older men did all they could to dissuade him, but Nathan Hale was firm in his

resolve. "Gentlemen," he said calmly, "I owe my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of our armies. I know of no mode of obtaining the information but by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully aware of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

That same night Hale left the camp at Harlem Heights, dressed in brown garments and broad-brimmed hat, in the guise of a schoolmaster seeking employment. He was accompanied as far as Norwalk by Sergeant Hempstead and his own faithful servant, Ansel Wright, who arranged to have a boat awaiting him there on the twentieth of the month, when he expected to return. His charm of manner won the confidence of the people he met on the way, and disguised as he was he entered the British lines, where he made drawings of the fortifications on thin paper, which he concealed between the layers of the soles of his shoes. He also secured the complete plans of the British campaign, which he wrote out in Latin and hid in the same way.

Thus far everything seemed to favor his hazardous undertaking. He reached Norwalk, where he was to find the boat ready for him the next morning, and the young officer was serene in the thought that he was out of danger at last. Spending the night at a farmhouse, he went the next morning to breakfast at a little wayside inn, "The Cedars," kept by a widow, and known as "Widow Chichester's." During the meal a man entered the room, looked steadily at the guest, and then left. Nathan Hale, who suspected no danger, finished his meal and hurried off toward the beach. A boat was approaching, and he expected to find Hempstead and Wright awaiting him; but presently he recognized the boatmen as British marines, and turned to fly. "Surrender or die!" called a voice, and he was seized and taken aboard. He knew then that the man who eyed him at "Widow Chichester's" had betrayed him, and that his fate was sealed.

When taken before General Howe at the house of James

Beckman, Hale was searched. The papers were found in the soles of his boots, and he was convicted as a spy. The provost-marshal, Cunningham, into whose hands the young American prisoner fell, was a brutal man. He ordered that Nathan Hale should be hanged at sunrise the following morning. He was confined under a strong guard in the large greenhouse of the Beckman mansion, which stood on the present site of 51st Street and First Avenue, New York city—a spot that should be revered by every American citizen.

Hale asked to be allowed to write letters to his mother and to Alice Adams, his promised wife. The request was granted, but Cunningham tore up Hale's letters before his eyes. He asked for a minister of God and for a Bible, but both were refused him. Afterward Cunningham excused himself by saying that he destroyed the letters because he did not want the Americans to know they had a man who could die so bravely. It is due to Howe to state that Cunningham acted independently in this matter.

In the early Sabbath morning of September 22, 1776, Nathan Hale was hanged as a spy. With coarse brutality, Cunningham ordered: "Make your dying speech." Hale had been praying. He lifted his eyes upward and said in a clear voice: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Sobs burst from some of those who heard him, but in a rage Cunningham called out: "Swing the rebel off!" and the order was obeyed.

So died the boy martyr who redeemed the name of "spy" from all traditional infamy by venturing his life for his country and proudly paying the cost demanded by the stern code of war.

EIGHT NATIONAL HEROES

Every one should love his own country; and every one who loves his country wants it to be free. But we do not always mean just the same thing by freedom or liberty. Sometimes, when we say that people have been champions of liberty, we mean that they have fought against oppression of every kind—oppression by tyrant kings or tyrant soldiers, oppression of the weak by the strong. But sometimes we mean that champions of liberty have been ready to suffer and to die in fighting the one kind of oppression which is most hateful of all—oppression by foreign rulers or conquerors. It is about champions of liberty of this particular kind that we read here; men who sacrificed themselves to free their land from a foreign yoke. There were some who succeeded and some who failed; some who died fighting and some who were foully done to death; but the names of all alike are held in honor as national heroes.

I. HOW WILLIAM TELL SHOT AT THE APPLE

NO people love liberty more dearly than those who dwell among the mountains or by the sea. There are two small nations in Europe that were once under the yoke of a foreign oppressor, and each of which found heroic leaders to win their freedom. One is a nation of mountaineers, and the other a seagoing folk.

The first of them is Switzerland, which once was subject to the Austrian archduke, who was sometimes emperor as well. Switzerland is divided into districts called cantons; and an officer appointed by the archduke used to rule them, and to rule very harshly.

Tradition relates that there was a skilful archer named William Tell, who would not obey an order that all men were to take off their hats to the archduke's hat, which was a kind of crown. So he was taken, with his little son, and an apple was set on his son's head, and Tell was bidden to shoot at the apple; and he did so, piercing it through. But afterward he caught the archduke's officer in an ambush, and slew him.

Perhaps you have read in some other book the full story of William Tell and his country's wrongs: if not, you must do so—we have not room to give it all here. It will show you how people have sometimes suffered from cruel rulers, and what brave men have had to do to win back their country's liberty.

II. HOW ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY

Switzerland really won its freedom at the battle of Sempach, where another great hero of the Swiss people gave his life for his country. A great host of Austrians came against the Swiss. They were clad in stout armor and had long spears and swords; but the Swiss were not protected by heavy mail. When the Swiss rushed upon their foes, they could not break through, but were thrust down and cut to pieces.

Then Arnold von Winkelried bade the Swiss draw together in the shape of a wedge or triangle, and follow him; and he ran upon the Austrians, stretching out his arms and gathering the enemies' spears in them till all the points, as far as he could reach, were drawn together and pierced his own body, so that he fell and died. But in this way he made a space where there were no spear-points, and there the wedge of Swiss drove in, and so fought hand to hand with the Austrians and put them utterly to rout. After that the Austrians saw that it would be no use to try to force their rule upon the Swiss.

III. HOW GEORGE CASTRIOT HELD THE TURKS AT BAY

Another race of mountaineers found a heroic leader who won them freedom for a time. The Turks, who were followers of the religion of Mohammed, began to make conquest of lands in Europe a little more than five hundred years ago.

On the western side of what afterward became the Turkish Empire, is a mountainous land called Albania. Here the conquering Turks made their way, and forced the lords of the land to submit to them; and they carried away the young

son of one great lord, and brought him up in the faith of Mohammed.

The young man, who was called George Castriot, fought in the Turkish armies, and became skilled in war. Yet he had no wish to serve the Turks, though he waited his own time, and when he was nearly forty years old he, with a band of Albanian followers, suddenly left the Turkish army and seized a fortress called Croya. Having done this, he declared himself a Christian, and called upon the Albanians to rise and wage war upon the Turks.

The Albanians drove out the Turks, and took him for their leader, and because he showed himself so great a soldier men called him Scanderbeg, which means the Lord Alexander. The Turks sent mighty armies against him, and were very great warriors, yet he overthrew them in battle many times, though they might have four or five times as many men as he. For twenty-five years he held the Turks at bay, so that they feared his name greatly; but after he died, the Albanians, lacking a leader, and getting no aid from other nations, were overcome by the Turks, and lost the freedom which Scanderbeg had won for them.

IV. ANDREAS HOFER, THE INNKEEPER, WHO FOUGHT NAPOLEON

Yet another mountain race strove stoutly for freedom in the days when the great Emperor of the French made the monarchs and nations of Europe do his bidding.

Among the dominions of the Austrian emperor is a land called the Tyrol, which borders upon Switzerland, and Napoleon caused the Austrian emperor to give the Tyrol to the King of Bavaria, who was always ready to do his bidding. But when the Austrians went to war again with Napoleon, the Tyrolese rose up under Andreas Hofer, who was an innkeeper, and drove the French and the Bavarians out of the Tyrol, though they themselves were only peasants. For a short time Hofer was made their ruler, as a loyal subject of the Austrian emperor, though he would not obey the Bavarian king and the Emperor of the French.

But the French armies defeated the Austrian armies, and the Tyrolese could not openly resist the power of Napoleon unaided. And then, though the brave Hofer hid among the mountains, a traitor was found who showed the French where he was. He, being taken prisoner, was tried like William Wallace and Joan of Arc, and was condemned and shot as a rebel. Yet the stand that Hofer made helped to give heart to the other nations of Europe to rise against the rule of Napoleon, and so in due time Napoleon was overthrown, and the Tyrol was restored to its old freedom, for which Hofer had fought and died.

V. HOW WILLIAM THE SILENT WAS PUT TO DEATH BY A SPANISH PLOT

The seagoing people which won its liberty was the little state of Holland, where there are no mountains at all. In the days when Queen Elizabeth ruled in England, Holland and Belgium were ruled by King Philip of Spain, who tried to take away their freedom and to force them to give up the Protestant religion. He sent a merciless governor, the Duke of Alva, to Holland with great armies, and the Protestants suffered great persecution. The Prince of Orange, called William the Silent, one of the nobles of Holland, formed a league to drive out the Spaniards; and though the Roman Catholic part of Holland would not join him, he led the Protestants so that they utterly refused obedience to Philip.

Yet, if the Dutchmen had been a little less sturdy, and William a little less resolute, they must have been crushed. They got some help from Queen Elizabeth, and a little from the French; but they owed far more to the skill and persistence of William than to anything else. Therefore Philip encouraged men, some of whom were merely scoundrels, though others were honest bigots who thought it right to kill by any means the man who fought so stoutly against the power of the Church of Rome, to murder William, and William, too, died for his country's freedom. After this the courage of the Dutchmen did not fail, but they went on fight-



A TYROLESE FAMILY
From a Painting by Franz Defregger.

ing, and at last the power of Spain was broken, for there came open war between Spain and England, and England won, so that the Spaniards gave up trying to subdue the Dutch, and Holland became free.

VI. GARIBALDI, THE FISHERMAN'S SON, WHO MADE ITALY
A NATION

Two other of our heroes lived not very long ago, for your fathers and mothers were born before either of them died. You know that Italy to-day is one of the great nations of Europe, and one of the men who helped most to make her so was Garibaldi. When he was born, Italy was made up of several states, some of which were subject to Austria, while the northern part was ruled by the King of Naples, who was not an Italian.

Now, there were many people in Italy who wished to be free from foreign rulers, and there were some who dreamed that all Italy might become a free and united nation.

So, while Garibaldi was still a very young man, though he was already a skilful sailor, being a fisherman's son, he joined in a revolt against the rule of the Austrians. This, however, was easily crushed, so that he had to flee to South America. There he took part in the wars that were going on because the land was very unsettled, and he became famous as a leader whose men were always ready to follow him to the death.

But after a time he returned to Italy and joined in a fresh revolt, gathering men who were ready to fight because Garibaldi filled them with his own great love of their cause. Yet they were not strong enough to overthrow the Austrian rule, and again he had to go away. He came to the United States. Yet again he returned, and once more the men of North Italy rose. This time they were victorious, and before long all Italy became one nation. And this was certainly in great part because of the power that Garibaldi had of filling those about him with his own courage and enthusiasm, even when their cause seemed hopeless.

VII. LOUIS KOSSUTH, WHO FOUGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF
HUNGARY

The other of these two national heroes of recent times, Louis Kossuth, set himself to win freedom for Hungary from the rule of Austria, at the time when the Italians were seeking their own liberty. He was not a soldier, but a writer and orator, and a statesman; but the Hungarians made him their leader. They were defeated at the time, and Kossuth had to flee from the country. Later, the Hungarians agreed to own the Emperor of Austria as their king if they could have certain rights of governing themselves; and this they owed, in the first place, to Kossuth. But Kossuth himself was not content with this. He would not own allegiance to Austria, and he died some years later, not in Hungary, but in Italy.

The fame of Kossuth spread throughout the world, and when he came to America he received honors almost equal to those bestowed upon him in his own country.

VIII. HOW SCHAMYL FOUGHT FOR HIS NATIVE LAND

All countries cherish the name of some patriotic man who has fought for the liberty of his native land. Just as Wales has its Llewellyn, Scotland its Wallace and its Bruce, Italy its Garibaldi, so the Caucasus has its Schamyl, who, for more than a quarter of a century, struggled to keep the wild mountain land of his birth free from Russia's iron grip. He was weakly as a child, but his physical strength was developed by outdoor games and sports, so that he grew up sturdy.

Schamyl was absolutely fearless, and such a youth of his word, that, when he found remonstrance without result in curing his father's drunken habits, his oath to kill his parent if he again transgressed brought the father to his senses, and to the end of his life he abstained altogether from alcohol, knowing that Schamyl would carry out his threat.

When Schamyl was twenty-six years old, in 1824, he began his long fight against the Russian generals who were

sent to subdue the land. He was a born leader, courageous in attack, skilled as a strategist, and clever in retreat. Many stories are told of his hairbreadth escapes from the Russians. Once his little band was surrounded by their enemies. If they could not fight their way through the bayonets of the Russians they must either starve or be cut to pieces, for they knew not the word "surrender." Schamyl, who was ever the foremost and the boldest in attack, galloped alone through the enemy's lines, and reached in safety his mountain fastnesses. He was the only one to escape with his life, and his pious Mohammedan countrymen believed the angel Gabriel specially protected him.

During another fight Schamyl killed three Russians, but was himself pierced through by a bayonet. Yet he slew his assailant, and got away as by a miracle. He was then chosen chieftain and ruler of the Eastern Caucasus by his compatriots. Little wonder that his people rallied to him as to a prophet who was born to deliver their country.

A mountain fortress long held by Schamyl was at last captured by the pick of the Russian troops, and again he was the only man to escape. It is said that he let himself down the steep rock by a rope to the river below, boarded a raft, and thus got away. Many generals were sent against Schamyl, but he eluded them all, and time after time rallied his countrymen to his standard. One general died through shame at being conquered by such a small band of mountaineers.

Russia's attention was for a time diverted by the Crimean War; but that over, new efforts were made to overcome Schamyl and his brave countrymen. The end was inevitable, for Russia's resources were enormous compared with Schamyl's. The latter took refuge in a little fortress on a hill in Daghestan, and there, when all except forty-seven of his men were killed, seeing that, even if he did escape, there were no longer any patriots to rally, he submitted.

Schamyl was not a wild brigand, but a wealthy man of culture and high character, who ruled with justice and ability, was merciful to the Russian prisoners, and fought for love of his country during many long weary years.

HEROISM OF DAILY LIFE

EVERY-DAY HEROISM*

By GUSTAV KOBÉ

IT is often reserved for "every-day people," as we are apt to call them, to illustrate one of the facts of life—that a crisis produces the man to meet it.

This article deals with a few such people—people who led simple and unpretentious lives, and in whom their most intimate friends had probably never suspected a strain of the heroic. The soldier, the fireman, or the policeman is apt, through the very nature of his employment, in which heroism is the mainspring of honor and advancement, to be called upon to risk his life in the line of duty; and he should, indeed, be ever on the lookout for opportunity thus to distinguish himself. But the people of whom I now tell wore no uniforms which faltering would have disgraced; the occupations of all were pre-eminently peaceful, and in the case of several involved nothing that might have familiarized them with the thought of danger, let alone eventual heroism.

Yet once in their lives there came to these every-day people a moment when they were suddenly confronted with the question whether or not they would risk death to save the lives of others; and the manner in which they met, without preparation or forethought, that supreme moment furnishes evidence of a heroic strain in our every-day humanity, often latent, yet likely to flash up, when a crisis comes, even in the

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humblest of those we daily pass. That workman swinging his kit and lunch-box, that miner in his overalls about to descend the shaft, that negro loitering at the street-corner—any one of these may before sunset develop into a hero, and prove to us, even better perhaps than the man in uniform, that beneath this common clay of ours there beats a spirit waiting only the moment to rouse us to heroic action.

One of the heroes I have in mind was Thomas Hovenden, the artist, who sacrificed his life in attempting to save a little girl. She was no relative of his; he had never even seen her before her moment of peril—circumstances which combine to make his sacrifice peculiarly heroic.

Hovenden's heroism raises, in fact, a question. In the more material occupations a man is little more than a cog in a machine. He drops out, another takes his place, and the machine runs smoothly on, and this whether his cog was near the bottom or the top. But there are men whose intellectual or artistic gifts are so peculiarly personal that their death means an irreparable public loss. For when death stays, for instance, the hand of the poet or the painter, there is no one who can take up the pen or the brush and give to the result those individual touches which distinguished that one poet or that one painter from his brothers in art. And the question arises if, from the mere standpoint of profit and loss, the world would not excuse men whose gifts are so peculiarly their own from risking their lives. Fortunately for the glory of art, Hovenden was only the latest man of his stamp to answer that question in the spirit of a hero—as it was answered centuries ago by Sophocles when he accepted a command in the Samian war, and in later days by men like Körner, the poet-soldier who fell in the German uprising against Napoleon; the American author Winthrop, who was killed in the Civil War; and the French artist Regnault, who fell at Buzenval. These were men who turned from letters and from art to face the dangers of war; and as it is the glory of heroism in war that it obliterates every impulse save that of patriotism, so it is the glory of heroism in peace that it obliterates every impulse save that of humanity.

It was this impulse that caused Thomas Hovenden, at the height of his powers and in the full tide of his success, to give his life in an attempt to save that of a child. Hovenden was Irish by birth, but he had come to New York in 1863, when eighteen years old, and had studied at the National Academy of Design. He had then taken a studio in the house of his friend Bolton Jones, in Philadelphia, where he remained until 1874. From there he went to Paris, and studied under Cabanel, of whom he was a favorite pupil. His "Breton Interior of 1793" (showing a family molding bullets and sharpening swords), "Puzzled Voter," "Last Moments of John Brown," and "Elaine" were widely known; while his "Breaking Home Ties" has probably been more frequently engraved than any other American painting.

One August afternoon in 1895 Hovenden was returning by trolley-car from his country residence to Norristown, Pennsylvania. The trolley ran to what was known as the "Trenton cut-off" of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the passengers were obliged to alight and cross the railroad-track at grade to take trolley on the other side.

The passengers had just alighted from the first trolley when a fast freight-train came thundering down the track. A little girl who failed to notice the train ran ahead of her mother and right in front of it. The engineer gave a shrill blast of the whistle. The child, seeing the train bearing down upon her, became dazed, and stood as if rooted to the spot.

A moment later Hovenden had rushed forward and snatched up the child. But before he could take the leap that would have saved them both, the engine struck them and hurled them across the track. They were found lying side by side. The artist was dead; the little girl died as she was lifted from the ground. The fatal outcome showed how desperate a chance he took.

Through a sacrifice as noble as Hovenden's, a woman in one of the humblest walks of life heroically met her death.

Ellen McGaugh was a servant employed in Montclair, New Jersey. On one of her afternoons "out" she was visiting in Newark. While she was standing at a street-corner with a

group of friends, they heard her give a sudden scream, and saw her rush toward the middle of the street. A little girl was on the trolley-track, and speeding toward her was a car.

Ellen sprang in front of the car, and pushed the child from the track; but before she could save herself she was struck by the car and was under the wheels. The child was only slightly bruised; but Ellen died of her injuries in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

For her to see the little girl's peril, to spring to the child's rescue, and to be herself crushed beneath the wheels, was the act of only a moment; but in that moment this serving-woman was transformed into a heroine. Her body did not lie in state, and no public memorial bears witness to her deed. Yet is not the difference between her heroism and that of a public hero a difference, not in degree, but only in result? Where the public hero saves a nation, the every-day hero may save only a life; but where the public hero finds an incentive for his act in the possible acclaim of a whole nation, the every-day hero sacrifices his life with no incentive save that of humanity.

One of the medals awarded by the government for heroism displayed in saving life at sea is worn by a negro, and one of my every-day heroes also belongs to that race. That he escaped with his life from the rescue in which he figured was not due to any caution on his part, but simply to lucky chance.

Scott Brown was a hard-working, honest negro of Montgomery, Alabama; and if all of his race had set about improving their lot as he had the "negro question" would have been eliminated long ago; for Scott had a little home for which he had finished paying, a wagon, two horses and two mules, and the necessary utensils for running a small farm. In winter he drove a dray.

One day Scott was standing at a corner of Court Street. Two little girls, six and eight years old, were crossing. At that moment a runaway horse came dashing down the street. The runaway was almost upon the children when Scott became aware of their peril. On the instant he sprang to their rescue. One he pushed out of the horse's way with the impetus that had carried him to the spot. Realizing that there was no time

to get the other child out of the runaway's path, he deliberately shielded her with his body, he himself receiving the blow that would have struck her. While his own injuries were fortunately not fatal, they were severe; and there is no doubt that his action saved two children surely from great bodily harm, and probably from death.

These children were members of the Court Street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, which unanimously voted to show some recognition of Scott's brave deed. So a committee was appointed, which bought a watch and chain: and this gift, suitably inscribed, was presented to Scott in the Sunday-school room, which had rarely been so crowded.

As this modest, unassuming negro left the Sunday-school after the presentation, he was loudly cheered; and one of the many who took him by the hand remarked, "Scott, I'd rather shake your hand than the President's."

Some time ago, a young coal-miner, John Anderson, Jr., fell from a train which he was attempting to board, and was killed beneath the wheels. There were many households in the Pennsylvania coal-region to which his tragic death came as a personal loss; for he had, a few years before, at the risk of his own life, saved forty-eight miners from death. His heroism was perhaps not as dramatic as that which involves instantaneous and concentrated action; but it was all the more remarkable because he had had time to deliberate upon its possible consequences.

Anderson and one or two other men were about half-way down the shaft, repairing a brattice. They were using naked lamps, the man in charge carrying his on his head as he went into the column-way. While he was testing a leak, the current of air drew the flame into the crevice, and the brattice took fire. There was a pool of water in the bottom of the shaft-cage on which the men were standing, but this was not enough to extinguish the flames. More time was lost in further vain efforts to get the fire under control. When it became apparent that it was bound to spread, the men with Anderson fled for safety.

Not so Anderson. Down the burning shaft he went;

through the slopes he dashed, a Paul Revere of the mines, shouting to the men in the seams to flee for their lives. He thus gathered forty-eight men about him. From the last gang he learned that they had been unable to get up the traveling way, and that escape by the old shaft had been cut off. Fortunately, he knew the location of a shaft that had lately been sunk, and was thus able to guide his fellow-workmen out of the mine.

"It is hard to make any one not acquainted with mining understand how much courage it required for young Anderson to do what he did," the manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Coal Companies writes me. "He had to traverse possibly a mile of subterranean workings, notifying one party here, and another there, of the danger above them. He was not certain that he himself could get out alive. Had any of the air-currents reversed, and the fumes overtaken him, death would have been certain." That his heroism undoubtedly saved the forty-eight men whom he led out appears from the fate of three men who disregarded his warning, and of two whom he could not reach. These five were suffocated.

James Bain, chief engineer of the ill-fated steamer "State of Florida," not only risked his life, but deliberately sacrificed it, to save a woman. The disaster was most pitiful. The steamer collided with a bark in mid-ocean, and both vessels sank almost immediately. Only two men were saved from the bark, and only a handful of passengers and part of the ship's company from the steamer. Bain was safely in one of the life-boats, which was about to cast off, as there were as many people in it as it could hold. At that moment he saw a woman at the steamer's rail. She was too dazed to move. The steamer's deck was almost level with the water. Bain deliberately left his place in the boat, stepped on to the steamer's deck, lifted the woman over the taffrail, placed her on the seat he had occupied, cast off the boat, and went down with the steamer.

An enterprise that attracted wide attention at the time was the first attempt to tunnel the Hudson River between Jersey City and New York. It was of the first importance to com-

merce, for it would afford direct access to New York to the railroads having their termini on the New Jersey side of the river. It involved a novel and difficult feat of engineering, and for the public it had the added fascination of danger. The veriest layman appreciated the peril in which the workmen would be the moment the tunnel penetrated beyond shore under the river's bed. Night and day would be one to them; above them the great fleet of steamers, tugs, ferry-boats, and sailing craft of all kinds would pass and repass; over them, as they dug and picked and hammered and welded down there in the depth and the darkness, would roll the billows of one of the great water-ways of the Western hemisphere. What would be between them and this ever-threatening flood? At the extreme end, where the work was being extended out farther and farther under the bed of the river, a mere shell of silt and mud and ooze, sustained by compressed air—a device as yet untried in exactly this class of work, and considered by some engineering authorities of doubtful value. If these doubts proved true, if that thin shell gave way, the Hudson River would pour in upon the men in the tunnel, and they would be drowned like rats in a hole. It was man against nature, with nature represented by a great river directly overhead.

Into this narrow tube of brick and iron under the bed of the river the workmen descended in shifts of twenty-eight each, at intervals of eight hours. They knew that every time they entered the tunnel they took their lives in their hands; but each shift took the chance that the accident, if any, would happen to the others.

One midnight twenty-eight men went into the tunnel. Only seven came out alive. They owed their escape to the fact that of the twenty-one who perished, one deliberately sacrificed his life to save theirs.

In order to understand just what took place at that time, it is necessary to know how work was carried on in the tunnel. It was begun on the New Jersey side of the river. Here a deep circular well was sunk. The men descended into this, and passed from it into the tunnel through an air-lock, designed to prevent the escape of compressed air from the tunnel, and also

to equalize the pressure of air for the men as they entered or left it. The air-lock was filled with or emptied of compressed air according as the men were to enter or leave the tunnel, just as a canal-lock is filled or emptied according as a boat is to be raised or lowered.

This air-lock was a cylindrical chamber of heavy iron, fifteen feet long and six feet in diameter, closed at each end by massive doors swinging inward toward the tunnel, as otherwise the air pressure would have forced them open, with the result that the compressed air would have escaped and the roof of the tunnel have fallen in. The men having entered the air-lock from the shaft, the door was closed upon them, and before the door at the tunnel end was opened the lock was slowly filled with compressed air until the pressure was equal to that in the tunnel, which the men were then prepared to enter. The work had been pushed forward several hundred feet. The braces, aided by an air pressure of twenty pounds to the square inch, had so far sufficed to support the iron roof-plates, and there had been no accident. But there was one point of danger. Where the iron roof-plates and the wall of the shaft came together near the tunnel end of the air-lock, the joining was not fairly plumb. A watch was supposed to be constantly maintained there. Leaks had been discovered, but had been quickly stopped with clay, of which there was plenty in the bottom of the tunnel.

The shift entered the air-lock as usual, remained there the customary length of time, and then went into the tunnel. They were in charge of a foreman named Peter Woodland, a Dane, who had been in this country nine years, and had been employed at the tunnel since the beginning of the work. At half-past four in the morning some of the men prepared to go up for lunch. At that time the danger-point must have remained unguarded for a fatal interval.

Suddenly there was a sound like the blowing off of steam. Woodland sprang to the spot, crying:

"Back, men, and stop the leak!"

But, where a moment before there had been a hole that might have been stopped with a pinch of clay, there was now

a rapidly widening gap. Under it stood Peter Woodland. The foul bottom of the river was pouring in upon him; ooze and slime were blinding him; he felt the water rising about his feet. One step would have taken him safely into the air-lock; of all the men, he was nearest safety. He did not move toward it. Standing there by the entrance, he shouted:

"Quick, boys! Get into the lock!"

But he did not lead the retreat. As each man came along, he pushed and shoved him through the rising ooze and water into the air-lock. Seven men had passed him. As he was helping the eighth, the iron roof-plates gave way, felled the man in the doorway, and pinned the door against him. Several men inside the air-lock grasped the prostrate man and tried to draw him in. He was dead, and pinned fast. The heavy iron plates against the door made it impossible to open this, and the man's body in the doorway made it impossible to close it by a few inches. Through this narrow space water began pouring from the tunnel into the air-lock. Escape had been cut off for Woodland and the twenty men behind him, and the men in the air-lock were in danger of drowning; for the compressed air which had entered it from the tunnel made it impossible for them to open the inward-swinging door at the other end.

"Take off your clothes and stop up the doorway!" shouted Woodland, who was now above his waist in water.

The men in the air-lock stripped themselves and thrust their clothing into the crack. The air-lock was now half full of water, and while the inflow was checked, it was not wholly stopped. This water and the pressure of the air made their frantic efforts to tear open the door at the shaft end of the lock unavailing.

There was a bull's-eye in each door. The man nearest the door leading into the tunnel was attracted by a sound, and, looking, saw Woodland peering at him through the bull's-eye. The water was up to his armpits. Beyond him were blurred, watery heads. Then he heard Woodland's voice:

"Break open the outside bull's-eye!"

The men in the air-lock were not cowards; it had required a certain degree of courage to work in the tunnel. They knew

if they knocked out the bull's-eye, and the air escaped through it, their chances of tearing open the door would be improved; but they also knew that with the outrush of air from the lock and the tunnel the roof about the leak would come crashing down, and the last desperate chance for Woodland and his twenty hemmed-in men be gone. They hesitated. Woodland must have noticed their hesitation, for he called:

"Knock it out! It's your only chance!" Then for the first time his voice wavered as he added: "And if you're saved, try and do what you can for the rest of us!"

They smashed the bull's-eye, and tore at the door. At the same time they felt pressure applied from the outside. The door yielded slightly. The water began pouring out of the lock into the shaft. Relieved of this weight and of the air pressure, the door swung in and seven nude and terrified men were literally shot into the shaft, where the water gained upon them so rapidly that they had to take to the ladder for safety. The caving in of a shed near the water's edge had given warning to two men above that something was wrong below. They had hurried down the shaft, and had reached the air-lock door just as the bull's-eye was smashed.

The nine men paused at the brink of the shaft. As they looked down into it, and then cast a glance at the river, they saw that both were on a level. The water of the Hudson had filled the tunnel and the air-lock, and risen in the shaft to the height of the tide. That the twenty-one men in the tunnel had met their doom there could be no doubt.

To appreciate fully what Peter Woodland did in the tunnel disaster, one must recall for an instant the circumstances under which he met his death. It was not on the field of battle. There was no trumpet-call, no hurrah from a thousand throats to urge him on, no surging army to carry him to the front with its own momentum, no flag flashing in the sun to stir his soul—not one of those dramatic effects that sometimes lift a man out of himself and inspire him to play a part, with the world for an audience. This catastrophe was shrouded in gloom. About it there was not one touch of the dramatic to inspire heroism. Peter Woodland stood in a tunnel under the bed of

a great river. In that bed above him was an ever-widening gap through which the river was pouring in upon him. There was but one step between him and safety. He never took it; for there were men—*his* men—behind him! And so he stood there by the air-lock door, helping one after another in, till the crash came. Then, under circumstances that would have converted almost any man into a tiger fighting for his life, he coolly, to his dying breath, directed the men he had helped into the air-lock how to save themselves. Weighing well all these things, I say deliberately that Peter Woodland, a plain man but little above his own workmen in rank, performed an act of heroism as sublime as any of which the history of the world contains a record.

HEROES OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY*

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

IT is not so surprising that there is heroism in the world as that there is so much of it. In the single year 1899, the Royal Humane Society rewarded no fewer than seven hundred and fifty-six persons for rescuing life from drowning and suffocation. This was only in one department, as one may say, of heroism. Other hundreds of lives were saved from fires by firemen, from street and tramway and railroad accidents by the police, from danger at sea by the life-saving service, to say nothing of the many cases which come under none of these classifications. And then there are the scores of humble heroes who are never heard of beyond the narrow precincts of a neighborhood, and those not braver, but less fortunate, who are the victims of their own heroism, who perish with those whom they go forth to save. For every Nelson who is honored, there are many unknown heroes, as brave in the true essence of bravery, who are never rewarded, and who do not expect or desire reward. The Royal Humane Society presents its medals only for rescues from drowning and suffocation, and yet since 1774, which was the first year of its existence, its cases have run far into the thousands, only British subjects, of course, being considered. It is not my purpose to write of the history or the interesting work of the Royal Humane Society, but rather to give an account of a few of the strange and remarkable cases of humble heroism which have recently been brought to its attention.

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And first of Brown and Brand. Brown was a football player, a well-knit, muscular fellow, thirty years old, by profession a miner. Brand was a member of the Diamond Fields Horse of South Africa. Both worked in the De Beers mine near Kimberley. On the afternoon of June 5, 1897, there was trouble in the thousand-foot level. Those outside saw shouting, half-naked Kaffirs come plunging out of the mouth of the tunnel, wild with terror. Behind them, creeping in a thick, slow-moving, and yet irresistible mass, flowed a stream of blue mud. No one knows quite the reason, but sometimes a tunnel in the diamond mines strikes soft earth, and there follows a rush of mud, the greatest terror of the mines. The mud does not burst outward with explosive violence, as water might do, instantly alarming the entire mine; but, a miner having turned his back, it bulges from the tunnel end, flows outward heavily and silently, and when the miner turns again, it is upon him, ready to swallow him up; and thus it fills the tunnel, a thick, viscid, suffocating mass.

Such was the mud rush of June 5th. After the count had been made of those who had escaped from the tunnel, it was found that two Kaffir "boys" were missing. Knowledge as to the place where they worked made it probable that the mud had caught them without warning; but there was still a bare possibility that they had been able to reach the hundred-yard "rise" or "pass"—that is, a room where the tunnel was much enlarged for the passing of trams. Even though the tunnel was filled with mud, here they might yet find air enough to keep them alive for some hours. But the tunnel mouth was already vomiting the thick blue ooze. It was filled from roadway to roof. When the flow stopped—and no one could tell how soon that would be—there was yet a hundred yards of mud to dig away before reaching the rise where the Kaffir "boys" were supposed to be. That would take a long time—so long, that the two miners were given up for lost, without more ado.

But the rush ceased sooner than was expected, and the manager at once set his men to work digging away the mud. All that afternoon, all night, and all the next forenoon they

worked steadily without making any noticeable impression. Late in the afternoon, however, the mud began to fall away a little from the roof of the tunnel. It was presumed that the imprisoned Kaffirs were already dead from suffocation, and yet there was one chance in a thousand—the one chance that a hero always takes. This gave Brown and Brand their opportunity. There was now a space of some dozen inches between the tunnel roof and the top of the stream of mud. Brown proposed crawling in; Brand agreed. Their friends urged them not to risk almost certain death for the sake of two black Kaffir boys, for they could not tell at what moment the mud rush would begin again and fill up the tunnel, and they knew how little air there was to breathe, and how probable it was that this little was full of poisonous gases.

But Brown and Brand stepped up, and each with a miner's lamp in his hat crept into the cold blue ooze. The mud was too thick to permit of swimming and too thin to bear their weight, so they were compelled to struggle along in the most toilsome and exhausting manner. In places where the tunnel roof was unusually low, they cleared away the mud with their hands and thrust their heads through. Sometimes the space was so narrow that the mud reached up to their noses, and all the while the air became fouler and fouler. Their lamps went out soon after they entered, and they had no way of relighting them, but crept onward in absolute darkness. From time to time they shouted, and at last, just as they were ready to turn back, for they had become chilled and much exhausted, they heard faint shouted replies. This gave them new heart, and they pushed onward, finally reaching the rise. Here they found the Kaffir boys, who had now been imprisoned upward of twenty-nine hours, in a condition of almost helpless exhaustion. The return, though the mud stream was now a little lower and there was more room to breathe, was terrible beyond description; for they were compelled not only to force their own bodies through the mud, but to drag the two natives after them. Frequently they stopped in the dark to rest, and sometimes, as they relate, they felt that they never could go on again. At last, however, gasping for breath, they saw the light glimmer-

ing in from the tunnel mouth, and shortly afterward friends dragged them out. Every part of their bodies was coated thick with mud, their hair was matted with it; but they had saved the lives of the two Kaffirs—white blood for black. One feels that such heroism as this is belittled with rewards, and yet it is satisfactory to know that the deed of Brown and Brand was appreciated. Not only were they rewarded substantially by the mine manager, but both soon wore the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society.

The society watches with keen eye for brave deeds in every part of the earth or sea where flies His Majesty's flag; but a large majority of the cases are in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the accounts of them are Homeric in their simplicity. There was the case of the second officer of the steamship "Sultan," bound down from Calcutta to Jeddah. You may find it in Document 28,627; it is told with the dry formality of a log-book report, which locates everything by latitude and longitude. It seems that it was July and hot in the Indian Ocean. A Lascar fireman named Esnolla, rushing up from the hell-hole of heat in the stokers' room to get a breath of fresh air, slipped overboard. There are those to whom a Lascar more or less would be a small matter, especially when an immense sea was running and there were sharks abroad. But they heaved a life-buoy after Esnolla, and the captain brought the "Sultan" sharply around, and gave orders to lower a boat. But watch as he would, the lookout could see no Lascar, for the sea ran too high; nor were they able to lower the boat. However, after wearing the steamer several times, they sighted a black blotch in the water and saw a hand lifted. Collins, the second officer, seized a line and jumped overboard. Collins was twenty-two years old and a strong swimmer. He had need for every ounce of his muscle, for he struggled there in the water for over three hours, up and down with the huge waves, finally reaching the Lascar. After making him fast to the rope, Collins gave the signal, and both were drawn up, more dead than alive. And that won a silver medal.

Some of the society's cases, besides telling a story of heroism, throw an impressive side-light on the strange happenings

in little-known corners of the earth, where any day may bring a thrill of adventure. Such is the story of Alfred J. Swann. Among the jungles of Central Africa, where wandering Englishmen come in Stanley helmets to trade celluloid buttons and stove-pipe hats for elephant tusks, there is a little native village called Kota-Kota. It is on the shore of Lake Nyassa, and most of the white men who come there die the first year. But over one hut flies the British flag; and in the doorway, under the flag, Swann sat, days on end, representing the authority of the King, and seeing that the elephant tusks were properly traded. One day an Englishman named Johnstone came to Kota-Kota to hunt elephants, and while going out from Swann's village into the jungle an elephant stepped on him. Natives brought Johnstone in and laid him at Swann's door. He was unconscious, with a broken leg and arm. The nearest doctor was sixty miles away, on Lokoma Island in Lake Nyassa. Swann felt Johnstone's heart; it was still beating feebly. Although there was every promise of a dark and stormy night, he succeeded in getting a sailboat, and by hook and crook he manned it with natives. Then he lashed the injured man to a stretcher, fastened him firmly under the seats, and set out. For two hours they made good time; but the wind deepening, they were compelled to shorten sail. As the night advanced, the blacks grew cold and terrified, and lay down under the mats to die. Swann could not even kick them into helpfulness. The sea rapidly grew so wild that he could not make enough sail to run away from it, and the waves washed in over the gunwales and beat over the unconscious man in the bottom. Swann was at the helm, and in order to cover his friend more effectually he must leave his place. After much persuasion and some force, one of the natives was prevailed upon to take the helm. Swann was spreading a piece of canvas over the injured man, when the frightened native allowed the boat to go about a little. Instantly a huge wave came over the quarter and washed him overboard. Swann turned as he heard the helmsman shout, and saw him struggling in the water. Quick as a flash Swann cut the mainsheet, and the sail flew out with a bang; then, waiting not an instant, he plunged into the water.

It was so dark he could not see the native, but being a strong swimmer he struck out for the spot where he judged he might be. The boat was left to shift for itself, the natives moaning helplessly under the mats. For some moments Swann swam about hopelessly, every moment seeing his only hope of safety, the boat, drifting farther away. Then suddenly the native came up almost under him; he seized him by the hair, turned him over, and struck out for the boat. It was a terrible pull back in that high sea, with such a burden, but at last Swann grasped the gunwale. He called for the other natives to come and help, but none would stir. At last, by almost superhuman effort, he succeeded in getting his half-drowned helmsman into the boat and then in following himself. The boat was almost full of water, and it required the hardest work to prevent instant foundering. The next day Swann reached Lokoma Island, having been nearly twenty-four hours on the voyage. Strange as it may seem, Johnstone was still alive, and with good attention he ultimately recovered. Out of Central Africa came the news of this heroic deed, and down into Central Africa went the medal of the society.

A man may grapple with a terror that he knows, with right good will, even though the chances are against him; but it is the unseen terror that tries the soul of fortitude. It was an unseen terror that Perrin and Walker met one day in Wrexham.

Hesketh was assistant manager of the Wrexham gas-works. He had come around early one bright October morning—a Sunday morning—to see that the machinery was in working order. They heard him among the purifiers, and Perrin, going out, saw him descending one of the little ladders that led to the chamber beneath one of the oxide-of-iron purifiers. Perrin was a gas-stoker.

Presently Hesketh came up.

"The water seal is forced," he said hurriedly, and a moment later he returned with a plug. Perrin advised him not to go into the gas chamber; so did Walker, who had just then arrived. Walker was the manager's son.

"Nonsense!" said Hesketh, and they saw him disappear

under the purifier. The air seemed clear and good; apparently there was no danger. Suddenly they heard Hesketh shout, then all was still.

"I'm going down," said Perrin.

They tried to prevent him, but he too went down. He was gone several minutes. They called to him, but there was no reply; they called more loudly, and still no answer.

Walker came with a rope. He fastened it hastily about his body, and before any one could object he was on the ladder. The other men held the rope. From out of the chamber came the rank, suffocating odor of gas, but Walker went down the ladder swiftly. At the bottom he paused an instant, peering into the dark. There lay Perrin stretched full length on the floor with his hand gripped in Hesketh's collar. Perrin had dragged the assistant manager some distance and had then been overcome and had fallen. Walker made a rush for the men and tried to fasten a rope around Hesketh. His eyes seemed bursting from his head; he felt himself falling, and ran wildly for the ladder. They helped him out, and he soon recovered his breath. The flow of gas was constantly increasing but Walker went down again, holding his breath, made another dash, and succeeded in getting the rope under Hesketh. Then he ran out again. Four or five long breaths and he was at it again. This time he drew the rope around Hesketh, but it slipped from his numb fingers before he could tie it. He came out staggering. The fourth time he tied the rope, and those above pulled Hesketh out. An instant later Walker was down in the death chamber for Perrin. The rope was finally fastened, and Perrin also was lifted out. Walker fell unconscious. They worked over the three men diligently, using artificial respiration and almost every other resuscitation device. Walker recovered consciousness immediately, although he was much exhausted. Perrin lay for an hour before he showed any signs of returning life, then he, too, recovered slowly. But Hesketh never breathed again. In due course of time the deed of Perrin and Walker came to the attention of the Royal Humane Society, and Walker was awarded a silver, and Perrin a bronze, medal.

One other story from the records of the Royal Humane Society I like especially to think about, because the hero was an obscure negro seaman, sailing in an out-of-the-way corner of the earth, and yet his bravery was found out, and two of the greatest nations of the earth strove to see which could do him the greater honor. It seems that nothing speaks louder for the growing appreciation among men of simple unselfishness, for that is the true essence of bravery.

It was a tropic night off the Cayman rocks in Nicaragua. The sea was as smooth as a pond, and the schooner "Dolphin" rested upon it almost motionless, with every sail set. For hours the helmsman had dozed at his place, and the crew and passengers, some twenty men in all, were lying about the deck, sleeping, it being too warm to go below. Thompson, the master, slept with the rest. The "Dolphin" was bound down from Prinzapulca to Bluefields, and she was almost within sight of her destination. Nothing could exceed the quiet peacefulness of the night. About two o'clock in the morning the helmsman sprang suddenly from his place, shouting. Thompson was instantly on his feet. Off to the seaward there was a huge, black, moving mass of clouds, rising out of the ocean. Thompson gave orders to shorten sail, but he had barely time to turn around before the blast struck them with terrific force. It was such a squall as comes only to those Southern seas. The full-set sails furnished ample leverage, and within ten seconds the "Dolphin" was bottom up, her passengers and crew struggling in the water. She was a flat-bottomed, center-board boat of some forty-eight tons; she had been long in Southern waters, and her sides were slimy and barnacled.

First came Wilson McField, swimming. McField was a negro, a subject of Great Britain. All his twenty-seven years of life he had known these waters, and he swam like a seal. Fortunately the vessel's helm lay deep in the water, owing to the weight of the anchor and chain which had dropped out when the vessel turned. Here, by grappling hard, but not without being severely cut by barnacles, McField succeeded in climbing on the ship's bottom. Then he shouted to the others, and one by one, as they reached the vessel's bottom,

he pulled up five of the crew. But not all were saved. Bull Monrad, a passenger, went down within two feet of the boat. Cerf, Kister, and two Nicaraguans were never seen after the vessel turned. Even after the crew was safely perched on the "Dolphin's" bottom they had to cling their best, for the sea had now risen, and the wind was blowing half a gale, although the worst of the squall had passed. And thus they sat for over two hours, drifting at the will of the sea. Then a strange thing happened. Anderson, the cook, asserted that he heard pounding from within the vessel. They all listened and heard nothing. A little later Anderson again asserted that something was drumming on the ship's bottom under him. They thought that Anderson had been "turned" by the accident; but upon listening again, they all heard it distinctly, Anderson even insisting that he also heard voices. Some of the more superstitious had their own theories of this; but as the night dragged itself through, and the pounding continued, they finally made up their minds that some one was imprisoned in the cabin. They discussed the matter until it was broad daylight, and all the while the pounding was growing fainter. None of the white men could propose any way of saving those in the cabin, if there really was any one imprisoned. At last McField, the negro, said he would dive under and into the boat. They assured him he would not be able to get out again any more than those who were already there. But he insisted. They had secured a coil of rope that had been dragging from the vessel. One end of this was held by the men on the ship's bottom, the other end McField took in his teeth. Then he dived from the vessel into the sea, and quickly disappeared. He went down swiftly, passed under the gunwale, and then rose through the hatch. It was pitch dark, and the interior of the vessel was full of disturbed cargo and empty barrels and boxes. McField dived in among them fearlessly, holding his breath, and made for the cabin. He knew that if the men were really there, and had air enough left to breathe, he would be safe enough; but if not, he also knew that he would probably never get back alive. The rope kept catching, and once he drove his head into a post with terrific force, but he kept

on steadily. Finally, concluding that he had reached the cabin, he rose quickly, and an instant later his head was out of water. And yet, so foul was the air and so narrow the space between the top of the water and the ship's bottom that he could scarcely breathe. Everything was in absolute darkness; he could see no men, but just at that moment he heard again the familiar knocking. He called out. At first there was no answer; then he heard voices, faint but familiar. Swimming in the direction from which they seemed to come, he found two men braced against the cabin sides and holding their heads above water. Here they had been for upward of six hours, knocking and knocking. McField recognized one of them as a young rubber cutter named Mallitz, the other was a native Spanish-Nicaraguan called Obando. Both fell upon McField, clamoring to be saved, so that he was compelled to threaten them with instant death unless they obeyed him. He fastened the rope around Mallitz and gave the signal to pull. Mallitz took a long breath and went down. McField dived into the water with him. Mallitz was panic-stricken and entangled himself in the hatchway. McField lost precious seconds freeing him, so that when at last they went out under the gunwale both were nearly drowned. Mallitz was quite unconscious, and McField was more dead than alive when they reached the surface. They pulled Mallitz aboard, but McField would not follow. As soon as the rope was again free, he took it in his teeth and dived a second time, found the hatch and entered the cabin. Obando was almost uncontrollable with exhaustion and panic, but McField finally secured him with the rope, and both having taken long breaths, the signal was given to pull up. This time the trip was made without accident, and on reaching the surface both men were drawn on board.

About noon they sighted the steamship "Yulu," bound from Bluefields to Great River, and they were soon rescued, having been nearly twelve hours on the ship's bottom. They found that the "Yulu" had already picked up a Spaniard who had escaped on a hatchway door; all the others were lost.

In course of time, and in a roundabout way, the story of

McField's bravery came to the attention of the United States Government, and the negro seaman was awarded a medal and fifty dollars in gold. Later the news reached England, and McField being a British subject, the Royal Humane Society awarded him a silver medal.

HEROES OF THE DEEP*

By HERBERT DICKINSON WARD

THE fishing-fleet is like a large wheel of life, of the three hundred and fifty spokes of which twenty-five pass in and out of the bay every day, a quivering procession, freighted with hope, with gain, with sorrow, and with disappointment. The beautiful harbor of Gloucester stretches from Norman's Woe to Eastern Point, and the fish that enter are daily measured by the hundred thousand weight.

There is no port in this country to which the Navy Department, in case of war, would sooner look for sailors to man the fleets than this old town which, in 1606, Champlain (the first white man to tread the shores of Cape Ann) called "Le Beau Port." For the great fishing-fleet holds nearly 7,000 souls under its gurried decks, and every one of these has faced, as a matter of course, dangers that would give the average reader many a nightmare, if he could experience but a touch of their reality. What novelist would think of sketching the story of a dried codfish? What novelist could do better?

It is always with a vague regret that we read the sagas, and are thrilled by the vikings' exploits. It seems as if the deeds of daring had gone forever, and as if the heroes of the deep were a myth of the past. Absorbed in the Norse romance, we forget that the vikings were only pirates. If the Gloucester of to-day had only existed then, what heroic saga would it not have inspired!

For the vikings are not dead. From Portland to New Orleans, our harbors are full of them. They lounge upon our wharves, and we do not recognize them. They loiter on our

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streets, and we know them not. But if there is a more modest, unconscious, or braver fellow than Jack the Fisherman, our eyes have yet to rest upon his face. He is the hardiest and most daring, the best sailor in the world to-day. Any Continental kingdom would give its wealth to possess him for its defense. He is the envy of every maritime nation. Has he no value for us, beyond the halibut and the cod, the haddock and the cusk?

Only the other day, seated upon the edge of a dory, on the deck of a vessel that had just discharged its small fare of fresh fish, I happened to get into conversation with a red, fat-faced Swedish lad. He was not much over nineteen. He had not outgrown blushing when you mentioned shave. He is of the kind that ships a boy and lands a man. Nor did Hans suspect the reason of the change. His was the majority given by experience, not by years. But I drew out his record from him as I draw a refractory charge out of a muzzle-loader. He was lying in a nest of dories, smoking lazily, and ravished by the July sun. He looked incapable of motion or ambition. He was the last fellow your popular novelist would pick out as a hero.

"No," he said, in his broad foreign accent, without deigning to look up; "I never see any one drowned or saved."

"Last winter," admitted Hans, reluctantly, "I was off Greenland, and me and my mate was about two mile baitin' up trawls. It was terrible cold, the water freezin' where she struck. The dory was almost full of fish. All to once a big wave capsized the dory and threw us into the water. When the dory came up, I caught the grab-line; but my mate was too far off, so I let go, and swam off, and towed him, and we held hands across the bottom. Only one could hold on to the grab-line at once, so I put his other hand in it, and holt on to the other. He was growin' pretty weak. He was washed off twice, and I hauled him in each time. They took us off in about an hour; another minute, and I guess we'd 'a' both gone. It was the grab-line that saved him."

He stopped, and puffed with a languid unconsciousness which it seemed, somehow, bad manners to disturb.



HE WAS GROWIN' PRETTY WEAK.

"Don't you remember seeing anything really grand—that is—heroic?"

The questioner floundered helplessly before the young fisherman's puzzled look.

"Naw," Hans smiled contemptuously; "I don't think."

Yet the boy himself had artlessly confessed to what was as much a deed of heroism as that of the engineer in sticking to his throttle for his passengers' sake at the moment of collision.

But the fisherman considers such an act as a matter of course. The average summer boarder, eagerly gossiping on the hotel piazzas, and idly watching the white schooners slip in and out of the harbor, is seldom awakened out of that spurious superiority which the pale-faced, well-dressed alien generally feels toward the weather-beaten, simple "native." Yet once in a while even this fond illusion is dispelled.

It happened not many summers ago that on a calm afternoon arose one of those sudden, violent squalls that are common to Ipswich Bay and Gloucester Harbor. It seemed as if the barometer had not time to fall. The dory fishermen had long since returned home. Only those were left who go down to the sea for pleasure. All these sloops, large or small, were in charge of experienced sailors who had, at the first signs of danger, scudded for moorings, or had run down the sails—all but one little party. It was the smallest keel of the pleasure fleet, and this time manned by four children. As the squall began to threaten, upon the eighteen-foot jib-and-mainsail boat the eyes of the Point and the Cove were anxiously fixed. The children, two girls and two boys, belonged to two families, and their mothers ran to the nearest point of land to watch them. The clouds were racing like black war-horses, their manes taking frightful shapes. Large schooners were now under bare poles, dropping quick anchors. Alas! in the mouth of the bay that crazy little boat braved the portent with both sails spread, and wobbled like one bereft of reason. Boyish figures were dimly seen rushing frantically to the mast and back to the cockpit. Then a groan of anguish arose from our group; for, without further warning,

the squall burst. The foam, the rain, and the spray, with angry teeth, advanced from the west, enveloped the boat, passed on, and hid the tragedy from sight.

When the spray cut our faces, and the wind made ears almost useless, I heard a voice bellowing from windward:

"It's no use! They're goners! Nothing in God's heaven can save 'em now! Their halyards are fouled."

Kind hands bore the mothers into the house; for their children were, for them, already dead.

The man who howled at us was one of the "natives." He was an offshore fisherman. He had a trap and a few lobster-pots, and earned a living in the easiest, safest possible way. He stood there, bracing himself against the hurricane. He was "oiled up," alert; he had a new look upon his face; the heavens had fallen, and he was in his own element.

At that moment there was a break in the clouds. To our amazement, by some freak of Providence the crazy craft was still in sight. Now head on, now head off, with her jib blown out, careening fearfully, the tiny boat still lived. But the worst of the squall was yet to come.

"If I only had my dory!" cried the fisherman, with the tears running down his face. But his dory was far out on his hauling-line, and the waves were dashing high upon the rocks. His dory was impossible.

"Take my boat, Joe."

Now that keel tender of mine, well built for its purpose—that of pleasure-sailing on smooth seas—was too narrow and cranky for a man to trust his life to in a gale like that, and the fisherman shook his head mournfully. Just then another gust swept down.

"There she goes!" some one cried in horror. The sail-boat was rapidly drifting down upon the rocks and in danger of upsetting at any moment. A white, fluttering speck could be seen on the reeling deck. One of the little girls was waving her handkerchief at her father, who was pacing the beach in the helpless, aimless fashion of one dazed by agony.

Then the fisherman looked at me. He had children, too—a good many of them—and he loved his wife. But there was

a look upon his face that perhaps had never been there before, that might never come there again.

"Get me the oars," he commanded, "and help me to shove her off!"

We started down to the dancing float. He jumped into the cockleshell, and I shoved him off. Now it seemed as if he would go upon the rocks, but he did not strike. Twenty times the sea smote him, and he looked engulfed, but he rode free. In the jaws of the squall, he got to the driving, careening boat, and boarded her—no one knew how. In a moment the refusing halyards, tangled by ignorant little fingers, were in his strong, skilled hands; and before night it was all down the coast that the boarder children were saved, and that there had arisen a new hero.

A few weeks after, the Massachusetts Humane Society gave him a silver medal, and I have no doubt whatever that the little episode has passed almost out of his mind, and clean out of that of his neighbors, by this time. It sometimes takes a squall to make a hero. Yet perhaps now and then, on a winter's night, he looks at the gleaming white badge of honor within its velvet case, and rubs it up to keep it bright. And his children and his children's children will turn it with wonder in little fingers, and treasure it with puzzled reverence. For by its argent the fisherman's family are ennobled, and enter the aristocracy of the Massachusetts coast.

This is only one of a few cases where the man gets the medal. But there are a hundred more who have done deeds as brave as this, and braver, whose names have drifted out of easy memories, even as the scud drifts to the lee. A newspaper file may hold them embalmed, but that is only another proof of their obliteration.

In 1880 a coaster, bound from the eastward to Boston, came to anchor off Pigeon Cove in the teeth of a howling gale. She rode heavily, with the breakwater to leeward. A diabolic magnet, it dragged the reluctant victim close and closer. Men watching on shore, seeing that it was only a question of a short time before the boat would break up, started to Rockport to get a life-boat and rescue the crew. Among the watchers were

three fishermen who, by their own experience, knew too well what that lee shore meant to the poor exhausted sailors on the ill-fated coaster. They saw at a glance that the life-boat would never get there in time. So the two brothers Zacharie and Constance Surette, and George Saunders, started on the run for the schooner "Cora Lee," tied up safely at the wharf. From her they borrowed a dory and jumped in. As they began to row out, they talked cheerfully:

"Hurry, boys! We mustn't let those fellows in that life-boat get ahead of us."

"Won't they feel cheap! See?"

They had passed the breakwater, and were facing the furious gale. By this time the schooner was riding bows under and drifting rapidly. The three men could hardly hold their oars; it was difficult to keep the dory from swamping. After almost superhuman efforts, they reached the vessel. It was so rough that the men on board had to leap into the sea and be picked up. Every one was saved but a dog, which refused to jump. It was none too soon. There was a desperate backing of water, a perilous turning, a pull to the harbor, a magnificent bending to the oars—then came the dull crash upon the rocks; the vessel was kindling-wood in about five minutes after the men were rescued.

When they were safely landed, one of the three heroes said: "That's a darn good joke on that life crew."

It was the only comment upon the situation; and, as far as I can learn, no one ever bragged about the exploit, or mentioned it again. The fishermen treated it just as if it were an every-day occurrence. But a few days later the Massachusetts Humane Society sent these plucky fellows twenty dollars each, thus recognizing them as fit men to be enrolled upon its brilliant scroll.

The life-boat, it is just to add, was doing her best. She had too far to go to get there in time.

It was off the Horn. Waves such as are encountered only there in all the world raced irresistibly. The ship labored mightily through the night. In a lull the cry, "Man over-board!" rang from stem to stern. Without hesitation the

helmsman put the wheel "hard up." The watch peered over the sides of the ship into the foam. All at once a man rushed up the companionway. He was in his night-clothes. Without waiting a moment, he leaped the rail and plunged overboard. There was only death to be found in the boiling, benumbing waters. By some witchery of Neptune, a cross sea tossed the two men to leeward, and the ship dipped them up. They were both unconscious, and the hero had his man clutched by the hair. Even to the old sailors used to miracles of the sea the safety of the two was not so great a marvel as the fact that the man had dared to jump at all; for he was a timid, seasick landlubber making his first voyage, and his seeming cowardice had been the butt of savage scorn. How, then, had he outdared them all in recklessness? He was asked the question: How could he do it?

He answered simply that he had lain awake nights planning just what he would do if he heard the cry, "Man overboard!" It was so hard for him to overcome his instinctive fear of the water that he had mentally and systematically schooled himself to action. Thus, while his body cringed, his soul was heroic. This habit of mind made opportunity impossible to pass by. The intuitive response to his training swept him over the rail before he knew where he was.

Even the babies in Gloucester are not without this instinct, although they do not count among their playthings medals from the Humane Society. It happened, this last summer, that a couple of children were playing in a spar-yard. They had ventured out upon the rolling logs floating on the tide. The older boy slipped. He was six. Down he went, head first, of course. The other one, a child of three, ran over to where he saw his playmate disappear between the logs, lay down at full length, and grabbed him by the hair when he came up. But the logs were coming together, so the baby put one of his chubby legs between the closing of the crush, and began to shriek. Without that spontaneous coolness and ability to rescue, which he probably inherited from generations of seamen, there would have been another procession of mourning-hacks in the old town.

Nothing stirs the blood or the imagination more than stories of promotion on the field of battle. War seems almost worth while, and slaughter expiated, when the general in command rides up amid the roar and smoke, and addresses a private, "Well done, corporal!" Or when, after the successful charge, he singles out the heroic lieutenant before all the regiment, and, saluting, says, "You have done well, captain!"

The exploits of peace, generally more heroic because on a less dramatic plane, have a scant gallery, little applause, and result in few promotions. A man, like a cyclone, emerges from the clear sky, but, unlike the whirlwind, performs some great feat of construction, and then melts back again into the firmament that gave him life, and the world knows him no more.

Such is Hans Slate. He has been a common, every-day fisherman for some years. During the latter part of 1896 he shipped on the schooner "Smuggler" with Captain Antoine Courant. On the night of December 30, 1896, the vessel drove ashore in a gale of wind at Cahoon's Hollow, Cape Cod. In an instant the seas began to break over her. The crew had to hurry to the rigging, and it was only a question of time when the masts would go by the board and all be drowned.

It seemed hours to the men, though in point of fact it was soon enough, before a flickering light on the beach told that the patrol had discovered their peril, and that the life-saving crew was at hand.

The first shot went wild, far over the vessel. The masts creaked and bent under every onslaught of the waves. Would they hold out? But the second shot was better. The line was caught on the vessel, but far down the preventer-stay, and, besides all that, it was fouled on the hawser. It was virtually useless, for no one could step foot on deck and live. The men gave a groan of despair, for their last hope was gone.

At that moment a dark figure, like a wraith of the storm, slid down the jib-stay from the masthead. The white foam bit at him. The twanging wire threatened to jerk him off at any moment; at every heave of the surf it would come up taut with a jerk, like a gigantic bowstring. Every man of the crew breathed a prayer as Hans Slate reached the bowsprit safely.

Then he was lost in a terrible sea. But Hans was imperturbable. With desperate skill and with unparalleled coolness (considering that he was engulfed by iced water every few seconds), he finally succeeded in freeing the life-line from the clutches of the hawser. He tied the rope about his neck, and started back up the swaying stay. This he had to do hand over hand. Try this on a warm summer day on a motionless boat, and experience what the feat means. Now add numbed and bleeding hands, a drenched body, an icy hurricane, lashing water, darkness, a wire whip-cord, to a swaying mast that is liable to give way at any moment, and you get an inkling of Hans Slate's modest exploit. At last he secured the precious line at the masthead, and then the breeches-buoy was busy on its merciful errand.

Soon only three were left. Hans was one, of course. Another was a boy, who was helpless on the ratlines far below the masthead. He had no strength to move; so Hans took him in his arms, carried him to the masthead, and lashed him safely to the buoy and sent him over. Now only he and the captain were left, and the captain was a heavy man, I am told. Ominous sounds told that the wreck was fast breaking up under the assaults of the sea.

"You go," said Hans, quietly.

"No," said the captain; "you first, I last."

"By —, no! You go; I stay here."

The skipper tried to go aloft up the rigging. But he could not do it. Then Hans tried from under to boost him up. But that could not be done.

"It's no use," said the skipper, after another futile struggle. "Save yourself; I can't get up there. You'd better be quick! The masts will be overboard in five minutes."

But Hans uttered not a word. He climbed up under the captain, clasped the skipper's hands about his neck, and thus shouldering him, carried him aloft. The crew said things about it. They mentioned words like "impossible" and "super-human." But Hans did it, even with the wreck of his strength, while his hands were raw, his body bruised and bleeding, and when the gale tripped the little strength he had.

After he had secured his captain, the hero remained alone upon the wreck, which was now rapidly going, waiting for the buoy to return. He did not expect to save himself, for the mast swayed horribly. Indeed, he had hardly enough life left in him to secure himself. Just as his feet had touched the land, a sound of a mighty crack overrode the thunder of the water and the wind, and the masts crashed into the surf.

"If it had not been for Hans Slate," the captain declared, "not a man of the crew would have been saved. If there ever was a hero, Hans is he." And when a fisherman says a thing like that, you may know that there is no peradventure in his estimate; for he is a judge of valor, and knows what he is talking about.

Cool-headed inventiveness when others are paralyzed with terror is no less a mark of heroism than the instinctive acceptance of personal risk. The real hero in a great conflagration may be the one who, at the instant of panic, keeps his head, and orders the crowd, imparting to it his own imperturbability. Such a one might have saved scores of lives in the horrible Parisian bazaar disaster. Add to this rare quality of calmness in danger the ability to devise instantaneously the unusual and only means of rescue, and you have a man indeed.

Perhaps the best instance of this rare gift that I have heard of occurred in February, 1862. The schooner "J. G. Dennis" was running home to Gloucester with a full fare from Georges, when she met a heavy gale of wind right in her teeth. Her master, Thomas D. Dench, one of those elemental souls whom nothing could daunt, made up his mind to drive her right through. In a February gale the wind and the sea are about as cheerful opponents as a madman and a razor. In this struggle the "Dennis" had the worst of the encounter, and she was razed. She lost her sails—all but the jumbo, I believe—and her boats, and, besides, was blown offshore into the Gulf Stream. There she found a favorable southerly wind, and so pointed her nose again for home, having set her staysail and an old mildewed summer foresail. The sea was still very heavy, and the breeze was not a zephyr. Just at daylight, on the second of March, the lookout sighted a water-logged ves-

sel, and bore down upon it. The skipper came on deck, and soon spoke the wreck, which proved to be the schooner "Life-Boat" of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, loaded with lumber, and bound to the West Indies. The only thing that preserved her name from travesty was the lumber that kept her afloat, most of the deckload of which had been washed off. Her masts were gone, her boat was gone, and her cook and one man had been washed overboard. When the "Dennis" came within hailing distance, the captain and the three hands left were lashed on top of the after deck-house, expecting to go down any minute.

"For Heaven's sake," they begged, "don't leave us! Three big vessels have spoken us and deserted us. For God's sake, save us!" they cried in desperation.

"Cheer up!" Captain Dench called back. "This time you're dealing with men, not cowards. We'll stand by."

Then came the problem of rescue. It was a wreck saving a wreck. It was the blind leading the blind. For neither vessel had a boat to put off, and to approach near in that sea was to risk a fatal collision. Besides, the wind was beginning to rise again, and the icy sea was running viciously. So Captain Dench, handling his vessel, with her flimsy sail, as best he could, lay to leeward, and ordered the men on the sinking wreck to throw overboard all the lumber left upon the deck. He then picked up what loose boards he wanted, and wrenched his gurry-kid from the deck. A gurry-kid is a big box, without bottom or top, that is fitted in the deck, in which fish is thrown. He then sawed the boards with his own hands, and made a bottom to the kid. This he calked with rope-yarn and pieces of rope. Then he patched up the seams with canvas junk. He then lashed two empty water-casks to each end of the box, and took two reaches to windward. This brought the wreck under his lee. Then the men on board the "Dennis" launched their nondescript boat, and attaching to it a strong line, paid it out until it reached the water-logged schooner. They saved the men, of course; and besides that, they took off a gaff-topsail that was washing about the deck. This they bent for a jib, using their own jib for a mainsail. By this time their own foresail was pretty well exhausted. The rescue and the patch-

ing up took all of that day. That night, instead of making for Gloucester, Captain Dench decided to take the shipwrecked men home, and so "make a good job of it." So they turned their prow to Shelburne, which they reached after a hard tussle. The firm who owned the "Life-Boat" gave Captain Dench a suit of sails with which to come to Gloucester, and later the British government presented him with a splendid marine glass.

HEROES OF THE RAILWAY SERVICE*

By CHARLES DE LANO HINE

AMERICAN railroad life in the train and yard service teems with deeds of daring, of self-sacrifice, and of devotion to duty. All these are matters of such every-day occurrence that they are difficult to chronicle. Dangers follow one another in such rapid succession that the impressions of one moment are effaced by the self-possession necessary to the next. A soldier fights his battle and may not be again under fire for a week, a month, or a year. While actually engaged, his is a maximum of danger. The railroad man is usually in much less danger than the fighting soldier. What the rail-roader lacks in intensity of risk he makes up in quantity. He is under fire, so to speak, every working day or night of his life. The washouts of spring, the blinding dust of summer, the treacherous fogs of autumn, and the icy car-tops of winter, all teach him to be careful of his hold in this world, lest he slip suddenly into the next.

As the battle is the true test of the officer and the soldier, so is the wreck the measure of the coolness or pluck of the official and the employee. There is this important difference: a battle is usually planned for, while a wreck is always unexpected.

On the trunk-line that leads from Washington to the heart of Dixie there is, near quaint old Alexandria, and in sight of the dome of the Capitol, a little junction. Here, one summer evening just at dusk, a passenger-train from a branch road had stopped for orders. The conductor and the engineman had gone to the telegraph office, and the fireman was also away from the engine. The train had the right of track (i.e., the rules entitled it to the road), and had stopped "foul of the

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main" (i.e., so another train could not get by on the main line). It was to meet another train which must come in under control. When the latter whistled in the distance, no special attention was paid. On came the train, the ambitious young runner bent on reaching Richmond in as many hours as it once took an army years. Suddenly the men on the ground realized that the coming train could not stop. There was time for them to run away, but duty was dearer than life. The engineman ran to his engine. His quick eye saw that if he pulled ahead for his own safety into the siding his rear coaches would not be clear of the track on which the swift train was approaching. Like lightning he threw the reverse lever into the "back motion," and then gradually opened the throttle, knowing that to "jerk her wide open" would "slip her drivers" and not move the train. A quick-witted trainman sprang to the switch and, as his train shot back, threw the rails almost under the pilot of the coming monster, which thundered harmlessly by. It takes a brave man to stick to his post when danger threatens, but it takes a braver one to seek his post when he is once in a place of safety.

On a side-hill in the Buckeye State stands the station of a pretentious town. Here one evening a train stood discharging passengers and changing engines. Suddenly a freight-train was heard tearing down the grade past the yard where it should have stopped. The almost human whistles for brakes indicated only too clearly to practiced ears that the crew had lost control of the train. In vain the station-men thought of turning the runaway into another track. The only available siding which the helpless and partly filled train did not block led into the station itself. To throw that switch meant death to the people in the dining-room. While this was happening, an engineman was leisurely oiling his engine on the station spur. When he saw the danger, he yelled to throw the switch, and shot his engine out on the main track to meet the coming train. His comrades supposed that he would jump off and trust his engine to do the work of repelling the assault. He knew the grade was so steep that the recoil from the collision might still work mischief to the unsuspecting passengers; so he "stayed with

her," and with a skill equaled only by his courage he caught that freight-train and brought it under control, with no more damage than smashing the fronts of the engines. There was only one chance in a hundred of doing this, but heroes take the hundredth chance. For such deeds Napoleon made officers of privates.

What the ship is to the captain, the locomotive is to the engine-driver. A touch of the master's hand, and its muscles of steel strain forward.

A clear track, and all is well. The locomotive hums along to the song of the road, the cadence of a thousand rails. A sudden shriek, an answering blast. It is neither starboard nor port, but down brakes and straight on, with crash and wreckage ahead. For the engine-driver at this maddening moment there is only one alternative—be a coward and jump, be a hero and stick.

How many engine-drivers do "stick" and meet their death, in the desperate hope of being able to slow down the train and lessen the fatality of the impending collision to the passengers, is shown by a railway official's remark to me that such instances of devotion to duty were regarded as matters of course in the service and not considered subjects for special record. In fact, collision is only one of many perils to which railway employees are exposed, so that it requires a certain amount of initial courage to enter the service at all. Life-insurance experts regard the railway service as an extra-hazardous occupation. As a brakeman said to me, in language which, while not highly poetic, conveys a pretty clear idea of his meaning: "A job on a railroad is like a barber-shop. It's just, 'Whose turn next?' You go out, and you don't know if you'll ever come back."

Veteran railroad men who have stories to tell of instances of heroism in the railway service usually begin with "Hank" Milligan, an engine-driver on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. During the draft riot in New York, the rioters, fearing that troops would be brought into the city, tore up the south-bound track leading into the West Thirtieth Street station, and, gathering about the station, armed with muskets, pistols, and stones torn up from the pavements,

threatened death to any engine-driver who dared take out a train. This threat was conveyed to Milligan shortly before the time at which his train was scheduled to start.

Milligan quietly waited for the train-starter's signal. When he received it he pulled open the throttle of his locomotive and steamed through the lines of rioters, who were so daunted by his courage that they allowed him to pass without a shot or a stone. But then those who remember Milligan describe him as a typical New-Englander, tall and angular, who would fight anything, adding that he "wouldn't have feared the devil himself."

Veteran railroaders have another anecdote—one pleasantly relieved by a humorous flavor—to tell of Milligan's bravery. Coming down the road, at the time the old Creamer brakes, which worked on springs and were controlled by a cord from the locomotive, were in use, he collided with a freight-train that was backing across the track. The fireman and several other train-hands jumped before the trains collided. Milligan wound the brake-cord around his hand and wrist, applied the brakes, and stuck to his post. The conductor, an "old-timer," was among those who gathered about the wreck. "Anyhow," said Milligan, as he extricated himself from it, the brake-cord still in his grasp, "I didn't jump." "Of course you didn't," snarled the conductor. "You couldn't. You were all tangled up in that cord."

Patrick McTamany was a switchman at one of the Pennsylvania Railroad crossings in Jersey City, where there is an intricate network of tracks over which trains and drilling-engines are almost constantly passing. Early one morning McTamany saw a boy playing on one of the tracks, unaware of the fact that a train was bearing down upon him. The switchman shouted, but the boy failed to hear. McTamany jumped in front of the locomotive. With one hand he thrust the boy off the track; with the other he tried to swing himself on to the pilot. He missed his hold, fell, and was crushed to death under the locomotive wheels as the boy scampered off.

Among the most extraordinary calamities that ever befell any section of this country were the forest fires in the counties

of Pine, Mille-lacs, and Chisago, Minnesota. None, perhaps, has had greater attendant horrors. It might be supposed that when fire devastates a tract twenty-six miles long and from one to fifteen miles broad there would be ample warning of the flames' approach to enable every human being in their path to escape. But in this catastrophe, in which whole towns and settlements were destroyed, the conflagration advanced with the rapidity of a tidal wave. It was as if a dam of stored-up flames had burst and let loose a flood of fire upon the country. A haze, a cloud of smoke, a tongue of flame, and, before people could flee, a fiery sea would be raging around and over the doomed settlements. In the whole great fire-swept tract not a human habitation was left standing except a section-house at a place called Miller; but the loss of five hundred lives and the positions in which the dead were found tell more graphically than any other facts of the frightful rapidity with which the flames advanced.

At Hinckley, the largest town that was destroyed, one hundred and thirty people sought refuge in a morass. From that morass one hundred and thirty charred and, in many instances, unrecognizable bodies were taken. They must have been blasted by one fiery breath, for whole families lay in groups as if there had been no time to move. When a few days later a trench for the dead was being dug, the ground was found so thoroughly baked that it became necessary to loosen it with picks.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the fatal day a train reached Hinckley on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. Early in the afternoon the engineer had ordered the headlight lighted, as a heavy haze obscured the air. At Hinckley a terror-stricken mob was surging about the station, and a rush was made for the train. As it started forward, crowded to its utmost capacity, a flame burst out of the cloud of smoke ahead and ignited the engine-cab and baggage-car.

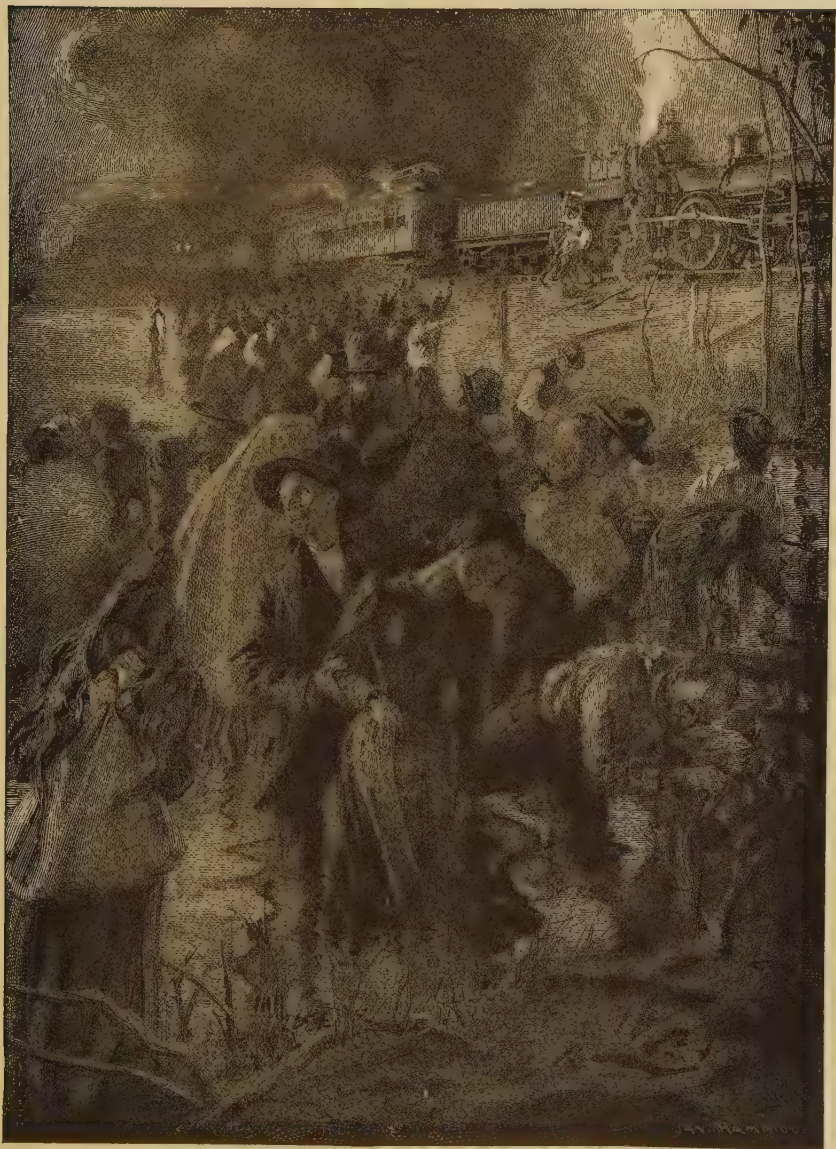
In the cab was Engineer James Root. On the train were fully two hundred people, their lives dependent upon this one man. Root remembered that six miles back was a mud-hole called Skunk Lake. It was right beside the railroad-bed, and

with this made a clearing where perhaps a place of safety might be found. He reversed the engine, and the race with the flames began.

At times the forest on each side of the track, ignited by sparks blown by the fierce wind in advance of the conflagration, was a mass of roaring fire, and the train rushed through an aisle of flame; at times a fiery tongue shot out from the cloud of smoke rolling on behind as if to lick up the train from the road-bed; stragglers past whom the train rushed were seen a moment later to drop overcome with heat; car-windows were cracking; the woodwork of the train was burning; passengers, frantic with terror, were leaping from the platform, only to lie maimed in the very track of the pursuing demon of death.

At his post stood James Root. His fireman was in the water-tank ducking his head whenever the heat became too intense, and between times throwing water over the brave engineer. So at last the race with death was won, but only by two minutes; for within two minutes after the train stopped, the fire was upon it. But the passengers who had intrusted their lives to Root were safe. Some had rushed into the lake; others, who had become unconscious from the heat, had been borne into the mud and water; and Root—who, as he pulled the lever, had sunk to the floor of the engine-cab exhausted, his clothing on fire, his face and hands scorched and bleeding from broken glass—had been carried to the mud, laid in it and covered with it. Those in the water were obliged to keep constantly submerging themselves, and those in the mud had to lie flat in it to save themselves as the flames leaped over the lake. The ground was not cool enough to stand on until four hours after the fire had swept past.

Those who carried Root from the cab had supposed that he was dying; but when people began leaving the lake, he rose and, as if guided by instinct, staggered back to what remained of the locomotive, clambered on to it, and sank down upon the cab-seat. The train itself had been burned to the trucks. It was a long time before Root fully recovered from his wounds and burns.



From a Drawing by Jay Hambridge

CARRYING ROOT FROM THE CAB

In the meeting-room of Division 46 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Albany, N. Y., is a simple yet touching and appropriate memento of as brave an engine-driver as ever put hand to throttle.

This engineman, Edward Kennar, ran Engine 238 on the Western Division of the New York Central Railroad. One April night, as Kennar's train was speeding along toward Batavia, the locomotive headlight suddenly flashed upon a mass of moving earth and rock on the track. The train was rushing toward a land-slide, of which there had not been the slightest warning. There was the shriek of the whistle, "Down brakes!" But it was too late. No. 238 plunged into the heaping débris, and a moment later lay wrecked at the foot of the embankment.

Pinned down by tons of steel, and writhing in the agony of death, was Kennar. Suddenly he seemed to pull together what of life there was left in him. Slightly raising his head, he shrieked—it seemed almost in anger—at those who had gathered about to help him if they could, "Flag No. 5!" With those words on his lips he died.

"No. 5" was a west-bound train which usually met Kennar's near this point. The warning which he, forgetting his own agony, had given with his dying breath, recalled No. 5's peril to the train-hands, and, hurrying back to the track, they were in time to flag it.

It seems to me that "Flag No. 5" of "Ed" Kennar's is worthy to be placed alongside of Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship!" or of any dying words of heroes on the battle-field which history has recorded. It saved No. 5.

The throttle of Engine 238 was taken from the wreck. Silver-plated, framed, and with an appropriate inscription, it hangs, a memorial to this railroad hero—who, though he might have jumped, "just slapped on the brakes and stood by his engine"—in the room of the Brotherhood division to which he belonged. Is it to be wondered at that the members of the division regard the throttle of No. 238 with feelings akin to those with which soldiers look upon a battle-flag that has been found under the dead bodies of its defenders?

VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVERS*

By GUSTAV KOBBE

FOR many years before the United States life-saving service was established, the Massachusetts Humane Society maintained, along the coast of that State, houses of refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and stations equipped with life-saving apparatus, in charge of keepers, who, when the emergency arose, summoned volunteer crews. This volunteer life-saving service is still kept up, and is able not only often to render effective assistance to the regular government crews, but occasionally, also, to save life when the nearest United States life-saving station is too far from the scene of disaster for its crew to arrive in time. The rivalry between these two corps has been most generous. There have been no bickerings, no attempts of one to outwit the other, but a singleness of impulse to serve in the cause of humanity. Naturally the gold and silver medals awarded by the United States government for heroism displayed in saving life have been more frequently bestowed upon members of the regular service, as this extends along our entire seaboard and lake coast, but the volunteer corps has had its share of honor.

But by far the greater number of medals for heroism displayed in saving life from drowning have been awarded to individuals—people from the most varied walks of life: men of high social position, Western Indians, a Southern negro, pleasure-seekers along the coast, a Japanese cabin steward, steamboat men, and officers and men of the United States army, navy, and revenue-cutter service. Every section of the country seems to have contributed its hero or heroes to the roll of honor. There are also heroines on that roll. A number of women hold silver medals, and two women the gold medal.

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Silver medals have also been awarded to mere boys and girls for displays of daring far beyond their years.

The rescue of Miss Carrie Maffitt by Richard F. Warren, near Wilmington, North Carolina, has a double touch of the heroic, owing to the bravery displayed by Miss Maffitt herself. She had been carried out two hundred yards, and was about giving up when Mr. Warren reached her. He encouraged her, and having told her to cling to his shoulders, began swimming in with her. After he had swum in part of the way his strength began to give out and his strokes became more labored. Noticing this, the brave girl said: "If you don't think we can reach shore, I'll let go. There's no reason why both of us should perish." Mr. Warren, however, declined to abandon her. "Put one hand on my shoulder, and try to swim with the other," he said. She did as he told her, and in this way he was able to carry her safely ashore.

Flames suddenly burst out upon the steamboat "Seawan-haka," in the East River. Through the scorching heat Captain Charles P. Smith stands by his wheel, and runs the vessel ashore in time to save nearly all the many people aboard her. He himself dies as a result of the injuries sustained that day, before receiving the gold medal awarded him for so heroically facing the most horrible of deaths.

Among the more recent awards of medals was that received by Peter Dodge, a colored man, who participated in a rescue with Dr. Joseph B. Graham, quarantine officer at Savannah, Georgia. These two men went to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew when no others would venture. Dodge was Dr. Graham's boatman. Dr. Graham told him that the danger he was about to face was beyond the scope of the service for which he had been engaged, and that he was under no obligation to go. Whereupon Dodge replied: "If you go, I will go too, sir; and with God's help we'll get there."

But to me the most picturesque figure among those who have been honored for imperiling their lives to save the lives of others is Mrs. Martha White of Copalis, State of Washington. She is the only woman, except Ida Lewis Wilson, who holds the gold medal, and the only woman in no way

connected with the government service who holds it. The act of heroism for which Mrs. White was honored was only the most conspicuous in a number of rescues in which she had taken part.

Mrs. White lives upon a remote and lonely beach. For many years past, when storms have broken over the coast, she and her husband have patrolled the beach, and have ministered to the wants of many a castaway, besides aiding in rescuing shipwrecked sailors. The rescue for which she received the gold medal was an achievement of which any man might have been proud; in a woman it showed peerless courage.

During one of those winter storms which rage over North Beach the British bark "Ferndale" struck some two hundred and fifty yards from shore. The cry, "A ship ashore!" aroused the White household. It was half-past three in the morning, but in that raging storm the hour made little difference. Hastily dressing, seizing a field-glass and a musket and a white cloth to use for signaling, Mrs. White hurried, with her husband, to the scene of the disaster. Through the storm-drift she could, with the aid of the glass, make out a number of sailors in the rigging, while the sea made a clean breach over the vessel.

Mrs. White waved the cloth, hoping the sailors would see it and take courage; but the weather was too thick. She then fired the musket several times; but the flashes were evidently not seen, and the tumult drowned the report. Not knowing how long in that bitter storm the sailors might be able to maintain their hold on the rigging, Mr. White proceeded up the beach to keep a lookout for any one that might be washed up in that direction, while Mrs. White remained near the wreck, waving the cloth, and ever and anon discharging the musket. Suddenly she discovered a man in the breakers. Dropping cloth and musket, she dashed into the surf, drew him up on the beach, and aided him to her home. Returning at once, she saw another sailor unconscious and being tossed about in the surf. Plunging in, she seized him, skilfully floated him ashore, and by rubbing his limbs revived him sufficiently to enable him, with her aid, to reach her house.

She hastened back again to the beach. Far out in the breakers was a sailor struggling in vain to make headway, and evidently on the verge of exhaustion. She was wholly alone on that part of the beach—not a person to go to her aid should she fail. But no thought of self seems to have entered her mind. Throwing off part of her wet and heavy clothing, she dashed into the surf. Just before she reached the man a heavy breaker overwhelmed her. Recovering herself, she seized him and brought him safely ashore. Once beyond the line of the surf, she fell exhausted upon the beach, where she was found and borne to her house, with the still unconscious castaway. The rescued men admitted that, but for Mrs. White's aid, they would have perished.

For a father or a mother to risk his or her own life to save the life of a child may be a sublime exhibition of the duty which blood owes to blood—a duty which, if not done, would expose whoever failed in it to the scorn of mankind—but it is not the highest heroism. To plunge, however, into the dark waters, with nothing but a cry for help to guide you, to launch a boat upon a sea that threatens to overwhelm you, knowing not who clings to that tottering aery in the rigging of the doomed ship but vaguely discernible through the storm, expecting no reward save the consciousness that you have done the duty that manhood owes to itself—that is true heroism.

Would I could add to this record those unknown heroes—"greater than those who are known"—whose heroism lacks a human reward because they not only risked but lost their lives in the endeavor to save others. Would there were a roll of the unhonored and unsung! The medal list is a long one, but the roll of the perished longer. Occasionally a memorial like the Brokaw Field at Princeton, which commemorates the heroism of Frederick Brokaw, the Princeton student who gave his life to save two servants from drowning, reminds us of one or another of these sacrifices. But far more frequently a grave in an unfrequented churchyard, or a proud pang in a woman's heart, is the only memorial of the "unknown hero."

SOME HEROES OF ENGLISH HISTORY

CARADOC, A HERO OF ANCIENT BRITAIN

THERE was a time, many years ago, when England was a savage country. The oldest stories we read about things that happened there are of such as took place before the English had come to the land. In those days the country was not called England, but Britain; and the people were the ancient Britons.

In the time of the Britons, the greater part of the country was covered with moors and swamps, and with great forests, where dangerous wild animals lived: wolves and bears and wild cats; where herds of deer wandered, and droves of wild cattle.

The ancient Britons lived in huts built of branches of trees plastered with mud, very low in the roof, and dark, having no windows; and there were no chimneys to let out the smoke. Their villages were only collections of huts surrounded by a fence or stockade, and a ditch to keep out the wild animals, as well as some Britons who were enemies of the tribe, for these people were always fighting among themselves. They were a wild people, but so brave that we like to hear stories about them.

The Britons had blue eyes, and yellow or reddish hair, which both men and women wore long, and hanging over their shoulders. In summer they went about with their chests and shoulders almost bare, and in winter they clothed themselves in the skins of animals killed in the chase.

About two thousand years ago, when the Britons were living their savage life, there lived in the country which is now Italy another people called the Romans. These Romans were one of the greatest and wisest nations that have ever lived. It seems strange that they should have left their own beautiful country to come to Britain, with its cold climate and savage inhabitants; but they were a very ambitious people, who would not be content until they had subdued every other nation of the earth.

The Romans had already conquered all the nations round about their own country when the Emperor Claudius became their chief; but Claudius wished to win glory by making fresh conquests, and he determined to subdue the wild northern island of Britain. Knowing that the Britons were a very fierce and brave people, he sent against them an army of forty thousand men under the command of two skilful generals.

When the inhabitants of southern Britain saw the sea about their coasts covered with Roman vessels, while more vessels were always appearing above the horizon, their anger and dismay knew no bounds. They knew that the Romans were the bravest and most skilful soldiers in the world, and that they had come to conquer them if they could, and to take their country away from them.

As the soldiers, wearing their glittering breastplates and helmets of polished steel, and with the sun flashing upon the gold and silver eagles they carried for standards, landed from their vessels and marched on their way to the place where they were going to make their camp, the Britons watched them from their hiding-places with both rage and terror.

Still they did not despair. Old men among them were able to tell them how their ancestors had withstood the Romans who had come to their shores a hundred years before, and how the great Julius Cæsar had been glad to make peace with the Britons and sail away to his own country. Messengers were sent far and near to summon the chiefs and their followers, and they resolved to fight to the last.

The Britons proved to be some of the most determined

foes that the Romans had ever met. Battle after battle was fought, and the country still remained unsubdued. Sometimes the Romans won, and sometimes the Britons were masters of the day. The Romans were trained soldiers, while the Britons, as we have seen, were wild and undisciplined savages; but they were fighting for their homes and freedom, and that made them very brave.

Among the British leaders the noblest was a chieftain of the name of Caradoc, or as the Romans called him, Caractacus. When some of the other chiefs, having been defeated many times, were forced to make peace with the invaders, Caradoc refused to yield. Fighting stubbornly, he contested every inch of southern Britain, but was slowly driven backward to the mountains of Wales.

Here he gathered around him a band of Britons as brave and determined as himself, and for nearly nine years he held the Romans in check. The invaders, who did not know the country, were unable to penetrate far among these valleys, where black forests hemmed in the view, and where every hillside might harbor a band of their savage foes.

It was impossible to reach Caradoc in this wild retreat. Accompanied by his followers, he would leave the mountains and sweep suddenly down upon a Roman camp in some distant part of the country. At a time when the Romans were least expecting it, a band of these wild, red-headed warriors would appear, yelling their war-cries as they let fly a shower of darts and arrows; then, after killing and wounding a number of the enemy, they would vanish among their mountains before the Romans had time to follow them up.

As years went on, a large number of Britons found their way to Caradoc in his Welsh retreat. The mountains became full of desperate men who had been driven from their homes, but were still determined to fight for freedom, and the example of their leader gave his followers fresh courage.

After many years of fighting, the Romans saw that the country would never be subdued so long as Caradoc should remain at liberty. A great army was marched toward the stronghold of the daring chief. Caradoc mustered his re-

tainers, and found himself at the head of a body of men almost as numerous as the Roman army. For nine years these Britons had remained unconquered; and the brave band hoped that the day had now come when they might gain a victory which would end in the invaders being driven out of the country.

Romans and Britons met on the borders of Wales. The Britons, looking down from their mountains, saw the Romans on the plain far below. Between the armies flowed a river, which was joined by a torrent rushing down by the side of a steep hill. Caradoc ordered his men to take up their station upon this hill, and all night long the Britons worked to strengthen their defenses by building up barricades of loose stones.

When morning dawned the Britons could see the Roman legions forming in position. The sunbeams were glancing upon the crests of the soldiers' helmets and upon the points of their spears, and the Britons almost seemed to hear the voice of the general who was riding his prancing war-horse round the ranks of his army.

The Britons were eager to attack, but before a man left his post Caradoc came forward and spoke to his followers.

"Men of Britain," he said, "this day decides the fate of your country. Your liberty, or your eternal slavery, dates from this hour. Remember your brave ancestors, who drove the great Julius himself across the sea!"

The Britons were so stirred by these words that they replied by a great shout; then, rushing down the hill, they let fly a hail of darts and arrows upon the Roman army. For a long time the battle raged, and neither side appeared to gain the advantage.

In order to meet the Britons hand to hand, the Romans had to cross the river under a storm of darts. Many soldiers fell and were swept away by the current. Others struggled onward, to be received by savage cries from the Britons, who tore stones from the barricade to hurl at their advancing foes.

In spite of the fury of the defenders, the Romans swept

steadily up the slope. Soon the foremost had reached the barriers. They stumbled and fell among the loose stones, but recovered themselves and pressed onward, holding up their shields to ward off the blows rained down upon them. The hillside became a seething mass of combatants; the wild, active Britons flying hither and thither to repel the advance of the steel-clad host. From the thick of the fight, Caradoc himself shouted encouragement to his soldiers, who replied by shrill cries and by redoubled exertions.

The stone barriers were passed; Romans and Britons were mingled in a life-and-death struggle. Soon it became apparent that the day belonged to the better-armed combatants; the soft copper swords of the Britons had been blunted upon the steel breastplates of the Romans, while their own wooden shields were hacked to pieces by the Roman swords.

In a short time the Britons were flying in all directions, unable longer to resist the Romans. Caradoc's two brothers were taken prisoners, and his wife and daughter fell into the hands of the conquerors.

The British leader himself, weary, wounded, and disheartened, found his way to the hut of his mother-in-law, and asked her for shelter. She gave him a wolf-skin to lie upon by the fire and soon he was fast asleep, worn out by fatigue and loss of blood.

For a time the old woman sat and watched him. It had needed no words from the wounded, half-fainting chieftain to tell her that the day was lost. She thought of the proud Romans who were now masters of the country; of the villages which would be burned, and of their inhabitants who would be carried away into slavery.

Being a selfish old woman, she soon began to think less of other people's troubles than of her own. What would happen to her, she wondered, were the Romans to come this way and find out that she was giving shelter to the vanquished chieftain?

She trembled as she thought that soon this poor hut might shelter her no longer; that her few belongings might be taken

away from her, and she herself be driven out to perish upon the cold hillside. As she looked at her guest, lying asleep in a corner, and frowning a little with the pain of his wound, she felt as though she hated him. An ugly look came into her face as she realized her helplessness.

Presently she heard cries echoing in the valley, and peeping from the door of the hut, she saw some flying Britons, closely pursued by two Roman soldiers. The Britons disappeared in a thicket and were lost, and as the woman watched the soldiers beating the bushes and brambles with their swords in a vain search for the fugitives, a very evil thought came into her mind.

She left the hut, and crept along in the shelter of the rocks and trees, so that the soldiers might not see where she had come from. The soldiers were very much surprised when a little wild-looking, wrinkled old woman stood before them, trying to tell them something in the language that the Britons spoke.

They soon understood that she was offering to show them the hiding-place of a captive far more important than the poor British warriors whom they had been pursuing.

"Come along then, old woman," said one of the soldiers: "show us the way."

A sly look came into the woman's small twinkling eyes. "Wait a little," she said; "what are you going to give me for delivering this great captive into your hands?"

The soldiers looked at each other; and then one of them offered her a gold coin. The old woman shook her head.

"No," she said; "this is a very, very great man, and the Romans would like very much to catch him. You must give me far more than that if I show you the way to his hiding-place."

The soldiers consulted together for a moment. From the old woman's manner, she evidently had a noted chief or leader in her power.

"Here, old dame," they said, "if your prisoner is of such importance, you must come with us to the general."

The old woman was delighted. The Roman general was, of

course, a very rich man, and no doubt he would give her a great deal of money for the captive.

"Let us be quick," she said; "my prisoner may wake up and go away before we come back."

The soldiers were astonished at the nimble way in which the old creature skipped over the stones and heather, her little short steps covering the ground as quickly as their long, steady strides. They were almost inclined to think that she must be one of the witches about whom the Britons told such strange stories.

The general was not far away, and soon the old woman's little greedy eyes were looking up into his grave stern face.

"Well, my good woman," he said, "who is this prisoner?"

The old woman grinned, showing a few tusk-like teeth. "He is a very great man," she said, "and I can only give him up for a large sum of money."

"Tell me first who he is," said the general; "we can talk about the reward afterward."

There was no one that the Romans despised so much as a traitor, and the general thought this old woman was the most mean and base person he had ever met.

"The prisoner," said the woman, with a still wider grin, "is Caradoc himself. He came to my hut after the battle; and you should have seen how pale and weary he was! He thought I would shelter him, because he is my son-in-law, but after he had fallen asleep I said to myself, 'The Romans are good folk, and they will be grateful to an old woman who hands over a wicked rebel——'"

"That will do, my good woman," said the general, cutting her short. "Here is a bag of gold; it is your fee for delivering the British leader into our hands. Come and show us where he is to be found; or, if you are playing us false, it will be the worse for you."

The old woman's fingers closed round the gold, and her delight at getting so much money prevented her from feeling the contempt in the general's voice and eyes.

Presently the tiny hut was surrounded by Roman soldiers. Bending his tall form at the doorway, the general entered,

followed by two soldiers leading between them the old woman, whose skinny fingers were tightly clutching the bag of gold.

Caradoc stirred in his sleep; then he sat up and looked at the Romans. His eyes fell upon his mother-in-law, and he understood. He had to stand up and submit to having his hands bound behind his back by the Roman soldiers.

The old woman left the hut and disappeared with her ill-gotten gains. For once in her life she felt ashamed of herself. She had betrayed her country, and although she was now one of the richest women in Britain she was never really happy again.

When the wounded chieftain joined the other prisoners in the Roman camp, his wife and daughter fell into his arms, weeping. Caradoc tried his best to comfort them; and he begged all the prisoners to have courage, and to bear their misfortunes like brave men and women.

After this victory the Roman general returned to his own country. Caradoc and the other prisoners were carried on board the vessels of the conquerors, and after a voyage of many days they landed upon the strange, unknown shores of Italy.

The Roman people were delighted to hear that the wild, savage island of Britain had at last been subdued, and when the victorious general reached the city they resolved to give him a public triumph. The Emperor and Empress sat on thrones in front of their palace while the general was drawn through the streets in a chariot decked with flowers and garlands. All the citizens came out to see him, and the balconies and even the roofs of the houses were crowded with people who shouted and hurrahed and threw up their caps as the conqueror passed by.

Behind the chariot came the troops who had taken part in the victory. The soldiers marched past in fighting array, their helmets and spears garlanded with flowers and with wreaths of laurel, and they looked round them proudly in response to the shouts of their countrymen.

But these were not the only people who took part in the procession. Immediately behind the general followed the cap-

tives whom he had taken in the war; Caradoc, with his wife and daughter, and the other prisoners who had helped him in his nine years' struggle with the Romans.

As these poor captives passed, loaded with chains, the people in the streets jeered at them and shouted out unkind speeches. Most of the prisoners walked with downcast eyes and sad faces, but Caradoc marched along with so proud a bearing that the spectators wondered at the courage shown by this savage chief. He did not seem to feel the dust and glare, or to be abashed by the hard, unfeeling gaze of the thousands of people who had come out to stare at him.

As he passed he looked at the fine buildings, at the triumphal arches, and the marble palaces, and at the gaily dressed people who thronged the streets. Sometimes he looked up into the sunny Italian sky; and he was evidently thinking deeply. Some one asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was wondering," said Caradoc, "how these people could envy me my mud cottage and my few fields so far away in our poor, cold, northern Britain."

The spectators, who had flocked from all parts of Italy to see the famous chief, began to think it was a pity that so brave a man should be put to death.

After the triumph, the Emperor wished to meet this gallant savage face to face. Caradoc and his wife were brought before Claudius, who, in royal garments of purple and gold, was seated upon an ivory throne. Caradoc looked at the Emperor with his calm, brave eyes, and did not appear to be in the least dismayed.

Claudius said to himself that this British chief was a truly great man. He asked his prisoner what he thought of Rome.

"I think it is a very great and wonderful city," replied Caradoc, "and that its people are a very great people."

"Do you know what this great people do to those who have been bold enough to resist their will?" asked the Emperor.

"Yes," replied Caradoc, simply; "I am told that you put their leaders to death when you have captured them; and I wonder that a wise and great people like the Romans should

have such a custom. After having defeated a man, what greater glory is to be won by putting him to death? It seems to me that it would be more worthy of the Roman people to spare him in order to show that they are generous as well as brave."

Claudius was so pleased with his captive's wise and fearless reply that he had him restored to liberty, with his wife and family.

The Roman who has told us the story of Caradoc in one of his books does not say whether the brave chief was allowed to return to Britain, or whether he had to spend the rest of his life in the land of his conquerors.

I hope his captors sent him back to Britain, for I am sure that he loved his native land the best, and that he would have liked to end his days among the brave countrymen who had helped him to withstand the great and powerful nation of Rome.

BOADICEA

AFTER the defeat of the Britons and their brave chief Caradoc, another powerful tribe of theirs gave great trouble to the Romans. This was the tribe whose country was the district now known as the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge.

Their King, Prasutagus, had been friendly to the Romans, and so, on payment of tribute to Rome, he was allowed to retain his own laws and govern his people in peace. At his death he left one-half of his wealth and lands to his Queen, Boudica (called by the Romans Boadicea), and the other half to the Emperor, thinking by this act of friendship and generosity to insure for his wife and daughters the same peace that he had enjoyed.

But the Romans did not intend that this governing of tribes, even by peaceful chiefs, should go on for any great while, and Prasutagus was no sooner dead than they seized the whole of his land and wealth, and sold his kinsmen into slavery.

Full of her wrongs, the Queen, with her two daughters, sought the Roman governor, and begged him to help her. But it was by this man's order that she had been treated so cruelly, and now he answered her with scorn, and pitilessly gave her and her daughters into the hands of his soldiers. Alone and helpless, they endured shameful suffering, which Boadicea swore to revenge.

Returning to the land of her tribe, she told her people of this added wrong, and passionately called upon them to aid her in her work of vengeance. There was no hesitation in their reply; her spirit stirred within them; and as they were joined by other sympathetic tribes, a mighty army was soon

in readiness, eager to follow wherever the injured Queen should lead.

It happened that the greater part of the Roman army, led by the famous general Suetonius Paulinus, was fighting against the Druids in their sacred island of Mona, now called Anglesey. Boadicea seized this opportunity to lead her soldiers into some of the strongholds of the Romans, now almost undefended.

First she marched on Camulodun, the city now called Colchester. The people were too weak to resist her, so they took refuge in a temple. Here they bravely held out against her for two or three days; then they were forced to surrender. The town was burned, and every living thing in it put to death.

Then the revenging army marched on again. Reaching Verulam, now known as St. Albans, they entirely destroyed it, and marched on again to Londinium, which you will easily guess to be the present great city of London. Here again they burned all the houses and put to death all the inhabitants.

On they marched, burning and slaughtering as they went. Once, in the open country, they met a body of Roman soldiers, and these too, after fierce fighting, were completely destroyed.

The news of their furious and pitiless vengeance was carried somehow to other towns and villages, and so great was the terror of them that most of the Romans in southern Britain, and the cruel governor who had caused all the trouble, fled to Gaul, the country we now call France.

But now Suetonius Paulinus, having defeated the Druids in Mona, was returning toward Londinium. As he marched along he heard the awful news of what had happened in his absence, came upon the ruins of the cities he had left in peace, and saw the heaped-up dead who had paid with their lives for the injustice of their governor.

Banding his troops together, he marched toward Londinium and came upon the Queen and her army a few miles east of the city. Here he made his camp and prepared for battle.



SPEAR IN HAND BLADYER LED THEM TO THE ATTACK

Boadicea, hearing of the advance of the great army, felt that the end had come. Brave and true as her soldiers were, they were no match for the vast and well-trained Roman army, whose weapons of war were also far superior to those of the Britons. But she prepared to face defeat as courageously as she had faced success, even though defeat must mean death. Tall and proud of bearing, her long yellow hair falling loosely to her waist, her blue eyes bright with desperate resolve, wearing the golden necklace that showed she was a queen, she stood in her war-chariot, with her two daughters beside her, and spoke to her followers. She appealed to their bravery, their desire for revenge, their love of freedom. Her stirring words thrilled their hearts, and they shouted back their loyalty and devotion and were ready to follow her even to death.

Then, spear in hand, she led them to the attack. Many battles were fought before the end came. So brave and resolute were the Britons that the Romans were forced to retire again and again before they were able to conquer them. But at last they drove them back upon the wall of wagons which had formed their camp, and there, hemmed in, the Britons received as little mercy as they had shown the Roman soldiers.

Boadicea fled to the woods with the help of a few faithful friends who still hoped to save her; but when she learned that her two daughters were among the dead, she gave herself up to despair, and killed herself by taking poison.

So the end came for the brave Queen, and very soon after her death the Romans were masters of the whole of Britain.

ALFRED THE GREAT

THE story of Alfred the Great brings us to a much later period in the history of England.

After four hundred years of rule, the Romans left the Britons to themselves, and another race of people conquered them and slew all who could not escape. The names of Britain and Britons are gone, and in their stead we find England and Englishmen.

These conquerors were the tribes of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, who had come from that part of the Continent of Europe which we now know as North Germany and Holland. "Wolves of the sea" a Roman poet of the time had called them, for they were a fierce warlike race, possessing a great fleet of ships, and therefore as ready to fight on sea as on land.

But once having conquered the country, they divided it up into kingdoms, each with its own chief or king, and then settled down on their farms; for in peace they were a home-loving people, as gentle with their families as they were fierce with their enemies.

The Britons had become Christians under the Romans, but these Anglo-Saxon conquerors were heathen, and they burned the churches and slew the priests before the altars. But after many years Christianity was brought to them from both Rome and Ireland, and the new religion and more peaceful life softened them so that they lost much of their fierceness, and learned many useful arts and kindly ways.

When the chiefs of the kingdoms quarreled, they and their people fought against each other, with the result that the importance of the various kingdoms rose and fell; but gradually the kingdom of Wessex became the most powerful, and some of its kings even called themselves kings of all England.

Then about three hundred years after the first coming of

the three tribes, the Danes, fierce pirates from Norway and Denmark, swarmed across the sea and landed in England, burning houses, slaying the people, and carrying off whatever they could in their ships. Again and again they returned, and soon, not content with killing and robbing, they settled upon the land wherever it was possible, and gradually conquered it, till only the kingdom of Wessex remained to the English.

It was over this kingdom of Wessex and at this terrible crisis that Alfred was called to reign. Three of his brothers had been king before him, and their reigns had been one long struggle against these determined foes.

From his earliest years Alfred had lived in an atmosphere of terror, with the clash and clang of arms, the din of battle ever in his ears. He had been trained to fight while still but a boy—for all men had to be fighters in those rough days—and he fought bravely. He had been taught, too, to wind the horn, and bend the bow, to hunt and to hawk; but at twelve years of age he knew nothing of letters. There were very few in those days who could read, and fewer still who could teach, and in his later life Alfred used to say that of all the hardships and misfortunes that had befallen him, there was nothing which he felt so much as this idleness of his youth, when he had both the time and the desire to learn, but could find none able to teach.

But he seized every chance that came in his way. If he could not read, he could listen, and in those early boyish days, and throughout his life, he loved to hear the verses that were sung or spoken by the minstrels and gleemen in his father's hall. They told of the great heroes of the past, and by constant attention the boy learned their verses by heart and treasured them in his memory, and when he grew older they brought him comfort in trouble, and rest from cares.

One day, when Alfred was about twelve years old, his mother Osburgha showed him and his brothers a book of Anglo-Saxon poems and stories, with beautifully colored letters and pictures. There was no printing in those days, so all the books had to be carefully written and the pictures

drawn by hand. Osburgha told the boys that she would give the book to the one who first learned to read it. The three elder brothers looked at the pictures, but showed no further interest in it, but Alfred eagerly asked: "Will you really give that book to him who can first understand and repeat it to you?"

The promise was confirmed, and the boy carried the book away and did not rest till he was able to read the whole of it. Then Osburgha gave it to him for his own, and from that day he loved reading and was never happier than when he could talk to good and wise men, whose sayings he carefully wrote down for the guidance of his life.

In after years he not only read but wrote books, and having been taught Latin, in which language most of the books of that day were written, he translated some of them into English, so that his people also might know the joy of reading.

But when he became King at the age of twenty-two there was sterner work to do. He has left behind him a record of the deep sense of responsibility with which he took up the government of his kingdom. "Earthly power," he wrote, "I did not like well, nor strongly desired at all this earthly kingdom, but felt it to be the work I was commanded to do."

We can well understand this feeling in Alfred, knowing how he loved quiet and study, for in those days a king's life was one of constant danger and toil. He slept upon the hard ground; he experienced all the privations and difficulties of lowlier men, and was continually called upon to expose his life in defense of his crown and people. But Alfred was, above all, a deeply religious man. He took his kingdom as a sacred charge, and throughout his life he put aside his own ambitions, delights, and dreams, and thought only of the good of his people. The peaceful joys of song and story, and study in his own hall, were no longer for him in those stormy days when he was called upon to rule: he saw that his work was in the fever of the fight amid the horrors of the battle-field.

He had reigned but one month when the Danes marched upon Wessex with a larger army than before. Alfred met them unwillingly, for he had but few men. There had been several great battles with the Danes in the year before, and

the English were worn out, not only by fighting, but by the constant watchfulness that was necessary in the intervals between the battles. The result was that he was defeated, and only saved his country by the payment of a large sum of money to the Danes, in return for which they promised to depart and leave his people in peace.

For some years there was quiet, and Alfred set himself to think out a means to save his kingdom from these persistent foes. First of all, he saw that he must be able to defend the coast and to meet his enemies upon the sea. To do this he built ships, and so organized the first English navy.

When next the Danes returned, Alfred met them with a small fleet of vessels, captured one of theirs, and put the others to flight. This success raised hope in the hearts of the almost despairing English, and when next attempts were made upon them from the west by land, the Danes were twice driven back and were forced to make terms with Alfred. Again they promised to leave Wessex in peace, and again Alfred believed them.

Soon winter came. Usually through the winter there was rest, for the country became impossible for the marching of an army, for camping out, or for the conveyance of food to the soldiers. And while the English rested, as they thought, in safety, their treacherous enemies, taking advantage of the dark winter days, marched unseen toward Wessex and suddenly swooped upon the land, burning villages, destroying churches, and slaying or enslaving those who could not escape.

Alfred, with his mother Osburgha, his wife and children, and a band of trusty followers, managed to reach Athelney, a secluded spot surrounded by marshes and moors, which served alike for a defense and a hiding-place. Their food depended upon chance; sometimes the waters furnished them with a meal, sometimes the men hunted the wild deer, and sometimes, driven by hunger, they ventured even into the country occupied by their foes and seized whatever food they could find.

Yet all his hardships and misfortunes did not dampen Alfred's courage or quench his hope. His childlike faith in

God, which was perhaps the greatest thing in his character, kept hope alive in him even when it seemed clear to all around him that everything was lost. His country was held by the cruel Dane; his people were murdered or scattered he knew not where; and yet he never doubted but that a light would break out of that dense darkness.

So in Athelney he waited and watched, thought and planned and hoped, and many are the stories which the old Chronicles tell us of him at this time. Once when he and his men had ventured some distance from their hiding-place, to watch the movements of the Danes, it chanced that Alfred became separated from his friends, and found himself alone in a dense forest. Coming upon a shepherd's hut, he begged for food and shelter, and the kindly shepherd and his wife gave him both. They little guessed that the worn-out, travel-stained stranger was the King. When he had rested, the good wife bade him mind some cakes which were cooking on the hearth before the fire while she went out into the forest. Alfred, lost in his thoughts and plans, and at the same time busily shaping arrows from some wood he had picked up as he walked along, forgot all about the cakes, till the angry voice of the woman told him that they were burned.

She rated him soundly, telling him that he was ready enough to eat the cakes, but too lazy to cook them. The kindly King bore her harsh words with gentleness and patience, begged her forgiveness for his carelessness, and humbly obeyed her directions when another batch was placed upon the hearth.

Another and more daring adventure was led up to by news that reached Alfred of a great victory over the Danes. They had come with a fleet of twenty-three ships to the coast of Devon, where it happened that there were a large number of Alfred's followers who had escaped from Wessex. These men of Wessex bravely met the Danes and defeated them, slew their leader, and captured their standard, called "The Raven," which had been woven in one day by three of their women, and was supposed to have the power of foretelling victory or defeat.

The Danes were as much disheartened by this event as the English were encouraged, and Alfred determined to enter the very camp of the enemy and, by learning their plans, satisfy himself as to whether the time was come for dealing another blow. In the disguise of a gleeman he made his way to the camp. There he approached the Danish soldiers, who were drinking and talking together at the close of the day. Alfred struck a few notes upon his harp as he walked, and the soldiers gathered about him. They loved to hear the songs of the wandering minstrels, and Alfred sang them a Danish song, telling of the brave deeds of one of their heroes.

They clapped their hands and shouted as they heard their own language, gave him wine, and took him before their great leader, Guthrun, who sat at dinner with his chiefs.

Guthrun and the chiefs were as much pleased as the soldiers had been, and they too gave him wine. They drank so freely themselves that soon, between his songs, they forgot the need for caution and began to talk, while Alfred, seemingly lost to all around him, swept his fingers now and again over the strings.

There could be but one topic in that camp of fighters, and Alfred, listening intently, learned their plans and heard when the camp would be broken up. Whenever they paused he was ready with another song, until the chiefs, drowsy with wine, thanked him and bade him go back again to the soldiers.

For several days he lived among the Danes, and so well did he play his part that, while they never once suspected him, nothing escaped his eyes and ears. When he had learned all that he could, he returned to Athelney, eager and hopeful.

Messengers were quietly sent to all the fighting men, and, a few at a time, they gathered around their King, and prepared for battle. They advanced to a spot called Ethandune, and there Alfred spoke to his brave followers, urging them to put all their strength into this last attempt to rescue themselves from shameful slavery. He did not appeal in vain. After a long and terrible battle the English were victorious.

The Danes took refuge in their entrenchments, and there Alfred surrounded them. As it was impossible for food

or help to reach them from outside, after fourteen days they yielded. In the same circumstances the Danes would have slaughtered their helpless prisoners, but they now learned from Alfred that the meaning of Christianity was forgiveness and mercy. In spite of their treachery to him, and cruelty to his people in the past, he granted them the peace for which they asked, and gave them land, on which they settled, no longer as his enemies, but as his faithful subjects. Guthrun became a Christian, and in course of time the Danes followed the example of their leader. Gradually they lost their fierce ways, and marrying with the English, dwelt at peace with them, and remained true even though other bands of Danes were continually attacking the country.

In the longer intervals of quiet that now blessed the kingdom, Alfred set himself to the work of insuring peace, good government, and education for his people. For peace he improved the military service and the fleet. For government he made better laws, and saw that his judges were just. For education he established a school for the young nobles of his court, translated books into English, and instructed craftsmen in gold-work.

And his people rewarded him for all his toil and unselfish devotion by a true admiration and love. We know this from the old songs of the time, one of which speaks of him as "The Shepherd of his People"; in another he is called "England's Darling"; and in another "Alfred the Truth-speaker"; but the name by which we now know him—"Alfred the Great"—was given to him not by the people who lived at his time, but by later generations, who honored him for the benefits he had secured to their country.

"So long as I have lived," he wrote toward the end of his life, "I have striven to live worthily"; and it was his wish at death "to leave to the men that come after a remembrance of him in good works." And to-day, more than a thousand years after his death, we still remember those good works, and honor Alfred as the noblest of English rulers, a pattern indeed for all kings.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

RICHARD I. became King of England on the death of his father, Henry II. Before his coronation he had only been in England two or three times for a month or so, having been taken when a child to Aquitaine, a province in France that belonged to England. He had, in fact, been brought up, not to be King of England, but Duke of Aquitaine, because he was not the eldest, but the second son of Henry II.

But the eldest son died, and so the crown came to Richard. He was at that time thirty-two years old, well educated, but knowing hardly anything of the English language. Tall, ruddy, and brown-haired, his robust form set off by magnificence of dress, he was just the type of man to catch the fancy of the English people. He looked a king, but he was in truth far more of a soldier, excelling in feats of arms, and never happier than when he had some dangerous exploit in hand.

But side by side with this characteristic, which was the result of his birth from a race of warrior princes, in his nature were romance and poetry and love of wandering and adventure. The fighting side of him made him brave, so that he had already won the name of "Cœur de Lion"—the lion-hearted: the romantic side made him chivalrous, a lover of the minstrel's song, and the poet's verse—indeed, he himself was both musician and poet. Religious in nature he was, too, and generous and forgiving beyond everything else. But he was not without faults; they were many and serious, but chiefly they were the faults of the cruel and unscrupulous times in which he lived.

Now in the year 1075, more than a hundred years before Richard came to the throne, the Saracens* had conquered

* Saracen was the name given to the various tribes living in Syria and its neighborhood.

Palestine and seized Jerusalem, which was the Holy City of the Christians, for there Jesus Christ had lived, had ministered, was crucified, and buried. The Saracens were not Christians, they were Mohammedans, and therefore possession of the city and the Holy Grave or Sepulcher by them was a great grief to the Christian nations.

It had become a common habit with the religious people of these nations to make a pilgrimage or devout journey at least once in their lives to these holy places in the East. But after the conquest of the Holy Land, as Palestine was generally called, it was no longer safe for pilgrims to go there. Frequently they had been robbed and ill-treated by the Saracens, until at last a holy man known as Peter the Hermit journeyed through Europe proclaiming the wrongs done to the Christian pilgrims, and appealing for help to rescue the country from its irreverent conquerors.

The Pope of Rome encouraged Peter the Hermit in his work, and promised eternal happiness to all who should die fighting in such a glorious cause. Princes and nobles and chivalrous knights eagerly joined under one banner, pledging themselves to fight against the Saracens until Palestine was restored to Christian rule. These wars were called Crusades—the wars of the Cross—and the badge worn by the crusaders was the cross, varied only in color to distinguish the different nationalities.

The first Crusade, led by Peter the Hermit himself and a knight called Walter the Penniless, never reached Palestine. The crusaders were met on the way by the Saracens and nearly all killed. The second Crusade was better organized and led by princes and knights famed for their valor in the field. After long and fierce fighting Jerusalem was taken and a Christian king made ruler over it.

But partly through quarrels among the crusaders themselves, which weakened their power, and partly by the war-like skill of a great Saracen leader named Saladin, Jerusalem was again lost in the year 1187.

A third Crusade was decided on with Richard, King of England, and Philip, King of France, as its leaders. The

sacredness, the romance, and the adventure of these wars appealed strongly to Richard, and he threw all his energy and enthusiasm into the holy cause. Much money was needed for such an expedition, but he had just been crowned King, and almost the first use he made of his kingly power was to obtain funds for the Crusade. He took the money that he found in the royal treasury, sold crown-lands and offices of trust, and in return for a large sum of money from the King of Scotland, released him from his servitude to the English crown. These were hardly the acts of a king who loved his country and his people, but Richard's mind was set on the war, and he lost sight of everything else.

With a force of one hundred thousand men, the two kings set out in the summer of the year 1190. Philip journeyed by land, and Richard by sea, meeting at Messina, in the island of Sicily, where they decided to spend the winter. In the spring Philip set sail for Palestine, leaving Richard to follow him.

The Lady Berengaria, the beautiful daughter of the King of Navarre, now joined Richard. He had fallen in love with her three years before at her father's court, and she had promised to be his wife. Her flower-like beauty and her girlishness were a strong contrast to the robust frame and towering height of her kingly lover. But in spite of her delicacy and youth, Berengaria must have had some of the lion in her heart too, to have braved so many dangers and difficulties as such a journey and life in a camp meant in those days.

The English fleet now set sail, encountering terrible storms. Three of the ships, on one of which was Berengaria, were driven on to the coast of the island of Cyprus. The ruler of the island would not allow the princess's ship to shelter in the harbor, and when the other two ships were wrecked in the tempest, he seized the goods of those that were drowned, and imprisoned those who escaped to the land.

When Richard discovered his lost ships, and learned from the captain of the one still afloat how they had been treated, he was greatly enraged. However, three times he sent mes-

sengers to the ruler, begging him to free the crusaders and restore the food he had seized. But all these requests were haughtily refused.

Then Richard made war on the ruler, and they fought till night fell, and the ruler and those of his army left to him fled into the mountains. At break of day, Richard and his men, marching along without any noise, came upon the camp and found them all sleeping. With a great and terrible cry they entered the tents and fell upon the sleeping host like wolves. The ruler and a few of his followers escaped, but they left behind them precious treasures, horses, arms, beautiful tents, and a wonderful banner all inwrought with gold, which Richard at once sent to the monastery at Bury St. Edmunds. One of the horses, a fleet and beautiful bay, he took for himself, and it carried him through many battles in the Holy Land.

The fight went on until the whole of the island was subdued and the ruler taken prisoner. Then, having freed his knights, Richard turned his thoughts once more to Palestine. But first he and the Lady Berengaria were married, and for a few days the clash of arms gave place to the songs of minstrels, and the spirit of revelry reigned throughout the Christian camp.

Three weeks later, Richard having left the island in charge of trustworthy men, his fleet set out for the Holy Land. They arrived at Acre, a seaport town on the coast of Palestine, and found the French King at the head of a large army of crusaders besieging the town. Princes and priests, and knights of high and low degree from every Christian country, had gathered together, ready to lay down their lives for what they believed to be a sacred cause. They hailed Richard's approach with great rejoicing. Banners waved, trumpets and drums sounded, songs of warlike feats were sung, and when night fell great fires were lighted in the camps, and they were kept up through all the hours of darkness.

The great Saladin, the most powerful prince of his time in Western Asia, held firmly all his conquests in the Holy Land. Acre had been in his hands for four years. Many and deter-

mined were the attacks made upon it by the crusaders, for it was a most important stronghold. But they were growing weary of the long struggle, and were disheartened by the loss of many brave men. The arrival of Richard, all freshness and enthusiasm, was just the spur that they wanted. The siege was renewed with increased vigor, and Acre was taken. The success was wholly due to Richard's presence and energy, and therefore his annoyance can be imagined when, on entering the town, he found that Leopold, Duke of Austria, had already planted his banner upon the walls. Richard seized it and trampled it under his feet, an impetuous act for which he had to pay dearly in after years.

The bravery and daring feats of Cœur de Lion at Acre amazed the Saracens, and his name became terrible and wonderful to them. They now offered to leave Acre, to set free the Christians whom they had taken prisoners, to restore the cross upon which Jesus Christ had suffered—a holy and precious relic to the crusaders—and to pay a large sum of money to the two kings.

These terms were accepted, and the Christian soldiery were strictly forbidden to hurt or insult the Saracens as they made their preparations for departure. They gazed at them with the greatest curiosity as they strolled fearlessly about on the walls, dressed in rich and gorgeously colored robes, and quite calm and cheerful in spite of the fact that they were being driven from their homes and were almost penniless.

When all had left the town, the crusaders entered with great joy, and their first act was one of thanksgiving to God. Then the two kings set their banners upon the walls and towers of the city, and they and their armies rested awhile in peace. Their intention was to march next to Jerusalem, but quarrels arose between Richard and Philip, and the French King, who was broken in health, decided to return home.

Richard was disappointed and angry at this decision. Moreover, he could not trust Philip, and he feared that he would take advantage of his absence and seize some of his French territories. So he forced him to take an oath not to do so, and Philip also agreed to leave behind him ten thousand

of his men, who were to be under Richard's orders until the end of the campaign.

As soon as Philip had gone, Richard pushed on along the coast with an army of thirty thousand men. At Ascalon the Saracens under Saladin himself made a desperate resistance to his advance. A long, fierce fight followed, and so brave were both sides that none could tell how the struggle would end. Several times the Saracens were driven back, and the day seemed won; then they appeared again and renewed the contest with fresh vigor. Once, having driven them off, some of the crusaders proceeded to pitch their tents, hoping for a brief rest. But while they busied themselves with the work, a huge force of Saracens fell upon them. Richard, hearing the din, jumped upon his famous bay, and with only fifteen comrades rushed at the foe, crying with a loud voice, "God and the Holy Sepulcher aid us!" Three times he uttered this cry, and from all directions his men hurried toward him and drove the Saracens back with such tremendous loss that they made no more attempts that night, and the Christians rested in peace.

Saladin was downcast at this repulse, and he summoned his chiefs and reproached them for their failure. The chiefs were silent for a while, hurt at his contemptuous words, till at last one of them spoke, and with all courtesy and respect, defended the chiefs and the army. He reminded Saladin that the crusaders wore armor, so that no missile or sword could hurt them. "Moreover," he said, "one there is of their number at whom we have the greatest cause to wonder. Never have we seen his like, or met with his peer. He is ever foremost of the enemy at each onset; he is first, as befits the pick and the flower of knighthood. No one can resist him or rescue a captive from his hands. The Christians call him King Richard. Rightly ought such a king to have dominion over the earth; for a man endued with such valor is strong to subdue all lands. What can we do more against so mighty and invincible a foe?"

Saladin knew well the truth of this; he had heard of Richard's skill long before he reached Palestine, and since

the battle he had often seen and wondered at the tremendous strength and energy and courage of the English King. However, Saladin was as unyielding as Richard himself, and he stirred his chiefs to fresh activity by his spirited appeal to them.

Richard next moved on to Joppa, an important port on the road to Jerusalem. There the Saracens gathered together for another mighty struggle. In an interval before the fighting began, Richard had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of the enemy.

He had gone out riding with a very small company of his friends, partly for amusement and partly to note the whereabouts of the Saracens. Becoming weary, he dismounted, and lying down, fell asleep. A Saracen spy, having noticed the party, carried the news to the camp, and a body of Saracens swooped down upon the sleeping King and his followers. The noise of their approach roused Richard, and he and his companions had just time to mount their horses before they were surrounded.

Brandishing his sword, Richard kept the Saracens at bay, but so great were their numbers that in time he must have been overwhelmed. One of Richard's followers, Sir William de Préaux, realized this and determined to save the King. Shouting out to the Saracens in their own language that he was Richard of England, he was at once surrounded and carried off captive, the enemy troubling nothing about the others in their joy at having taken the wonderful Richard. The King grieved greatly over the loss of his true knight and faithful friend, and his grief was shared by all his followers.

In the fight at Joppa the Christians were again victorious, and after a while they pushed forward to Jerusalem. Now they encountered heavy rains and violent blasts, and the numbers of the sick, at all times great because of the climate, increased; horses perished, and food became scarce. Still the hope of at last seeing Jerusalem kept up the hearts of the crusaders. But when Richard realized the position of the Holy City and the extreme difficulties of attack, he saw that

in their present weakened condition the conquest of Jerusalem was impossible.

So, with much lamentation and grief over their hopes so suddenly cast away, the crusaders retreated to more sheltered quarters, to wait for the return of dry weather. As soon as possible Richard set to work to organize his men for another struggle; but to his great dismay, the French were unwilling to join him, and asked permission to return to their own country. Richard was deeply grieved, and so angry that he did not attempt to persuade them to remain, but let them go, though their going greatly lessened his strength and disheartened those that remained.

Hardly had he got over this blow when news came from England that his youngest brother, John, helped by Philip of France, was plotting against him to obtain the English crown in his absence. Richard was crushed by these tidings of his brother's treachery. One thing, however, seemed clear—that he must give up the Crusade and return to the rescue of his own land.

A great gloom fell upon all the crusaders when this was known, and it seemed that the Crusade must end with the departure of Richard. This made him very sad, and often he sat alone in his tent, with downcast eyes, in gloomy meditation. The work he had set out to do was far from accomplished; he had not yet even seen Jerusalem; and while he hesitated and waited, his own England was being wrested from him by his brother's hand!

One day a priest, passing the tent, saw Richard thus sitting in solitude. Deeply grieved at the King's trouble, the priest stood watching till his eyes filled with tears of pity. When, presently, King Richard raised his head and met the kindly glance, he desired the man to tell him why he was weeping. And when the King had promised to pardon any offense that his words might give, the priest told him all that was in his heart. He reminded Richard of all his great feats, and how God had prospered him, and he reproached him for his desertion of the land he had sworn to set free from the Saracen rule. He told him that all men looked to him as their

leader, and that if he left Palestine he would be leaving the sacred places of the Christians to the plunder and irreverent hands of enemies.

The King sat in silence while the priest spoke, and for long after he had gone, but on the morrow he sent for his herald and bade him proclaim through the camp that he was ready to lead the army forward to Jerusalem, and "at the herald's voice," says the old chronicler, "all men began to rejoice as a bird at dawn of day."

So again they pressed on, and as they drew near to the Holy City they came upon a body of Saracens whom they attacked. One, galloping off into a valley, was pursued by Richard, who fought with him and killed him. When the King raised his eyes he saw before him in the distance Jerusalem itself. Great was the joy of the crusaders when at last they beheld it, but all their hopes were again to be disappointed. There was such a scarcity of food and water, that Richard saw that it was impossible to keep his men in health, and he refused to run the risk of sacrificing them and failing in the expedition. So sadly they began the march back to Acre.

On the way they repaired the fortification of Ascalon, Richard himself doing the work of a mason. Princes and nobles, bishops and priests followed his good example and worked beside him; only the churlish Duke of Austria refused, and it is said that Richard turned him and his followers out of the camp. When the defenses were completed they went on to Acre, and when they arrived there Richard made his preparations for immediate return to England.

But when all was ready and the King about to go aboard, messengers arrived from Joppa with the news that Saladin had seized the town, that the few surviving Christians had taken refuge in the tower, and that they implored Richard's help. The King stopped the messengers in their pleading and said: "God yet lives, and with His guidance I will set out to do what I can."

Orders were at once given for the return to Joppa, but the French soldiers, who had been waiting at Acre in the hope of

a speedy return to their own country, again refused their help. So Richard went on without them, half of his force going by land, and he and the other half going by sea. When the ships would have landed on the beach at Joppa, the Saracens rushed down to the water's edge and prevented them. Richard's companions counseled him to turn back; but after various attempts to run the ships ashore had failed, the King, only partly armed, leaped into the water, crying, "Cursed forever be the man who follows me not!" and fought his way to land.

One and all, his men followed him, and cutting and slashing through the throng of Saracens, they rushed on to the tower, where their comrades were defending themselves against a great body of the enemy. Fiercely attacking the Saracens, Richard and his men drove them off and pursued them till they were far from the town.

Next day the Saracens massed themselves together, and thinking that Richard would be worn out by the previous day's hard fighting, they made another determined attack upon the town, but were again driven back.

But the exhausting climate was telling upon Richard and his men, and great numbers were struck down with fever. Richard was so desperately ill that the doctors despaired of his recovery; and with so many sick around, a great fear spread lest Saladin should discover their weakness and once more attack them. Richard even sent word to the French requesting them to come to his aid, but they were still unwilling and there was therefore nothing left for the English King but to make peace with Saladin.

He sent for Saphadin, the brother of Saladin, to beg him to use his influence to secure good terms of peace. This Saphadin, a man of exceeding wisdom and sympathy, had watched Richard's career in the Holy Land with interest and admiration. In several interviews that he had had with him his feeling had developed into real affection for the heroic Christian leader. It was a strange but sincere friendship, which at this crisis became very valuable to Richard. Saphadin arranged the peace that Richard asked, and among other

things, Saladin consented that the Christians should have right of access to the Holy Sepulcher without payment.

When the French heard of this, they thought they would finish their pilgrimage well by a visit to the Holy Sepulcher. But Richard, remembering their unwillingness to help him, would not allow this, and they returned to France, dissatisfied and disappointed, as they deserved to be. Directly they had gone, however, Richard issued a proclamation permitting all who so desired, to visit the Holy City; and three parties of pilgrims took advantage of this permission and journeyed to the scenes made holy to them by the life and death of the great Christian Teacher.

Meanwhile, Richard's illness increased, to the despair of all around him. The great Saladin himself, who had a deep regard for his noble foe, sent him snow from the mountains, and pears and peaches from his own gardens; and his brother Saphadin visited his sick friend, and wept over his helplessness.

But in spite of the crusaders' grief over their leaders' illness, there was also great joy at the ending of the war and the proclamation of peace—not only among the Christians, but also among the Saracens. Their dread of the warrior King had been so intense that even now that he lay stricken with sickness, they were still ill at ease. They had seen him ever in the foremost trench at sieges, ever in the front ranks in battle, now with his mighty axe in hand, leading the charge into the very midst of the Saracen archers, and now fighting hand to hand with Saladin himself. Hundreds of years after, Eastern mothers would say to their weeping children, "Be quiet: the King of England is coming!" and if a horse stumbled or started, its rider would cry out, "What! is the King of England in front of thee?"

At last Richard recovered sufficiently to proceed to Acre. There he set all his affairs in order, paid his debts, attended to all matters brought to him, and finally ransomed the gallant William de Préaux, who had surrendered himself to the Saracens in order to save his King.

Then, the fleet being ready, Richard and the Queen Beren-

garia went aboard, and set sail amid the tears and prayers of the people. All through the long starlit night the King paced the deck in silent meditation. When the morning broke and he saw the faint coast-line of the Holy Land far behind, he commended it to God and prayed that He would grant him life and health that he might return and accomplish his vow.

The journey was long, and storms arose. It had been Richard's intention to land in southern France, but remembering that he had made enemies there, including King Philip himself, he determined to make his way home overland through Germany, the Queen continuing her journey by sea. Disguised as a pilgrim, and with only a few attendants, he reached Vienna. But word was sent to the Duke of Austria there, who had long desired to get Richard into his power, and he was captured and put into prison. His followers were also imprisoned, and for some eighteen months all knowledge of him was lost to the outside world.

But in spite of his brother John's plots against him, and the help given John by the King of France, the English people remained loyal to their absent King. It is said that he was at last found by his favorite minstrel, Blondel, who, out of love for his master, traveled throughout Germany in the hope of discovering his place of imprisonment. Whenever he came to a castle, he stood under the walls and sang a song that was known only to himself and Richard. One day, as he sang his song under the windows of a certain castle, a voice from above joined in the air, and when Blondel paused, to his great delight and amazement the voice sang alone the concluding verse. The minstrel knew he had found his King, and did not rest till he had been set free.

The news of Richard's release, and his return to England after more than four years' absence, occasioned great joy among the English people. They crowded about him with uproarious welcome, and accompanied him from his landing-place at Sandwich to London with shouts of rejoicing. They gloried in his exploits, and if he had failed in his duty as their King, they forgot it in honoring him as their hero.

Before the end of the year he had sailed for France,

determined to punish the French King for his conspiracies with John against him. John had been banished from England, and had gone to France, and immediately on Richard's landing there he came to him, knelt before him, and implored his forgiveness. And Richard, generous even to those who wronged him, at once forgave him.

War then began with France, and went on, with intervals of quiet, till 1198, when peace was made for five years. Richard then marched his army against a French nobleman who had refused to give up treasure discovered in his domains, which were in Richard's territory.

As Richard rode round the nobleman's castle, he was shot in the shoulder by an arrow aimed from the walls. Some of his men carried him to his tent, where the surgeons examined the wound and found that it was deadly.

Richard, being told that he must die, asked that the man who had shot the arrow should be brought before him. When he came, Richard saw before him a youth, whose defiant bearing and fearless glance, made strong appeal to the dying Cœur de Lion. "Youth," he said to him, "I forgive thee"; and to the attendants, "Let him go free." Soon after this, Richard died.

He had been King of England for ten years, not one of which he had spent in his own country. The higher duties of kingship—the making of good laws, the patient study of his people's needs, the example of his own life among them—had no attraction for Richard. He was an adventurous warrior, and war was the business and joy of his life. But he had noble qualities that placed him far above many of the kings and great warriors of his day; qualities that made him the very center of the romance and chivalry of that knightly age, and even yet make Richard Cœur de Lion a name of great renown.

WILLIAM WALLACE

IN the year 1290 King Alexander III. of Scotland was killed while hunting. He was a good king, and his unexpected death in the prime of life plunged his people into grief and great anxiety; for all his children were dead, and it seemed likely that there would be trouble regarding the next heir to the throne.

One of his daughters had married the King of Norway, and had died leaving a little girl, and this child was the direct heir to the kingdom of Scotland.

Now King Edward I. of England had for a long time desired to be King of Scotland too. He was a very brave man, and a good soldier, wise in government, skilful and prudent. But he was also very ambitious and anxious to conquer other countries and add them to his own, caring very little whether he did so by just or unjust means. The accession of the little "Maid of Norway," as she was called, to the throne of Scotland seemed to him a good opportunity for getting what he wanted in a peaceful way. He proposed to the Scottish court that his eldest son, Edward, should marry the young Queen, and this proposal was accepted; but on her way to Scotland, the little "Maid of Norway" died.

Immediately sprang up twelve or thirteen claimants to the Scottish throne, each of whom was related in some way to the dead King and therefore demanded the crown as his right. These men were all rich and powerful nobles, having numbers of fighting men under their command, and if they had begun fighting for their rights it would have been a very serious state of things for the whole country.

In fear of this trouble arising, the Scottish nobles begged Edward of England, who was known as one of the wisest

princes of his time, to settle the dispute for them and decide who should be king.

Edward welcomed this invitation from the nobles, for he saw in it another chance of making himself the master of the country; and agreeing to do as they asked, he first called upon the Scottish clergy and nobility to meet him at a castle on the Border between England and Scotland. There he received them in great state, and a high officer of the court immediately gave notice that, before the King would attend to the matter they were bringing before him, they must all acknowledge the King of England as lord or sovereign of Scotland.

This demand was so sudden and surprising that the nobles asked for time to consider it, and Edward granted them three weeks.

Now many of these nobles of Scotland owned lands in England for which they already had to do homage to Edward, so it did not seem very much more to them to have to do the same for their Scottish lands. Moreover, they were afraid of Edward, and thought they might lose their English estates if they refused this demand. And the claimants to the throne each thought to gain Edward's favor by giving in to him and professing a loyalty which they did not feel.

So, when the three weeks were over and they appeared before Edward again, although they all knew that the condition was a most unjust one, and that in yielding to it they were yielding their country's freedom, not one of them opposed the English King.

Then Edward chose John Baliol from among the claimants to be King of Scotland. But no sooner was the crown upon Baliol's head than he realized how completely he was in Edward's power, and at last, stung into rebellion, he raised an army against the English King.

But he was powerless against the larger numbers and greater skill of Edward's army, and being defeated, he was forced to give up his claim to the throne, and Edward seized the land for himself. He marched through the country compelling the people to do homage to him. The records of the

kingdom and the great Stone of Destiny, upon which it had been the custom to crown all Scottish kings, were taken to London; English soldiers were placed in all the castles and strongholds, and English governors in most of the provinces of the kingdom. All these things Edward did to show that he was master of the country, and the cowardly nobles, to save their lives and lands, gave in to him without a struggle. But the mass of the people, burdened by taxes and at the mercy of the insolent and cruel English soldiers, who ruined their homes and murdered their kindred, treasured in their hearts a dream of freedom. Downtrodden and oppressed, they were helpless without the nobles who had been their leaders; but at last a leader arose who took the place of the cowardly nobility, roused to active life their spirit of liberty, and breathed hope into their almost despairing hearts.

His name was William Wallace, and he was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace.

“He wes cummyn of Gentil-men,
In sympil state set he wes then;
Hys Fadyre wes a manly Knycht;
Hys Modyre wes a Lady Brycht,”

says an old poem; and others describe him as very tall, and very handsome, and very strong, with a noble face and a quantity of long fair hair.

He was about twenty years old when the dark days began for Scotland in the coming of the English King, and his indignation at the wrongs and suffering of his country bred in him a deep resentment toward the English, which became positive hatred as he grew older and himself came into conflict with them.

Many stories are told of his quarrels with Englishmen at this period of his life, and of the wonderful feats that made his name a terror to his enemies. One day, as he walked in Dundee, gaily clad in green, with a jeweled dagger in his belt, the son of the constable of the town, an Englishman, came along with a troop of his friends. They laughed at the young Scot and made fun of his dress, and seeing the dagger, demanded that it should be given up to them.

Wallace's fiery spirit was aflame at once, and a scuffle began in which the son of the constable was killed.

Wallace fled, taking refuge at last in an inn, where, seeing his pursuers close upon him, the good wife disguised him in a gown and set him down to the spinning-wheel, at which he sang and worked while the English searched the house. At night he escaped to Richardtown, in Ayrshire, where lived his uncle, Sir Richard Crawford.

Here again the insolence of an English lord and his servants caused a fatal quarrel. Wallace was fishing in Irvine water, his well-filled basket being held by a boy at his side. Lord Percy and his train passed by and saw the fish. Presently five of the servants returned and rudely demanded the basket of fish. Wallace, struggling against his indignation, offered half, but without more words one of the men seized the basket from the boy.

Wallace protested against the injustice, and for answer the man drew his sword. Wallace immediately struck him down with his fishing-rod, and seizing his sword, killed two of the other men, while two of them fled.

With such experiences as these, and others of the same kind, we can understand the growth of his hatred, and realize the enthusiasm he felt when John Baliol at last defied King Edward and gathered an army together to cast off the power of the English. And when the attempt failed and the conqueror marched through the country, receiving homage as he went, Wallace and a few other brave Scots still refused to bend the knee to the English King.

This defiance placed their lives in constant peril. They were outlaws; that is to say, they were proclaimed to be outside the law, and were therefore without its protection. An outlaw might be killed without punishment falling on his murderer, and a sum of money was paid to any who delivered him up to justice.

So the faithful few betook themselves to the woods and hills and lived a wild, free life, descending now and again, as opportunity served them, upon their enemies, terrifying them by their daring deeds. Wallace became their chief, and

they worshiped him, loyally obeying his every direction and following wherever he led. Their life was one of constant adventure, with but one object—that of harassing and terrifying the hated conquerors of their country. Perhaps they would surprise and take a castle, or waylay a baggage-party, or spring upon a band of English soldiers on their way from one garrison to another. On one day they would be heard of in one part of the country, and the next news would be received of them in another part far away.

The English were enraged at their many successes, and could only revenge themselves by inflicting cruelties on the relations of their tormentors. Wallace's uncle, Sir Richard Crawford, was seized and forced to swear that he would never give his nephew shelter, and that should he ever know of his whereabouts he would inform the English, so that he might be captured and punished.

Wallace's faithful band grew less as time went on; one was captured and another slain, until at last he found himself a lonely wanderer. His heart often sank in his solitude, but his proud soul would not yield to Edward.

In the midst of his despair an event happened that increased all his old hatred and strengthened his spirit of rebellion. Some years before, he had loved and married Marian Bradfute, daughter of Hew de Bradfute. For certain reasons their marriage was secret, and Wallace only dared to visit his wife at her house in Lanark in disguise. One day, when he was on his way to her and but a few yards from the house, some idle English soldiers standing in the street began to make insolent remarks about him.

He would have passed them by, but, walking beside him, they continued their insults. Unable any longer to bear with them, he drew his sword, and a fight began. The clash of arms drew other soldiers to the spot, and Wallace would have been overpowered but that his wife, seeing his danger, at that moment opened her door, and he rushed into shelter and made his escape from the back of the house.

But the news spread that Wallace had again escaped from his enemies, and when Marian proudly admitted to the gov-

error that she was Wallace's wife, she and all her household were put to death, and the house was burned to the ground. It was a terrible blow to Wallace. Heart-broken and desperate, he returned to Lanark, where he found himself surrounded by trusty friends, who were weary of the tyranny of the governor, whose last inhuman act had nerved them to rebellion. A swift vengeance fell upon the wretched man. Wallace and his followers forced their way into his house at night, dragged him from his bed into the street, and there killed him. Then they did not rest until all the English were driven out of the town.

This was the beginning of an open and determined defiance of the oppressors. Wallace found himself at last the leader of an army that was ever increasing. Several victorious battles were fought, and every victory brought fresh men to his standard—men who were weary of Edward's rule, and who saw in their heroic and dauntless leader one who would lead them to freedom.

Many of the nobles now joined Wallace, and among them Sir John the Grahame, who, to the end of his life, was Wallace's faithful friend and companion. But they made many difficulties, and disappointed Wallace by their jealousy of him and their quarrels between themselves; and, fearful of losing their estates, they deserted him when the chances of success seemed to be against him.

The first great battle with the English army was near the town of Stirling. The English general sent messengers to Wallace offering a pardon to all if they would lay down their arms. "Go back," said Wallace calmly, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We have come here, not for peace, but to free our country."

The battle ended in a great victory for Wallace, which was followed up with others till gradually Scotland was won back to the Scots, and there was but one castle remaining in the hands of the English—that of Roxburgh.

It was a wonderful success, chiefly due to the fact that Wallace did not depend upon the help of the nobles, but called upon the people themselves to fight—the stout peasants

who had never been used as soldiers. Each of these men was fighting for his own precious freedom—this inspired them with enthusiasm, and their leader inspired them with love, and there was the secret of their strength.

Wallace was now chosen by the people as guardian of the country, and he set to work to insure their comfort and contentment by every means in his power. Trade, especially with foreign countries, had come almost to a standstill. He did all that he could to restore it; grain and seed-corn were brought into the country, and strict orders given for the cultivation of the land, which, in the days of continual fighting and unrest, had been almost entirely neglected.

King Edward, meanwhile, had been engaged in war abroad, but hearing of the success of Wallace in Scotland, he returned in angry haste, with a great army, determined to subdue the country at all costs.

Now, each of the Scottish nobles had in his train a very large number of fighting men, but so great was their jealousy of Wallace, that many of them were not willing to give him the help he now so sorely needed. But Wallace's determined spirit never left him. The middle, and especially the lower classes of the people loved him, and were faithful to him, and with them he marched boldly against the enemy.

The armies were in no way equal. The English had a large body of the finest horse-soldiers in the world, all clothed in complete armor. Wallace had but one thousand horse-soldiers, poorly armed, less skilled, and with weaker horses.

Edward had also the famous English archers, every one carrying twelve arrows in his belt, each one of which was expected to kill a man; so that it was a common saying that an English archer carried twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle. The Scots had some good archers too, from the Forest of Ettrick, the tallest and handsomest men in the army, but they were few in number. The greater part of Wallace's army was on foot and armed with long spears. When the men were drawn up for battle these spears were placed thick and close together, point over point, so that it seemed almost impossible to break through the line.



WALLACE TAKEN TO LONDON IN CHAINS.

The English horse-soldiers charged upon that line of steel, but could not break through it. Again and again they made the attempt, and were driven back by the brave Scots, who stood their ground against the terrible charge. Then Edward brought up his archers and poured on them such a deadly volley of arrows that the spearmen fell dead before it. And now the Scottish nobles, just when they were most needed, deserted their brave leader and galloped from the field.

The faithful Sir John the Grahame and thousands of the heroic soldiers were slain that day, and Wallace himself escaped with difficulty, followed by the few men who now remained to him.

But in spite of his victory Edward was forced to retreat into England, for in desolate Scotland there was no food for such a vast army, and the soldiers were threatened with starvation.

This was the battle of Falkirk, fought in the year 1298. Edward followed up his victory by sending army after army throughout the country, until in 1305 again its conquest was complete, and all had submitted to the English King.

All these seven years Wallace had wandered alone, or with a very few friends, among the woods and mountains; and although Edward offered pardon to all who had fought against him, Wallace refused to accept it. He was at last betrayed into the hands of the English, and seized and delivered up to Edward, by a Scotsman, Sir John Monteith, to his everlasting shame. Rewards were given to his captors, and he was taken to London under a powerful guard.

Great crowds filled the streets to see the hero pass, both on the day of his entry and on the next day when, seated on horseback, bound with chains, and surrounded by armed men, he was taken to Westminster Hall to be tried as a traitor.

When he arrived there, they crowned him in scorn with leaves of laurel, calling him a king of robbers. He was accused of being a traitor to King Edward, to which he quietly replied: "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." To the charge of having killed many English subjects and having taken and burned towns and castles, he

answered again, calmly and firmly: "It is true that I have killed many Englishmen, but it was because they came to subdue and oppress my native land, and I do not repent of it."

But his judges saw him only as a common robber and ruffian, and were blind to the heroic purpose of his life. He was condemned to death, and the sentence was carried out with terrible brutality.

At his death Wallace was only thirty-five years old. The whole of his manhood had been spent in fighting for his country's freedom, and perhaps it seemed to him at the end that he had utterly failed. But he had roused Scotland into life, and though, as Thomas Carlyle has said, he could not hinder the union of England and Scotland, yet he it was who made it the union of brother and brother instead of the union of master and slave. Poets have sung his praises, monuments have been raised to his memory, and his name is dear and honored, not only in every Scottish heart, but in every heart that thrills at the thought of freedom.

ROBERT BRUCE

IMMEDIATELY on the death of William Wallace there sprung up a new champion for Scotland in the person of Robert Bruce. He was Earl of Carrick and Lord of Annandale, a powerful noble, possessed of immense estates in both Scotland and England. His father had been a great friend of King Edward I. of England, and the young Robert had lived at the English court and learned there all the culture of the time, and stood high in the King's favor.

It was natural, perhaps, having regard to this friendship between the Bruce family and the English King, that when war arose the father and son should fight on Edward's side. And after his father's death Robert still continued loyal, though the oppression of his countrymen and their constant state of rebellion often aroused doubts in his mind as to whether he was right in this loyalty. After a time he was so troubled by these doubts that he wavered, and more than once he joined Wallace's camp; but, perhaps fearful of losing his estates, he returned to Edward. Then he tried holding aloof from both sides, but found himself forced to choose and serve one of the two masters.

Before Wallace's death, however, Bruce had come to a decision from which he never again turned. It is said that after a battle in which he had fought on the side of the English, and in which the Scots were defeated, he sat down to dine with some English nobles; and hungry after the long fight, he had come to the table unwashed. One of the English lords, seeing blood upon his hands, said with contempt: "Look at that Scotsman who is eating his own blood." Bruce heard the words, and suddenly realized that this blood was his own indeed, being that of his brave fellow-countrymen who were defending their land while he was fighting against it.

He ceased eating, and presently, overcome by the thoughts that thronged upon him, he rushed from the table and out into the night.

Coming upon a little chapel by the roadside, he entered it, and fell upon his knees. Sobbing out his grief, he asked God's pardon for the wrong he had done, and made a solemn vow that he would atone for it by doing all that he could to free Scotland from the power of England.

Seeking out Wallace, he offered himself to the great patriot, and never again turned back from the task he had vowed to accomplish.

Like Wallace, Bruce was remarkably strong and brave; there was no man in Scotland, except Wallace, who could match him as a soldier, and in education he was Wallace's superior. Generous and courteous he was too, but passionate, rash, and often cruel—faults which belonged to that fierce time when every man was constantly called upon to defend his life.

At Wallace's death, Edward I. thought that at last he could reign over Scotland in peace. But when Robert Bruce immediately took his place as leader, and also claimed the crown of Scotland as his by right of his descent from William the Lion, who had been King of Scotland about one hundred and fifty years before, Edward was not only surprised but terribly enraged. He could not believe that one who had lived at his court, and whose family had been so faithful to him, could now turn against him and declare war upon him.

It is likely that Edward first heard of Bruce's determination from Sir John Comyn, called the Red Comyn. This nobleman also traced his descent from William the Lion, and also claimed the Scottish throne; and it is thought that he betrayed Bruce's plans to Edward, thinking that he would get rid of a powerful rival and so help his own cause.

However that may be, Bruce had told the Red Comyn his plot against Edward, and had invited him to join with him in it. Everything seemed to be going well when one day Bruce, who happened to be at the English court, received from a friend a mysterious present of a sum of money and

a pair of spurs. It seemed to him that its meaning was that danger threatened him, and that he must fly into safety. He acted on the supposed advice, and the story goes that on the way to Scotland he fell in with a messenger from the Red Comyn bearing more news to the King. That messenger never reached Edward, and Bruce, full of bitterness, hastened across the Border and summoned the Red Comyn to meet him in the Grey Friars Church at Dumfries. There before the altar Bruce accused him of treachery, and in the quarrel that followed stabbed him to the heart.

The terrible deed made Bruce desperate; his plot was known to Edward, he had aroused the fierce enmity of all the kindred of the powerful nobleman he had slain, and he had offended the Church by committing his crime in a sacred building. There was nothing left him but defiance of them all. So he gathered together all his followers, and was crowned King of Scotland at the Abbey of Scone, where all the Scottish kings had been crowned. The ancient crown of Scotland having been carried off by Edward, a small circlet of gold was hurriedly made for the use of the new King.

Within a few months of this event King Bruce and his followers were completely defeated by Edward, and Robert was taken prisoner. His captor was a Scottish knight, who, although he was fighting on the side of the English, would not yield his fellow-countryman to them, but allowed him to escape.

King Robert flew to the mountains with his queen and a few brave comrades, among whom was Lord James Douglas, known as the Black Douglas, who was ever one of the staunchest of Robert's friends. There they suffered many hardships together, fleeing from place to place, and almost starved when fishing and hunting were impossible. But these dark days of weariness and danger brought out all the best in King Robert's character, and changed him from a selfish adventurer to the noble leader of a downtrodden people and the champion of their freedom. He cheered and inspired his little band with his undaunted spirit and unflagging hope, and was ever an example to them when occasion called for particular courage.

Once they were attacked by a chief named John of Lorn, who was a relation of the Red Comyn, and hated Bruce because he had slain him. It was useless to fight, for they were few and their enemies were many; so the order was given for retreat. But the only way of retreat was through a narrow pass with high rocks on one side and a deep lake on the other. King Robert ordered his men to go before him, while he singled-handed kept their enemies off.

On horseback in the narrow pass he dealt deadly blows at the chieftain's men, several of whom clung to him at a time; and once, when a dying soldier still kept his grasp of the King's mantle, Robert was obliged to unclasp the brooch that held it, to free himself from the dead body. This brooch is still preserved in the ancient family of McDougall of Lorn.

There were many such adventures as these, and the little band were nearly always overwhelmed by the greater numbers of their enemies; but in spite of failure, Bruce kept up his spirits and was always ready to cheer his comrades. He could both read and write, which few could do in those days; and in their hiding-places, or crossing the great Highland lakes, he would read aloud, and while his companions listened to him they forgot all their sufferings and dangers.

But at last, with the approach of winter, King Robert was forced to send the Queen and her ladies to some safer and more comfortable refuge. There was but one castle remaining to him, the Castle of Kildrummie, and there the ladies were taken, and King Robert's youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, was left with them in command of the castle. The King himself, and the rest of his men, went to an island on the coast of Ireland, meaning to pass the winter there, but it was not long before tidings reached them that Kildrummie Castle had been taken by the English, the brave and handsome young Nigel Bruce put to death, and the Queen and her ladies sent to prison.

The news filled King Robert with despair. He had found shelter from the cold and rain in a wretched hut, and flinging himself on his miserable bed, he gave way to gloom

and grief. It seemed to him that he was giving his life for a hopeless cause—three of his brothers had died serving him; six times already he had been defeated; he had few friends, and all Scotland was in the power of the English. Should he yield to Edward, too?

While such thoughts were passing in his mind, his eye fell upon a spider that was trying to swing itself, by a thread which it had spun, from one rafter of the roof to another. Again and again it tried and failed. King Robert watched it pityingly, counting six brave attempts and six failures. At the sixth failure he thought of his six battles, and watched with more interest than ever to see if the spider would try yet again.

"I will be guided by the spider," he said to himself. "If it tries a seventh time and is successful, I will a seventh time try my fortune in Scotland."

The spider tried again and this time reached the beam. Then the King leaped to his feet, with new hope and new energy, and it is said that from that day his efforts were successful.

First, he and his men moved nearer to Scotland, to the island of Arran, at the mouth of the Clyde. Directly on landing they met a woman, of whom they asked if there were any armed men in the island. She told them of a fight that had just taken place in which the English governor of the castle and many of his men had been killed. The news gave them hope that they might find friends in the conquering band, and going into the woods, King Robert blew upon his horn.

To their great delight, they were answered by another horn, and presently Lord James Douglas, with some of the bravest of the King's followers, hastened toward them. They rejoiced to meet again; but telling over their strange adventures, they wept at the loss of many faithful friends.

For a while they lodged in a natural cave, which is known to this day as the King's Cave. There they made their plans, and when all was ready, the Black Douglas, in disguise, crossed into Scotland, hoping to persuade the men on his

own estates (now in the hands of the English) to join him. King Robert and the rest of his men landed in Carrick, of which Robert was the rightful earl, but which had been taken by the English during his wanderings and was now governed by Lord Percy.

After several successful battles, King Robert obliged that nobleman to leave the town. He then sent his men in various directions to worry the small bodies of English soldiery wherever they found them in the neighborhood. These tactics left the King exposed to many dangers, for he kept but sixty men with him. Several stories are told of this time that show his extraordinary skill and courage.

One tells how his enemies, hearing of his small guard, determined to come upon him by surprise. They got together two hundred men and took with them several bloodhounds, dogs that are trained to follow a man by the scent of his footsteps. But King Robert somehow got news of their intention, and as night fell he drew up his little band on the riverside, where the banks were steep and rocky. There he bade them sleep, for they were weary with constant watching, while he himself kept guard with but two attendants.

Half a mile farther down the river was the only ford by which it could be crossed, and the three wandered along to this point, at which the enemy must necessarily pass. It was deep and narrow, and the ground on the King's side was very steep and difficult to climb. Robert, looking down upon the ford, thought how easily the enemy could be prevented from passing it.

While he stood there he heard the far-distant braying of a hound. Nearer and nearer it came, and presently he could hear, too, the trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the clanging of armor. Then he realized that his foes were close upon him. He could not go back and rouse his men and bring them to the ford in time to oppose the crossing of the soldiers, and yet he could not give up the tremendous advantage he had over them at that spot.

He told himself that his armor was good and strong, so that he need not fear the archers who would otherwise

have made the feat he had now determined upon impossible. He had resolved to defend the pass alone.

Sending his two men to arouse the others and bring them with all haste to his aid, he mounted the high bank and waited his foes. The bright moonlight shone upon them as they approached the opposite bank, and upon him, a solitary figure guarding the ford.

With a shout, the first man urged his horse forward into the river, but the King, standing high above him, killed him with one thrust of his long spear, and with a second wounded his horse, which, plunging and struggling right across the path of the others, blocked their way. In the confusion King Robert struck down several more, and the rest drew back in terror. Then, ashamed of their retreat from one man, they prepared to attack him again; but at that moment they saw his followers hastening to his aid, and they gave up the attempt.

When King Robert's men came up to him, they found him sitting on the bank, his helmet beside him, calmly wiping his brow and taking in deep draughts of the cool night air. Many such adventures befell him in those days, showing such remarkable courage and daring that they seem more like the stories of the giants of old than of the actual deeds of a man.

When, after some time, the Black Douglas was again able to join the King, they set about attacking the English wherever they could, and success followed them. Then, when hope again began to rise in the hearts of the Scottish people, they thronged to the side of their King, and he found himself at last possessed of a considerable force. The English no longer ventured out into the open to attack them, but remained within their castles and strongholds waiting for King Edward to send them help.

Edward, old and feeble, marched once more with a large army toward Scotland, determined to crush out rebellion at all cost; but before he reached the Border sickness seized him and he died. His son, Edward II., luckily for Scotland, was not so wise and brave as his father. After the burial

of Edward I., however, he went on with the army into Scotland, but turned back again without fighting. This was very encouraging to the Scots, and many of the Scottish nobles, realizing the weak character of the new King of England, declared themselves for King Robert and fought on his side, and soon they had won back every place of importance except Stirling.

They gathered together all their strength to face the great army sent to oppose them by Edward II., who was frightened at last into activity by the thought of losing this last and most important stronghold.

This English army numbered about one hundred thousand men; King Robert's, about thirty thousand, with weapons that were poor compared with those of the English. But Robert, who knew the neighboring country well, took his stand at a spot which the English must pass on their way to Stirling. His men were upon hard, dry ground near by the little brook, or burn, of Bannock. The English would have to meet their enemies on ground broken by bogs.

While they waited for the English, Robert's men dug great pits along their front line, filling them up with light brushwood and sharp stakes, and then covering them with turf so that the ground seemed unbroken. These were terrible and cruel tactics, but were made necessary in war where the fighters were so unequal both in numbers and skill. Well might King Robert take every advantage which his knowledge of the country gave him, and yet feel almost despairing as he looked down upon that great English host winding its way through the valley below, their banner and helmets glittering in the bright sunlight.

But he would let no thought of failure enter his mind. On one thing he set all his hope—the rightness of his cause. At his command a herald proclaimed throughout his camp “that if any one had not made up his mind to win or die with honor in the approaching conflict, he had now free permission to depart, seeing that it was the wish of the King that none should remain who had not firmly resolved to stand

by him to the last, and take on that field the fortune which God should send."

A great shout answered the herald every time he proclaimed this will of the King, a shout that told of truest loyalty and love to their great leader.

That shout still rang in King Robert's ears when, on the night before the struggle, he drew his men up in battle array. All the camp-followers—servants, drivers of wagons, every one who could not be used as a fighter—were ordered to withdraw behind a hill, so that they should in no way interfere with the movements of the soldiers.

Then Robert, mounted on a small pony, but distinguished as the King by the golden circlet he wore upon his helmet, rode down the lines. He was unarmed, except for his battle-axe, and as the battle was not expected to begin before morning, he was quite unprepared for attack. Sir Henry de Bohun, an English knight, who had been watching the King's movements, and realized his unreadiness for defense, thought it would be a splendid opportunity for ending the rebellion and getting fame for himself, by killing the Scottish leader.

Suddenly he rode at full speed at Robert and leveled his long spear at him; but the King became aware of him in time and awaited his onslaught calmly. Merely turning his little horse at the moment when the other thought to have charged him, and lifting his battle-axe, Bruce rose at the same time in his saddle, and with a tremendous blow killed the adventurous knight.

At daybreak there were signs that the conflict was about to begin. The good Abbot of Inchaffray passed barefoot along the Scottish lines encouraging the men, and reminding them that they were about to fight for their country and their freedom. As he passed along they fell upon their knees and prayed. Edward of England, seeing the kneeling men, said to one standing near: "See, they kneel; they ask for mercy."

"They do, my liege," was the answer, "they ask for mercy, but not from us. Believe me, these men will conquer or die upon the field."

King Robert had well chosen his ground, and everything

happened as he could have wished. The patriotic spirit in each of his leaders and each of his men gave such power to spear and battle-axe and arrow, that in a few hours thousands of English lay dead upon the field, while the loss on the Scottish side was remarkably small. Still, the foe had such numbers that, in spite of their dead, they did not appear to lessen.

King Robert cheered the men around him, and sent messages of encouragement and praise along the lines. His words put new heart into the worn-out men, and again they returned to the charge. At this moment the camp-followers, who numbered many thousands, believing that their King had won the battle, came rushing over the hill, and the English, mistaking them for a fresh army coming to the aid of the Scots, fell into disorder and began to retreat. Robert followed up this advantage, with the result that what was left of the English army was completely defeated.

This decisive battle of Bannockburn was fought in the year 1314, and though the English were for many years still hostile to the Scots, King Robert forced them to come to terms with him, and finally to acknowledge him as King of an independent kingdom.

Then, in the year 1329, the end came for the heroic leader. He had long been broken in health, and feeling death near, he sent for the Black Douglas, and told him that long ago, when he was nearly despairing, he had vowed to God that if he were allowed to see Scotland free and at peace he would journey to Palestine and fight against the Saracens, who were trying to get possession of the land. In those days it was a very usual thing for Christian knights to make such vows, for Palestine was a Holy Land to them.

"Since," said the King to the Black Douglas, "this poor frail body cannot go thither, I have resolved to send my heart there, and it is my earnest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that for the love you bear me, as soon as I am dead you take the heart out of me and cause it to be embalmed, and carry it along with you and deposit it in the Holy Sepulcher of our Lord."

The Black Douglas, weeping bitterly, gave his solemn promise to do what his King asked, and soon after Robert died in peace.

As soon as his preparations were made, the Black Douglas set out for Palestine with the King's heart in a silver casket. But in Spain, finding himself in great danger in a fight with the Moors, he flung his precious charge far forward among his foes, crying: "Forward, gallant heart, as thou wert wont; Douglas will follow thee or die." Rushing forward among the flashing swords, he was struck down.

After the fight he was found dead with the casket clasped to his heart. It was then taken back to Scotland and buried in Melrose Abbey, while the body of the King rested in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline.

So ended the history of Robert Bruce, the greatest King who ever wore the crown of Scotland. He was not called upon to die in battle for Scotland, but his whole life had been one of heroic devotion to her. Wallace had died for her freedom; Bruce had lived for it, and completed the work that Wallace began; and as long as history lasts, these two names will be remembered and honored together.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born in the year 1554, and died in the year 1586, when he was thirty-two years old. His was not a life full of great incidents and stirring adventures. It was a life full of hopes that, to our eyes, were never to be fulfilled; of heroic and beautiful qualities that, seemingly, were never to be used in their fullness. But it was long enough to win for him the lasting love of many close friends and of very many more who had only heard of him.

All that was best and highest in England in the glorious years of Queen Elizabeth's reign was to be found rarely combined in this one man. Great beauty, noble birth, culture, poetry, chivalry, and a gentle, childlike simplicity made up a character so harmonious and appealing that he became the idol of the nation. "His whole life," said one who wrote of him, "was a true poem." Living in an adventurous age, he could not help being also adventurous, and although circumstances drew him to Elizabeth's court, his mind was ever fixed upon some great work in the world, which the future would surely bring him.

Having traveled for three years in Europe, he returned to England to take up the courtier's life, but his serious, earnest nature chafed under the show and frivolities to which he was forced to submit, and he dreamed of great projects in the East, of adventure in the West, and of great exploits on the battle-field. But denied these things, he turned to literature, and with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, whom he dearly loved, he began a poetical version of the Psalms. From that he went on to the writing of romantic poetry and charming prose, both showing a wonderful advance in literary style, and winning for him a great renown,



SIDNEY PASSED HIM THE WATER, SAYING, "THY
NECESSITY IS YET GREATER THAN MINE."

especially among the poets and writers who gathered about Elizabeth in those days.

He had reached the age of thirty-one when he determined to satisfy his love of adventure by a voyage to the West that was then being planned by Sir Francis Drake. Sidney was obliged to make his arrangements secretly, for the Queen was a tyrant over her courtiers, and demanded their constant attendance. But almost at the moment of sailing the plan was made known to Elizabeth, and she at once forbade his taking part in the expedition, and ordered him instead to Flanders, where the English were fighting against the Spaniards. And here he met his death.

He had led a force up to the walls of the town of Zutphen. At the first charge his horse was killed under him; but mounting another, he led his men forward again. In the battle that followed he was wounded, and his horse, taking fright, rushed with him from the field. He managed to keep in the saddle till he met some English soldiers, who carried him to the English camp.

On the way, feverish from loss of blood, he begged for water, and a soldier ran and brought some for him. But just as he raised the cup to his lips, his eyes met the eyes of another man, a poor dying soldier, who also had been wounded. His longing eyes were fixed on the cup, and Sidney caught the look and passed him the water, saying: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." It was a beautiful ending to a beautiful life, and will be remembered when far greater deeds are forgotten.

For days he suffered, none realizing the seriousness of his wound. But at last he himself realized that he was dying, and so told those around him. He was young, and none of his great dreams had yet come true; and at first the thought of death was terrible to him. But he fought against his fears, and they gave way to peace and gladness. "I would not change my joy," he said to those who watched by him, "for the empire of the world." A little while after he died.

His death was a great shock, not only to England, but to all Europe. The people of Flanders begged to be allowed to

keep his body, promising to erect a royal monument to his memory. Even his Spanish foes poured out their praises and lamentations.

His body was embalmed, taken to England with military honors, and then buried with great pomp and splendor in St. Paul's. And the whole nation went into mourning. "It was counted a sin," says one writer, "for any gentleman of quality for many months after to appear at Court or City in any light or gaudy apparel." The people realized that they had lost not only a brave soldier and a noble gentleman but a life of exquisite beauty, which they could not describe, but which had drawn from them unbounded love and sincerest admiration.

HEROISM OF WOMAN

IN PRAISE OF FREEDOM AND IN PITY FOR A QUEEN

THIS little story is taken from one of the saddest parts of the big story of France. It is about a beautiful queen who was not very wise, but who went to her death as bravely as any hero; and about a great people who, having suffered much injustice and oppression, rose to right their wrongs, but in so terrible a manner that the glory of the freedom they won was greatly dimmed thereby.

Nevertheless you must not forget when you read this most piteous story of Queen Marie Antoinette, that the people she wronged and who wronged her did right when they tried to win their freedom. There was nothing else for them to do, although the way they took was an exceeding hard way and brought much and bitter sorrow in the land.

You may be sure that it was best for France to be rid of the terrible burden of her kings. For centuries kings had reigned in France like emperors, having all power put into their hands or into those of their favorites. Few of these kings thought of anything but their own pleasure. So that they and their nobles might live at ease and make merry, the common folk had to pay heavy taxes. The king must have money for his pleasures, and so must the queen, and so must the nobles and their wives.

If the crops were bad, or there was a fever or a famine or a frost on the land, what cared the great king so long as he was well fed and housed and warm? But the people

must pay their taxes whatever happened, and they did. They were too oppressed, too poor, too unhappy to complain, and what good would it have done? According to the feudal system, they belonged body and soul to their masters, to the nobles on whose lands they worked. Who would hear them if they complained? They would only be thrust into prison to suffer still more.

But this injustice could not last forever. As the world grows older, men learn more of the power and beauty of freedom. When the time came for Louis XV., bad king as he was, to reign over France, the people were a little better treated than they had been for many a long year; and so they began to lift up their heads and look about them and see what was going on in the world. They began to think, and some of them wrote down what they thought; and when men begin to think for themselves, and speak out their thoughts, they cannot be slaves much longer.

It was toward the end of the long reign of Louis XV. that Marie Antoinette, daughter of the Empress of Austria, came to the French court. She was only fourteen years old, a sweet little princess, with blue eyes and golden hair, and the prettiest, sauciest ways in the world. She could sing, she could dance, she could chatter all day long, and was as ready for fun as any schoolgirl.

And she came to the court to marry the Dauphin of France. His name was Louis; he was the eldest son of the eldest son of Louis XV., and heir to the throne, for his father was dead. He was fifteen years old when he married the little Austrian princess—a great, heavy, awkward boy, rather stupid, but very good-natured. He loved to hunt more than anything else in the world.

He was very kind to his little young wife, however, and did what he could to make her happy, often shielding her when the King's aunts would have punished her, for she was very mischievous, and given to laughing at the stiff and prim ways of these great ladies.

So these two, boy and girl, grew up in the careless French court. No one told them of the needs and sorrows of their

people. They were only taught to amuse themselves, to behave well at court ceremonies; how then could they know what the people wanted of them, when the time came for them to reign?

Five years after their marriage, Louis XV. died. When they told the Dauphin and his wife the great news, they both fell on their knees, crying, "Alas, alas! God help us! We are too young to reign!"

At first, however, all promised well. The people were proud of their King, and his fair young Queen. It was very easy at first for Marie Antoinette, foreigner though she was, to win the love of the whole gallant French nation. But it was not so easy to keep that love. Indeed, without knowing it herself, she very soon lost it.

She was very fond of pleasure. She went to balls and dances and card-parties, merrymakings of all kinds. She wore very fine dresses; she wasted a great deal of money; she gave honors and gold and lands to her favorite attendants and to all their relatives; and when she came to the end of her money, she went to the King and he paid her debts and gave her more, for he loved her and could refuse her nothing.

She wanted a house all her own. He gave her one called the Petit Trianon. It stood near the great palace of Versailles, and there she would give private parties to which only her friends were invited. She had this Petit Trianon refurnished, new gardens were laid out, a dairy and a small farm were built near it, and all the money needed for this came from the heavily taxed people.

Then some began to notice that the Queen never had money to give in charity, for all she spent so much on her own pleasure; and they did not like her any the better for it. They saw that the King, although so amiable, only did what the ministers and the Queen told him to do, and they began to grow restless and rebellious.

One good chief minister might have saved France from the Revolution. A minister named Turgot did try his best. He wanted to tax the rich people as well as the poor, but

when this was suggested the nobles made such an outcry that the weak King refused his consent to the plan; so Turgot resigned. The treasury was becoming empty, the national debt rose higher and higher, and France was nearly bankrupt.

When the King's eldest son was born, Marie Antoinette regained the heart of her people for a time, for they were loyal still and rejoiced that an heir was born to France. But when famine spread over the land, and taxes were heavier, and money and bread more scarce; when the treasury remained empty, and the King and his ministers seemed to do nothing at all to fill it, the people began to hate the Queen. They began to blame her for all the sorrows that came upon them. They believed she made the King do foolish things; they believed that she hated them, and did all in her power to oppress them.

But what they did not believe or notice was that, after her children were born—there were four of them—Marie Antoinette changed greatly in ways and deeds. She steadily grew more economical, less fond of pleasure and fine clothes; she lived very simply now, happy with her children, although two died before her greater sorrows came.

But the people knew not this; indeed, they did not care to know it. They hated their Queen, and she feared them. As for the King, he tried to please everybody, and of course pleased nobody.

Meanwhile matters grew worse and worse. Something had to be done, or France would become utterly bankrupt. "Call a States-General," cried the people. They were bolder now. America had begun her War for Independence, and they were eager to follow the example.

Now, the States-General was a gathering together of men from every city and town in the kingdom; whether they were rich or poor they were allowed to speak. So that if the King consented to call a States-General, it meant that the people themselves, through the delegates—men whom they chose—would have at last a voice in the government.

Louis XVI. consented, much against the will of the court; and Queen Marie Antoinette wept. She was afraid of the

power it gave to the people. But the whole nation rejoiced, for not only had Louis consented to the States-General, but he decreed that the delegates chosen by the people should exceed in number the delegates of the nobles and clergymen. This meant that the people could outvote the nobles. Power was already theirs to govern, and they meant to keep it. The aristocrats were very angry with Louis. Many of them, foreseeing the coming trouble, made ready for flight.

On May 5, 1789, the States-General met at Versailles, but this new lift toward freedom brought little peace with it. The King did foolish things, and the Queen, understanding very little about politics, did not help him to set matters right.

For months famine and want had been sending thousands of miserable starving creatures to Paris, where they hoped to find food. Now this rabble, among whom were thieves and robbers and murderers, was only waiting for the least excuse to plunder and pillage and riot.

Lack of bread soon gave them excuse. They came in hordes to the palace of Versailles. "Give us bread! Give us bread, O ye who spend our money!" they cried. The Queen could hear their terrible voices shouting under her windows: "Down with the Austrian! She is the cause of all our troubles!" All through the night the fierce mob surged round the palace gates, shrieking horrid words, threatening desperate deeds.

Toward four in the morning the Queen was awakened by an attendant: "Save yourself, Madame, while there is yet time!" At the same time a soldier called out, "Save the Queen! They come to kill her!" She fled to the King's apartment and found her frightened children there, half awake and shivering.

General Lafayette entered. "There is only one way to calm them and save your lives, Madame," he said; "it is to let them see you."

"No children! The Austrian!" cried the voices outside.

"They mean to kill me," whispered the Queen as if to herself.

"Madame, it is the only way," answered Lafayette.

Without a word, Marie Antoinette went to the little balcony outside the apartment, and stood there in full sight of the angry people. At first there was silence; then some one cried, "To Paris, to Paris with them!"

To Paris they had to go, the whole royal family in the royal carriage, followed by as strange and ugly-looking a crowd as ever you might wish to see. Beggars, bandits, robbers, soldiers, and women more terrible and fierce than the men, all marched together, singing, "Cheer up, friends! We shall no longer starve! We bring the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy," meaning, of course, the King, Queen, and little Dauphin.

Even the Republicans, however, could not deny that through all the rough treatment, in spite of the insults that were heaped on her as time went by, the Queen ever bore herself nobly and behaved with true courtesy and kindness to her jailers. For although they were not called prisoners, the royal family were allowed no freedom, but were kept in the palace of the Tuileries.

In fact, the government, when it made laws, now paid little or no attention to the King, while every now and then the wild mob would assail the Tuileries gates and keep the Queen in constant terror.

On July 14, 1789, the nation declared its independence, and ever since it has made merry upon that day in honor of its freedom. After this the King and Queen were in danger from the mob morning, noon, and night. The Queen steadily refused to leave her husband and children and save her life, as she might have done. The whole family did try to escape, and managed to leave Paris, but were captured and brought back again.

By this time most of the nobles had fled to other countries and were doing their best to gather together an army to rescue their King and Queen. But there was little hope for them. Already the National Assembly, as the government was called, had found out that the mob was the real king in Paris; and the mob, led by a few violent men, was going mad with hatred and revenge.

They raised up a guillotine in a large square in the city, called the Square of the Revolution, where they brought the nobles and gentlefolk, both men and women, whom they had captured, and there they cut off their heads without mercy. No man's life was safe in those days. The King was put in prison, the Queen also and her children, and there they awaited their certain death.

It need not be told that they waited patiently and bravely. Both Louis and Marie Antoinette had done foolish things in their lives, and sometimes thoughtless and cruel things, but they knew how to meet death bravely. Louis went first to the guillotine (January 21, 1793), and died as a gentleman should, forgiving his enemies their sin against him. And afterward (October 16, 1793) Queen Marie Antoinette followed. She too went uncomplaining and with a good heart, so that even her cruel captors were abashed at her heroism.

JOAN OF ARC

HENRY V., the heroic king who ruled over England from 1413 to 1422, had set his heart on being also King of France. During almost the whole of his reign he was at war with France in order to attain this object, and at last King Charles VI. of France was forced to come to terms with him. He gave him his daughter, the beautiful Princess Katharine, for his wife, and promised that on his death Henry should succeed him. But Henry died a few weeks before Charles, and it fell to his baby son to bear both the proud titles of King of England and King of France.

The heir to the French throne, by right of birth, was Charles, the son of Charles VI., but he, weak and dispirited by the miserable condition of his country, made no effort to regain his kingdom. The French people, too, had little heart to fight against their English enemies. They had no leader; their rightful king, called by them the Dauphin, was almost unknown to them, and the continual victories of the English had brought them to a state of terror which doomed all their attempts to failure. But deep within them was a great love for their country, and all their misfortunes could not quench it.

The English were not satisfied with the actual coronation at Paris of their infant King as King of France, but proceeded at once to subdue those parts of the country that still were loyal to Charles. The men of Burgundy, the eastern part of France, were already on their side, and, led by their Duke, fought with them against their own countrymen. Success met these combined armies, until there was but one important stronghold left to Charles, that of Orleans, in the north of France. The south of France was loyal to him, but its population was far less than that of the north, and therefore,



JOAN OF ARC
From a Painting by J. Ingres.

being much weaker, it was most likely that if Orleans were taken, the south would give up the struggle and also yield to the English King.

The news that the conquering army was on the march toward Orleans was the final blow to hope in the heart of Charles the Dauphin. However, the extraordinary courage and determination of its citizens in the defense of their city roused to enthusiasm many of the noblest-hearted Frenchmen, and an army of five thousand set out to help the gallant band. But disaster came upon them, and it was clear that when the store of provisions was exhausted the city must yield to its powerful enemies. And just then, when everything was at its darkest, a savior arose. No champion skilled in war, but a simple peasant girl was destined to rekindle the flame of hope in the hearts of her countrymen and lead them to victory.

In the quiet little village of Domremy, about the year 1410, Joan of Arc was born. Her parents were peasants in fairly comfortable circumstances, honest and industrious, very strict in their religion and in their duties to their children. Their humble cottage stood on the borders of a great forest, where the old villagers declared they had often seen the fairies at night. At the entrance to the wood was an ancient beech-tree, called the "Fairies' Tree," and near by a fountain, whose waters were said to give health to the sick. It was a land of legend and fable, of song and poetry, and Joan and her child companions drank in wonder and mystery from their earliest years, hung their flower-wreaths on the haunted tree, and sang their childish songs to the good fairy folk.

Joan loved the great woods and all the animals that lived there; the birds came at her call and fed from her hand. At home she knitted and spun, followed her father's plow, or tended his sheep upon the lonely hills. She could neither read nor write, but her mother taught her to believe in God and to pray, and instructed her in the Bible by means of stories and poems so simple and pathetic that they sank into her heart and were remembered to the end of her life. Even in her childhood she was naturally religious, and as she grew

up she loved the services of the Church and quiet meditation, and no jests from her companions could lessen her enthusiasm. She seemed to live apart, as though lost in dreams, but in reality she lived as in the very presence of God. In the midst of merry play with her girl friends she would suddenly break away from them, and seeking a lonely spot, would spend a few moments in praying silently. And her religion did not end with this. She would visit and nurse the sick; for the beggars and tramps who came to her father's door, she would beg shelter, giving up her own bed to them. "She loved her friends, her kin," says a French writer, "but, above all, the poor; and poorest among the poor, most wretched among the wretched, was unhappy France, which therefore she loved with a wondrous love, with a most noble patriotism."

As soon as she could understand, she listened eagerly to her parents' talk of their country's woes, and of the gradual spread of the English power. Sometimes fugitives from lost battles came to their cottage for shelter, and she listened intently to their news, tended their wounds, and ministered to their needs. Once a troop of Burgundian soldiers marched through the village, burning and destroying as they went, and Joan's parents fled with their family to a neighboring town till all was quiet again. Then they returned to find the peaceful village a waste. Nothing but ruined homesteads and downtrodden cornfields met their eyes. We may imagine the profound impression such events would make on the dreamy, imaginative, and deeply religious child.

Through all the years of tumult, Joan's parents had kept loyal to their uncrowned King, the Dauphin Charles, and the little maid followed in their steps, grieving over the distress of her fellow-countrymen and praying constantly that God would send them a deliverer as often of old He had done. There had been prophecies in her part of the country, of which she had doubtless heard, that deliverance should come through a maid, and later days had added that the maid should be of Lorraine, in which province was Domremy.

At last, when Joan was in her thirteenth year, a very strange and wonderful thing happened to her. She was sit-

ting alone in the cottage garden one sunny summer afternoon. Suddenly an intense and dazzling light surrounded her and a voice, unearthly in its sweetness, called her name.

"Joan," said the voice, "be thou good, and go often to church." In her fear she could answer nothing, but she obeyed the command. Soon after the same thing happened again, then at the third time, in the midst of the brightness, she saw an angelic figure, and heard the voice again. "I am Saint Michael," it said; "God commands thee to go to the help of the Dauphin and restore to him his kingdom."

Bursting into tears she cried: "My lord, how can I? I am only a poor girl; I know not how to ride the war-steed, nor know I how to lead armed men."

"Thou shalt find out Monsieur de Baudricourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs," answered the voice, "and he shall take thee to the King. Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret will help thee."

The wonderful light melted away in the sunshine; the young girl knelt and kissed the spot where the angel had stood, all her fear lost in rapture at the glorious mission which she now unhesitatingly and joyfully accepted. Not a day passed after this but voices came to her, three distinct voices, which she now knew as those of Saint Michael, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret. They told her that God had pity on the fair realm of France, and spoke to her of strength and faith and hope, promising their aid when the time of deliverance should come.

For five years she lived in this new companionship, firmly believing that angel-hands and angel-voices guarded and guided her every step. And when the tidings came of the siege of Orleans, the last stronghold left to the Dauphin, the voice bade her wait no longer, but deliver Orleans from the besiegers, and place the crown of France upon Charles's head, in the cathedral at Rheims.

That, she felt, was her mission—to deliver Orleans and to crown the Dauphin Charles. She believed with all her heart that God willed that His work should be done by her hand, and hers alone, and her heart gladly answered, as Mary

the mother of Jesus had answered long ago: "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word."

All these years she had kept silence as to her heavenly visitors; now she had to tell her parents of the great work she had undertaken. The simple peasants received her news with amazement, and fearing she was mad, strove to fill her mind with ordinary interests. They could not sympathize with a desire that must necessarily upset all their ideas of womanly domestic life. The thought of a woman in the camp, on the battle-field, the companion of rough and coarse soldiers, was impossible to them, and her father roughly told her that he would rather drown her with his own hands.

So Joan had to wait silently and patiently till a way was opened for her. At last the opportunity came. She was visiting her uncle, whose name was Durand Laxart, at his home in a little village between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. News reached her of the terrible position of the brave defenders of Orleans, and it was hourly expected that famine would force them to surrender. If she was to accomplish her task, there was no time to be lost.

She poured out her story to her uncle, and the good man listened, awed and reverent before the young girl's glowing enthusiasm and earnest faith. Unlike her father, he believed in her, and when she begged him to take her before the governor of Vaucouleurs he promised that he would.

When they arrived at Vaucouleurs, Durand Laxart sought out the governor, Robert de Baudricourt, and told him Joan's story. Robert de Baudricourt was a brave but plain soldier, and the story made very little impression on him. But it luckily aroused his curiosity. Now in those days people believed in evil spirits, or devils, and thought they gave remarkable power to those who wickedly yielded themselves to them. This power was called witchcraft, and any one judged to be guilty of it was burned alive. It was a time of much ignorance and little religion, so that the belief in God and good was as nothing compared with the belief in devils and evil. Misfortunes, sudden illness or death, or such natural occurrences

as mists or storms, or any skill shown by a particular person beyond that possessed by most persons, were all likely to be considered due to witchcraft, and punished accordingly.

Robert de Baudricourt believed in witchcraft, and having listened to Joan's story, he came to the conclusion that she was a witch. So, accompanied by a priest, that no harm should befall him, he visited her at her lodging. They found a young girl whose exalted beauty alone denied their thoughts of her. Her eyes glowed with the holy light of faith in a sacred mission; her whole expression was one of serene nobility. And when they questioned her, her simple, earnest answers won them to enthusiastic belief that she was indeed to be the savior of France.

"I must go," she said to them, "for the Lord wills it."

"Who is your Lord?" they asked her.

"It is God," she simply answered.

Then Robert de Baudricourt took her hand, and, deeply moved, said to her: "By my faith, with my hand in yours, I promise that I will lead you to the King."

And after much delay he kept his vow, and supplying her with a guard, sent her to the Dauphin Charles at his court at Chinon. Before she set out her parents visited her, and with bitter tears besought her to give up her wild scheme and return with them to Domremy. It was a terrible ordeal for the tender-hearted girl, but she answered them with affection and patience. Never for a moment did her faith in God's will waver, and that was the secret of her beautiful calmness through that painful interview, in that last farewell, and in all the actions of her life to the end. Amid the tears and blessings of the villagers, who had provided her with a page's dress, and mounted on a horse bought for her by friends, she set out on the rough and dangerous journey to Chinon. Her way lay through a hostile country; her escort of six armed men was useless for defense against the brigands who infested the roads, or the roving bands of English and Burgundian soldiers. They must ford rivers, too, make their way through tangled forests, go forward by day and by night in cold and darkness, for it was winter. But the Maid's courage

never faltered; she was fearless and unwearied through all the perilous journey. "Fear nothing," she said to her anxious guides, "God shows me my way: it is for this I was born."

She arrived at Chinon after eleven days, as if under heavenly protection, for no dangers had threatened her on the way. Her fame had already spread through Chinon, and its people met her as their deliverer, and greeted her as one sent by God. There was still a delay of several days before Joan met the King face to face. It was in the great hall of the Palace of Chinon. There were assembled the pride and chivalry, the womanly loveliness and grace of France. The glare of many torches shone on their rich dresses and flashing jewels, and on the gorgeous-hued tapestries. Music rang out, and laughter and jest, while the coming of the Maid was awaited with eager curiosity. To test her divine inspiration, Charles had donned a plain dress and mingled with the crowd, while La Trémoille, one of the nobles, dressed in royal robes, took the place of honor.

Calm and serene, Joan entered that brilliant gathering, undisturbed by its novelty and magnificence, her quiet eyes seeking among the throng the man she had come to save. She gave one glance at La Trémoille and his royal splendor, and turned away, her eyes wandering anxiously over the crowded hall. Presently they rested upon Charles, and her anxious expression vanished as she hurried toward him, and fell on her knees before him.

"I am not the King," said Charles; but Joan replied: "In the name of God, it is none other than yourself. Most noble Dauphin, I am Joan the Maid, sent by God to aid you and your kingdom. I tell you that God has pity upon you, upon your kingdom, and upon your people."

Charles drew her aside and talked with her long and earnestly, and after that meeting he and his court were ready to believe in her, and grant her what she asked. But the Church had still to be satisfied that her powers were of good and not of evil. Many learned churchmen visited her and questioned her, and to all she answered so simply and clearly that they too were forced to believe in her.

Urgent appeals for help now came from Orleans; messenger after messenger besought Charles's help. The time had come. Joan had won Dauphin, Church, and people to her side, and at last preparations were begun for the march on Orleans, over which the Maid was to hold command. Charles provided her with a costly suit of white armor; a sword for her use was taken from an old church in a village near Chinon, and a banner was made for her according to her direction. It was of white satin, embroidered with the fleur-de-lis, the national flower of France, and in the center was the figure of the Saviour.

As she rode through the crowded streets at the head of ten thousand men-at-arms who had answered to her call, all hearts went out to her. The cheers and prayers of the excited people rang in her ears as she passed, and followed her through many a weary day. New hope, new love of country, new religious fervor, were born in France that day, inspired by the heroic Maid. She was at this time in her eighteenth year, tall and well-formed, gloriously strong and healthy as a result of her simple peasant life. To her soldiers she seemed a thing divine in her saintly beauty, her earnest piety, her childlike simplicity, and her wonderful fearlessness. Rough men ceased to swear and began to pray. Their love of their country became a religious force, making them brothers to each other and mighty warriors to their enemies.

The effect upon the English of the appearance of this girl-savior was equally great. They realized the change in the spirit of their foes, and were filled with terror, which was deepened by every fresh report of the Maid's doings. Although her own people now believed that she came from God, the English believed her to be a witch, and their fear of the evils that might happen to them by her unholy power made it impossible for their leaders to use or control them. They refused to face the Maid, or fled at her approach, and so it happened that all the way to Orleans, although the country through which they passed was for the most part in the hands of the English, Joan and her soldiers went on unmolested till at last the very gates of Orleans were reached.

Her arrival in Orleans was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. All the people were in the streets when the gates opened to admit their deliverer. It was night, and the flickering light of numberless torches fell upon the quaint gabled houses with their timbered fronts, and shone upon the bright armor of the Maid, upon her snow-white horse, and upon the white banner that floated above her head. The tears were in her eyes as the bells pealed out from every steeple and shout after shout of welcome rang out from the excited throng. Men, women, and children pressed around her, seizing her hand and kissing it reverently, or touching her horse, or her armor, as if all belonging to her were holy. Perhaps she felt their acts as acts of worship, for when she spoke she said again and again: "God will save ye!" The tones of her voice, so soft and clear and devotional, thrilled them to the very depths. On they followed her to the cathedral, crowding in and around it, while Joan herself gave solemn thanks to God for the safe arrival of herself and her soldiers. Then again they followed her to the lodging which had been provided for her by the governor of the city.

The days that followed only increased the enthusiastic devotion of all the people who came in contact with the Maid. All her fame, all the homage rendered to her, did not change her absolute simplicity, her gentle manners, her modesty, and her religious zeal. There was not a man in Orleans but burned to fight under the Maid's spotless banner, and to follow wherever it pleased her to lead.

Joan had already sent, through her secretary—for, remember, she herself could not write—a letter to the English commander, calling upon the English in the name of God to restore all their conquests in France to her rightful King, Charles VII. It was received with contempt, and no reply was sent to the Maid. Then she prepared for attack. Her wonderful grasp of military tactics amazed the French leaders, and still more the English soldiers. In the three days of close fighting that followed, the Maid was ever in the thickest of the fight. Wherever the white charger and the floating white banner were, there was the closest throng of the battle,

and the Maid, absolutely fearless of battle-axe and cannon roar, inspired her countrymen with her own faith and courage, and terrified the English into helplessness.

At the end of those three days Orleans was saved. The siege had lasted seven months; Joan had been in the city but ten days, and of those she had given four to religious observances. When she reëntered the city on the night of the deliverance, a tremendous welcome awaited her. The long pent-up anxieties of the people burst out in a very ecstasy of joy, then they gave solemn thanksgiving to God in all the churches. In the morning they saw that the English were burning the forts they had built with so much care, and in a few hours the besieging army was in retreat.

Joan was now in haste to depart from Orleans. The first part of her work was done, and now her heart was set upon the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims. The people of Orleans wept as they bade her farewell, and sped her on her way with blessings.

Charles received her with all honor, and poured out his grateful thanks. Joan begged him to yield to her wishes for his coronation. That ceremony, she felt, would stir the people to even greater enthusiasm for their country, and strengthen them against their foes. But he hesitated to take the crown while the English were still powerful in the land.

So Joan wasted no further time in persuasions, seeing that Charles's advisers were also against his immediate coronation; but with all her old devotion, she joined the army proceeding to Jargeau, under the command of the Duke d'Alençon.

Jargeau was taken after a fierce fight, and then the victorious army marched on to Baugency and Mèhun, both surrendering without a struggle. The English army now pushed on toward Paris, hoping to meet another army on its way to help them. At Joan's direction the French soldiers followed them up and completely defeated them. The English, bravest of the brave in ordinary circumstances, became panic-stricken at the sight of the Maid. They fled from her shining armor and snowy banner. Thousands were killed and as many taken prisoners on that terrible battle-field. The Maid wept over

it, for she was as tender-hearted toward her foes as toward her friends. During the fight she saw a French soldier so brutally ill-treat an English prisoner that he fell to the ground, dying. Joan leaped from her horse and held the wounded Englishman in her arms, ministering to him and comforting him till the end came. Her gentle heart grieved over the hideous slaughter of the battle-field, and she did all in her power to inspire the French soldiers with her own spirit of mercy.

The effect on the English of their defeat in this last encounter was disastrous. The Duke of Bedford, who commanded the English forces in France, wrote to the King's Council in England, appealing for immediate help. "Everything went well," he wrote, "till the siege of Orleans was undertaken. This defeat has not only diminished the number of your soldiers, but has inexpressibly depressed those who remain to us. It was occasioned by the extraordinary confidence of our enemies in a girl wholly given to witchcraft and sorcery, whom they call the Maid."

This was a great tribute to Joan's remarkable power, coming as it did from a brave soldier and the leader of brave soldiers. It matters little that he believed the power was due to evil spirits; it was perhaps natural that her victories and their defeats should be looked on in this way by her enemies.

Joan, seeing the broken spirit of the English, and the increasing enthusiasm of the French, again besought the Dauphin to set out for Rheims, but he and his advisers shrank from the dangers of a long march of about one hundred and fifty miles through a part of the country still held by the English. Then the Maid called upon all the loyal towns to send as many soldiers as they could to protect their Prince on his journey. There was an immediate answer to her appeal. Each day brought hundreds of men to the Dauphin's banner, so eager to protect and lead him to Rheims that at last Charles himself caught their enthusiasm and yielded to Joan's entreaties.

They set out from Gien with a guard of twelve thousand

men, which increased as they marched along. Peasant and noble, some afoot, some on horseback, armed or unarmed, they fared along together, aflame with one purpose—to free France from a foreign rule, and place their rightful King upon his throne. Saint Florentin received them with open arms, but Troyes refused to acknowledge Charles, and attacked him before he reached the gates. The King's advisers at once lost hope, seeing in this defiance the fulfillment of their fears, and they counseled the King to give up the attempt.

Joan begged him to have patience. "The city shall be yours," she said, "if you remain before it but two days longer." Charles somewhat unwillingly consented, and Joan threw all her energies into the task. The men of Troyes had heard but little of the Maid, but when they saw her directing the efforts of the soldiers, surprise, and then terror, so excited their imagination that they called upon their leader to acknowledge their King and open the gates to him. The bishop and the magistrate of Troyes, realizing that they were helpless with the people against them, then went out to Charles and yielded the city to him.

At Joan's request, Charles pardoned their disloyalty, and the great army passed through the city, led by Charles and the Maid.

The city of Châlons next welcomed them joyfully, and now they went on, triumphing over all opposition until they came in sight of the tower of the old cathedral of Rheims. The commanders of the city, seeing the Dauphin and his host approaching, summoned the citizens to oppose him, assuring them that help was on its way to them. But the citizens demanded that the gates should be opened, and when Charles entered they met him with joyful shouts, which increased as they saw that the Maid was beside him. All eyes rested on her as she rode at the head of that vast army, her silken banner waving over her fair head. The streets were crowded; from every window leaned groups of excited folk, whose exultant shouts mingled with the clash and clang of triumphant joy-bells. Among the crowd stood Jacques d'Arc and Durand Laxart, the father and uncle of Joan; Jacques no

longer doubting the sacredness of his daughter's mission, and both with hearts overflowing with gratitude at her success.

The next day with all high solemnity Charles was crowned in the cathedral. Joan herself carried her banner and placed it on the altar. "It has shared the peril," she said; "it is right that it should share the glory." Then she stood beside the Dauphin while the solemn ceremony was performed. When the crown at last rested on his head, she flung herself at his feet, weeping so bitterly that all wept with her.

"O gentle King," she cried, "now is the pleasure of God fulfilled that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct you to Rheims to receive your holy coronation," and she besought him to allow her to go back to her parents.

But the King and his councilors would not consent to her returning to Domremy. Whether they believed in her as a deliverer sent by God or not, they had realized the tremendous influence she had over both the French and English soldiers, and therefore it was of the greatest advantage to keep her with them. She unwillingly consented to stay, but she felt that her work was done. "Oh, that I might go and keep sheep once more!" was the cry of her heart; but having yielded to the King's wishes, she thrust herself into the fight again with all her old courage and devotion.

Charles, in his gratitude, would have publicly honored her and her family, but she steadily and firmly refused all rewards. The only favor that she asked from Charles was that Domremy might be freed from taxation. Charles granted this, and for more than three hundred years in the registers of taxes, opposite the name of Domremy, might have been seen these words: "Nothing, for the sake of the Maid."

Meanwhile Paris, the capital of the kingdom, was still in the hands of the English. Joan proposed to push forward from Rheims toward Paris. She fully expected that all the important towns on the way would submit to the newly crowned King and thus help toward the conquest of Paris itself. Her expectations were satisfied, and for several months the march of Charles, the Maid, and the great army was a triumphant royal progress.

But when they reached Paris they found the English and the Burgundians defending the capital with an enormous force. Charles and his advisers were against attacking the city, but the Maid was eager for battle. The men were ready to follow her, and she led them forward, promising that they should sleep in Paris that night. Early in the battle she was wounded, yet she would not leave her post, but continued to direct and encourage them. At last, under a heavy fire from the besieged city, Joan and her men were forced to retreat. Fifteen hundred men had been killed or wounded, and all were discouraged.

"My voices no longer lead me," she said to the King. She saw her failure as a warning from Heaven that her work was done; and taking off her armor, she hung it in the Abbey Church of St. Denis, resolved to retire from the war. But again the entreaties of the King overcame her desire, and again she put aside the thought of the quiet life in Domremy and returned to the life of camp and strife. But she no longer heard with the same clearness the voices that had hitherto directed her; and with the knowledge that she had finished the work God had given her to do, she lost faith in herself.

Charles, too, now that he was King, and had met with success far beyond his expectations, began to grow weary of the life of hardship and constant effort that was necessary if he would win his kingdom's freedom from the power of the English. He gave the conduct of his affairs into the hands of untrustworthy men, and himself retired to his court at Gien, where he yielded himself to ease and pleasure.

This indifference and desertion of Charles, just when the enthusiasm of the people was at its height, was ruinous to his cause. The towns that had not yet acknowledged him only awaited his coming to their gates to joyfully yield to him, but it is not to be wondered at that when he did not trouble about them they did not trouble about him. They looked for a strong leader whom they could trust, and joined their power to that of the Duke of Burgundy, who was the leader of those of the French who favored and fought on the side of the English.

Many of the soldiers, too, who had hitherto been loyal to Charles returned to their homes in disgust; and thus it was that Joan found herself at the head of a disheartened army. Her voices seldom spoke to her now; she was no longer inspired, and no longer able to inspire, except by that unfailing courage which was the admiration of her friends and the terror of her foes. She drooped beneath this new condition of things, oppressed by a sense of approaching evil. Betrayal and death were constantly in her thoughts; yet she still strove, with unfaltering loyalty, to make her King secure upon his throne.

Hearing of the danger of the fortress of Compiègne from a powerful army led by the Duke of Burgundy, she hastened to the assistance of the governor, Guillaume de Flavy. She entered the city in safety, and then led its garrison out to meet the foe. At first the Burgundians, taken by surprise, fell back, but their enormous number told against Joan's few men and she was obliged to give the signal for retreat. The soldiers retreated in good order, but when they reached the city they found the gates but half opened, by order of the governor.

As her men passed through the narrow opening, the enemy came up with them, and Joan found herself surrounded. One man seized her crimson surcoat and dragged her from her horse, and she was then overpowered and taken prisoner. It was afterward said that her capture was due to the treachery of the governor, who was jealous of her fame.

Great was the joy of the English and of the Burgundians at the news that at last the power of the Maid was ended. They greeted her appearance as a prisoner under a strong guard with shouts of joy. They believed that all their defeats had been due to her witchcraft, and that if she were dead their power in France would be recovered.

Her captors, who were Burgundians, sold the Maid to the English for the sum of ten thousand pounds, and she was taken to Rouen, there to undergo her trial on a charge of witchcraft. The English felt that it was necessary to shake the faith of the people of France in the Maid, or there would

be little hope for themselves, for while the people believed that Joan's victories were of God, they must also believe that God was against the English. The French churchmen too were bitterly jealous of Joan's power, and the English took advantage of this and placed the conduct of her trial in the hands of a bishop named Pierre Cauchon, an ambitious man and a Burgundian, who had already received from the Duke of Burgundy the bishopric of Beauvais, and was kept loyal to his patron by the promise of the archbishopric of Rouen.

For months Joan languished in prison in the great tower of the castle at Rouen. An iron cage had been made for her; chains were hung about her body and feet; those in charge of her treated her with savage brutality, and put upon her all the insults that hatred could suggest. But the dark, cheerless prison was brightened and glorified by the return of the voices, which had so long been silent. They spoke to her now continually, strengthening her for the long conflict, and preparing her to meet with calmness whatever might befall her.

At last, on February 21, 1431, about nine months from the day on which she was taken prisoner, she was brought before her accusers. Calm and beautiful she faced them, searching among their faces for some friendly glance. But she found only stern eyes and scowling brows bent upon her. Some fifty men learned in the doctrines of the Church and in the law were set against that humble, uneducated peasant girl, who could neither read nor write, but who yet confounded and amazed her judges by her clear answers, her good sense, and her simple faith in God.

All this time Charles the King had kept a shameful silence at his court in Chinon. He held hundreds of English prisoners, and by his power of life and death over these he might easily have influenced the trial, at any rate so far as to insure justice. But he made not the slightest attempt to help the hapless girl who was giving her life for him and France. Yet not a word of reproach ever fell from Joan's lips; to her he was part of France, the land that she loved with a pas-

sionate devotion; and to the end she defended him, and was as true to her King as to her country.

At last the weary trial came to an end, and the Maid was declared guilty and condemned to the terrible death by burning that was the punishment for witchcraft.

On May 13, 1431, at nine o'clock in the morning, mounted on a car, and surrounded by eight hundred English soldiers armed with lance and sword, she went on her last journey through the crowded streets to the market-place. She was but nineteen, and the dread of this awful death forced from her agonizing cries and pitiful lamentations. "Oh, Rouen! Rouen!" she said as she looked around upon the city, "must I then die here?" She was weakened by the miseries she had undergone, and it seemed as if her voices had again forsaken her in this supreme hour of trial; but she prayed unceasingly for her enemies till even they wept for pity.

As they bound her to the stake, she asked for a cross, and a kindly English soldier broke his staff and made a rough cross with it, which she held to her breast. When at last the flames leaped around her she forgot her human weakness; and again she heard her voices and saw the dazzling brightness as of old. "Yes," she exclaimed aloud, "my voices were from God; they have not deceived me." Then she uttered a clear, joyful cry, "Jesus!" and with that name on her lips the end came for the heroic Maid.

Many fled from the awful sight, and those that remained never forgot it. "We are lost!" said an English soldier in the crowd; "we have burned a saint!"

The death of the Maid gave life to the patriotic spirit she had inspired in her countrymen, and the expectations of the English met with nothing but disappointment. The war between the two nations went on, and gradually the French won back their country until twenty years later the English possessed nothing but the town of Calais in the north. So did Joan complete the work for which she was born and for which she died.

Years after her death Charles VII., ashamed, perhaps, of his past weakness, caused an inquiry to be made into the

evidence given at her trial. It ended in the declaration that her trial was unlawful and her condemnation unjust; and it proclaimed the Maid's exalted faith, her pure character, and her devotion to her country. Her fame has steadily grown since that day; statues have been raised to her memory throughout France; the Church has canonized her as a saint; and the French and the English are one, together with the whole world, in their admiration and honor of the noble Maid.

ANNE HUTCHINSON

IN the year 1634 a group of wooden houses composed the little settlement that was destined to become the greatest city in New England. Crooked lanes intersected this rude village, which at that time boasted of only one brick dwelling; and the public pasture near by, where the flocks and cattle were gathered, was white with the tents of pilgrims who had not yet made for themselves more substantial habitations. That handful of houses made the beginning of the town of Boston, and the tented pasture became in due time the historic Boston Common, which was the stage of some dramatic and some tragic scenes in the early days of the city's history.

When the ship "Griffin" arrived in the port of Boston on September 18, 1634, the band of Puritan settlers who set forth from the embryo town to meet and welcome the newcomers would have been very much astonished and distressed if they had known that there was one among that ship's company who was to bring great trouble to the feeble colony, and a still greater calamity upon herself.

As the lithe, graceful Anne Hutchinson walked down the gangplank of the "Griffin" and stepped upon the New England shore, that gift of prophecy which she claimed was given to her by God must have unfolded to her dark eyes a terrible vision. Tradition tells us that as she looked upon the thatch-roofed houses of "Boston Town," the tears gathered in her eyes; and indeed the appearance of the settlement must have been anything but cheerful.

Sober-looking men with steeple-crowned hats on their close-cropped heads stalked about the streets—or lanes, rather—talking together in harsh voices and either in accents of genuine religious fervor or in those of strained, affected piety. Women in their quaint bodices and kerchiefs stood in the

doorways to watch the passing of the strangers; children with unchildlike earnestness in their young faces peered from the windows or from behind their mothers' skirts. The shadows of dangers past or of perils yet to come hung over the place and the people, and the spiritual vision of the imaginative, sensitive, strongly intellectual woman who had come so far for her faith's sake must have felt the gloom of these shadows.

The boys and girls who laugh and chatter as they walk through Boston Common or along the crowded thoroughfares of the city to-day can scarcely imagine the scene presented there on that September day almost three centuries ago. And if they could clearly do so, they would be very thankful that the severity of Puritan doctrine and the cruelty of Puritan practice have passed from the earth; for the young people had but a dull time of it in those days, and it is a good thing, on the whole, that the strict old customs are as dead as the people who were laid in their ancient grave-vaults along one of the paved paths of the Common, later so close to the din of traffic and the restless, hurrying throngs of the living.

But among those who welcomed Mistress Anne were some of a spirit kindred to her own. Young Harry Vane, the youthful governor of the colony, whose twenty-four years of life could scarcely have fitted him for so important a position, and of whom the stern old Winthrop was jealous, was there, perhaps, his boyish, handsome face full of eagerness; for the young governor was the son of an English noble of high estate, and glad, no doubt, to see a gentlewoman from his native shore. Mistress Anne, too, very likely recognized in the young man one over whom her influence might be strong.

Anne Hutchinson was born at Alford, in Lincolnshire, not far from Boston, England, July 20, 1591; so that she must have been forty-three years old when she came to Boston, though her comely figure, attractive face, and engaging manners, gave her a much more youthful appearance.

Her father, who came of a good family, was a clergyman, and was "presented to the Rectory of St. Margaret, in the city of London, October 28, 1605." Her mother was a great-

aunt of the poet Dryden, and was also related to the famous English writer Jonathan Swift; so she was descended by both sides from families of good connections. Her marriage with William Hutchinson was the result of a pure and disinterested love. Her husband had no right to heraldic devices, though two of his ancestors were mayors of Lincoln; but he possessed what was of more real value, a good character and a meek and amiable disposition—a lucky thing for him, one may infer, considering his wife's strong and dominant will.

Things might have gone well for Mistress Hutchinson had she not fallen into heated disputes with one of her fellow-voyagers on board the "Griffin." Their differences arose over certain religious subjects upon which both felt very strongly, and resulted in her adversary—the Reverend Mr. Symmes—feeling a deep and bitter hatred toward her. No sooner had they landed than he took occasion to denounce her as a "heretic and prophetic," two dangerous accusations in those days.

Regardless of her "reverend" foe, she immediately began to teach her new, strange doctrines to those about her, and almost all of Puritan Boston fell under the spell of her eloquence and her magnetic charm. The women flocked to her house to hear her read from the Scriptures, explain texts, and, it must be admitted, criticise the preachers; for this powerful woman was not afraid to express her opinion with dangerous candor.

Boston was really at that period under a religious despotism. Nobody who was not a church member could vote in the General Court. No believer in a different creed could become a citizen of Massachusetts Bay. The Boston Puritans talked about "the Church" just as much as did the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, whom they hated and from whose power they had fled.

The aristocratic, daring young Vane had to say, "I confess myself an obedient son of the Church"; and the stern, unbending Winthrop, when he got himself in hot water with the ministry of that Church, found it prudent and wise to confess his sins and promise to amend them.

These people, who came to Massachusetts Bay to enjoy religious freedom, soon forgot that other people too came for the same purpose; and they became in turn as despotic in matters of faith as any of the prelates from whose authority they had escaped.

Henry Vane, like the rest of them, soon became a convert to Anne Hutchinson's doctrines, and her firm friend. Winthrop, who had been deposed from the governorship in favor of the handsome young aristocrat, was watching the affairs of church and state in the weak young colony with anxious eyes. He was a man of understanding and a gentleman of breeding, but there was one point upon which he was unreasonable, and that was religion. He saw young Vane, his successful and popular rival, falling under the influence of this Anne Hutchinson, who, though her life was pure, her deeds of charity and kindness broadcast, and her manner sober, was the bearer of a strange, and to his mind dangerous, message to the people.

Looking back upon these times it seems strange that the early Puritan settlers, beset as they were with bodily dangers and physical hardships, should have spent so much of their time in splitting hairs upon theological points. Truly, they had been wiser to have directed more of their energies to practical advancement and progress; but they had suffered for their religion, and their suffering had made them hard to themselves and hard to others. Winthrop and Symmes and the rest of them thought, quite sincerely too, no doubt, that the only thing to do was to crush the heresy of Anne Hutchinson, which could not be done without crushing her.

It is curious that, at a time when women held such an inferior position in the intellectual world, heads of councils of state and hoary-headed ministers should have allowed themselves to be involved in a controversy in which their chief adversary was a woman. Mistress Anne Hutchinson taught that the gospel of Christ had superseded the law of Moses; that no matter what sin overtook one who had received the gift of the "grace of love" in his heart, he was still one of the elect; that the spirit of the Holy Ghost dwells

in a "justified person"; and other things that nobody understands and nobody is foolish enough to bother about in these days. But in 1634 Mistress Hutchinson and her followers and the ministers of the Boston Church wrangled over these confusing and unnecessary doctrines until, very likely, they themselves became much mixed up. The clergy insisted upon what they called "works of the covenant," while Mistress Anne told her followers that they must trust only to what she called "works of grace"; so the two factions became embroiled in bitter controversy, each side forgetting that "all the law and the prophets hang upon the two great commandments to 'love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself.'" There was very little love between the "Church" members and the "Hutchinsonians"; indeed, that they hated each other as sincerely as possible, one may readily believe.

At last Mistress Anne was brought to trial for her teachings, a thing she could scarcely have failed to expect, for though she was a gentle and patient nurse to the sick, a faithful wife and mother, and a godly woman, still she was transgressing her rights in openly setting up a new creed among the people with whom she had chosen to dwell. Among the ministry were two of whom she fully approved, the Reverend Mr. Cotton and Joseph Wheelwright, her brother-in-law, but the preaching and teachings of all the others she roundly condemned, which naturally made these narrow-minded spiritual masters her mortal enemies.

On August 3, 1637, Henry Vane sailed for England, and Mistress Hutchinson lost her most fearless champion. In the same year the Reverend John Cotton, who had appeared to share Anne Hutchinson's opinions to some extent, changed his course, and the way was gradually prepared for her accusation and trial.

This trial was before the Court of Massachusetts at Cambridge, November, 1637; and, to quote from Jared Sparks, "it will be allowed by most readers to have been one of the most shameful proceedings recorded in the annals of Protestantism."

Yet some of the prosecutors were doing what, no doubt,

they thought their duty on that memorable day in Cambridge, when Puritan prejudice held its famous inquisition over the brave Anne Hutchinson. The scene must have been an impressive one. The dignified Governor Winthrop, now back in his judicial place, since young Harry Vane was gone over the seas, sat grave, stern, courteous, but already convinced of the culprit's guilt. Her other judges—and her enemies—were: Bradstreet, Newell, Stoughton, Wilde, and Endicott, who, as Hawthorne says, "would stand with his drawn sword at the gate of heaven, and resist to the death all pilgrims thither, except they traveled his own path."

As the biting north wind swept in cold gusts through the bare room in which the assemblage sat on that November day, the defenseless woman who stood there in the midst of them must have felt that the pitiless gale from the gloomy wilderness and the desolate shore was not more chilling than the hearts of these judges.

Though ill and faint, she was allowed neither food nor a seat during that long, exhausting day, until she fell to the floor from weakness, while first one and then another of them plied her with questions. And as Anne Hutchinson answered these questions clearly and sensibly, quoting passages from the Scriptures to prove that she had done nothing unlawful, nothing worthy of condemnation, perhaps she may have felt, even amid enemies and with no helping hand stretched out toward her, a thrill of pride in her heart; for she, a woman, without the influence of wealth or station, was pitting her intellect against those of the wisest men in the colony. Church and state were arrayed against her, and she made a brave and logical defense before both. No matter what the issue should be, the fact of her trial was an acknowledgment of her power and her influence—a power and an influence seldom before or since equaled in this country.

With her intensely spiritual nature and rare elevation of purpose, Anne Hutchinson stood that day for liberty of thought and of speech, and the seed planted so long ago, nourished by blood, has grown into the glorious flower of intellectual and religious freedom. There is little doubt that her opin-

ions were heretical, some of them, possibly, dangerous then, and that she showed but little wisdom in endangering her personal safety for the sake of vague theories and doctrines; but it must be remembered that in those days, strange as it now seems, what people *believed* about God or religion was of much more importance than what they *did*, or how they behaved.

Here in the New World wilderness, with the Pequot Indians ready to make war on the settlers, with want and hardship knocking at their doors, the colonists were waging war among themselves about what they called the "covenant of works" and the "covenant of grace," and all sorts of questions that had nothing whatever to do with planting crops, or building houses, or establishing good government.

After questioning and cross-questioning, during which the accused woman bore herself with dignity and showed the "bold spirit and ready wit" so cordially disliked by the elders, Anne Hutchinson spoke of "revelation," and of her sure faith that she would be saved from all danger, which was nothing more than the expression of a highly sensitive and overwrought mind under great mental and physical strain. But the governor and judges saw in all she said an evidence of depravity, and her sentence, as pronounced in the court, stands upon the records of Massachusetts in these words: "Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of Mr. William Hutchinson, being convicted for traducing the ministers and their ministry in the country, she declared voluntarily her revelation that she should be delivered and the court ruined with their posterity, and therefor was banished, and in the meanwhile was committed to Mr. Joseph Wilde, of Roxbury, until the court shall dispose of her."

At the conclusion of the trial, when she heard the verdict of banishment, Anne Hutchinson rose, and turning to Winthrop, boldly said: "I desire to know wherefore I am banished."

Winthrop haughtily replied: "Say no more; the court knows wherefore, and is satisfied."

Joseph Wilde was the brother of the Wilde who had been

her bitterest enemy, and who had called her the "American Jezebel"; so she had little to expect in the way of consideration and comfort until the "court should dispose of her."

But the banished woman had followers, and the court found it expedient to issue an order that all "those whose names are underwritten shall upon warning, given or left at their dwelling-houses, deliver . . . all such guns, pistols, swords, powder, shot, and matches, as they shall be owners of, or have in their custody, upon pain of ten pounds for every default to be made thereof."

This shows that the magistrates feared violence from those who believed like Mistress Hutchinson, and who loved and revered their teacher.

Though in delicate health and full of sorrow, Mrs. Hutchinson, prisoner, was not let alone during her stay at Roxbury. Two more "examinations" were held, in which she admitted that she might have been in error upon some points, and expressed sorrow for having at any time censured the ministers, but holding fast to certain points of her theology.

With a harshness that seems incredible, her accusers now sentenced her as a "liar," and she was "excommunicated" from the Boston Church. The Reverend Mr. Cotton, who had once been her friend and ally, admonished her for her grievous sins, and two or three days afterward she was ordered to leave Massachusetts by the end of March.

On the 28th of that month Anne Hutchinson set forth upon her journey to Aquidneck, Rhode Island, where she hoped to commune with God and her fellow-beings according to the dictates of her conscience. Many Bostonians followed her, and amid the forests of the Rhode Island shores she found for a little while a peaceful life with her husband, her children, her friends, and the brave, wise Roger Williams, who was one of the first to teach that men should be free to worship God according to their various creeds.

But even here she who had been driven forth and bidden to trouble no more the land of the Massachusetts Bay colonists was not safe from her old persecutors, who still feared that a new and dangerous sect might arise in their neighborhood.

They sent zealous agents to snatch the "brand from the burning." Many of these visitors continued their examinations, admonitions, and spiritual advice.

At length Mrs. Hutchinson, whose husband had died, determined to go with her family into the Dutch colony of the New Netherlands, where the magistrates did not care quite so much about what the colonists believed. She chose a bad time, however, for Kieft, the Dutch governor, had by cruel treatment aroused the Indians to a sullen resentment, and not long after the arrival of Anne Hutchinson and her little colony savage hostilities broke out.

Anne Hutchinson had planted her settlement in the region of what was afterward called New Rochelle. A stream in the vicinity where her cottage stood still bears the name of Hutchinson's River. Here in her rude cottage she was far from human aid; but she trusted alone to divine protection now; among men, she had met with little but injustice and persecution.

We may imagine how, as the evening shades closed in upon them, the settlers would gather around their leader, who read from the Scriptures and exhorted them to continue fast in the faith she had delivered to them. As the candle-light shone and flickered on her strong face, with its lines of struggle and of sorrow, and the deep, dark eyes were uplifted in a passionate appeal for strength and patience, she seemed to the band of men and women who had followed her to this remote spot divinely inspired.

Far from the molestations of their English brethren, but surrounded by dangers from the natives, and not near enough to claim the protection of the tolerant New Netherlanders in whose colony they had settled, the days of the Hutchinson colony were passed amid hidden perils.

But Anne Hutchinson, the banished exile, the excommunicated teacher of new doctrines, was as little afraid of the wilderness and the Indians as she had been of the power of the Massachusetts court and the Boston Church.

The country lying between Connecticut and the New Netherlands, now New York, was almost unexplored at this

time (1642). No towns or villages dotted the desolate strip of land that bordered Long Island Sound. Governor Kieft's massacres had aroused the fury of the wild tribes with whom wise old Peter Stuyvesant had established friendly relations. Suddenly, when the New Netherlanders were unprepared and unsuspecting, an army of fifteen hundred swarthy warriors swept over Long Island and across the water, killing, burning, torturing the settlers on Manhattan Island, carrying their savage warfare to the very gates of the fort at the Battery. Fire and blood marked their terrible progress, terror spread over Manhattan, and it seemed as if the natives had wrested from the white intruders their old dominion.

Far out across the Harlem River, in the solitude of what is now called Pelham, Anne Hutchinson's weak settlement of sixteen souls was at the mercy of the Indians. The chief who had owned the land of this section according to tribal laws, had sent an Indian, who professed the utmost friendliness to the New England settlers, to find out the strength or weakness of the colony. According to the custom, no doubt, of the head of the colony, the messenger was treated with the hospitality that it was a part of Anne Hutchinson's religion to show to the stranger who should come within her gates. But the Indian spy was the messenger of death; for that night the colony was attacked and every one of that ill-fated settlement perished by club or tomahawk. Anne Hutchinson and all but one of her children perished in the flames of her cottage, the cries of the massacred mingling in her dying ears with the savage whoops of the fiendish murderers. The little girl of eight years, who escaped, was sent back by the Dutch to New England, where to-day many of her descendants live.

It was the custom of the Indians to take the names of the persons they had killed, and Wampage proudly called himself "Anne's Hoeck" after the massacre, which is ground for the belief that the great chief himself was her murderer. A neck of land at Pelham, New York, bears to this day the name of "Anne's Hoeck" or "Anne's Hook."

The brave woman's death was the end of the theological

tragedy of early Boston, but it was the beginning of that religious freedom we have to-day. Mistaken as she undoubtedly was in her methods, and extreme as she was in her beliefs, her methods were in no wise unlawful, and her beliefs were sincere and many of them beautiful. More than two centuries and a half have passed since the martyr of religious intolerance turned for protection to the kindly Dutch, and since she "sealed her faith with her blood" under the cruel hand of Wampage; and to-day her judges are the judged, and stand condemned by their posterity, with but one recommendation to historical mercy—that they probably acted according to their lights and as they were ruled by the spirit of their day and generation.

Little is known about this remarkable woman's daily home life. No anecdotes have drifted down concerning her. Before she had reached the threshold of her new home in Boston her persecution had begun, for Symmes had already warned the magistrates against her.

The story of her life is full of deep meaning. It shows that violence and cruelty are traits of narrow and of otherwise inferior intellects, and that those who are pure in heart and steadfast in purpose are really the ruling spirits of the world, even though they die in upholding their principles.

The name of Anne Hutchinson, the persecuted exile, lives to-day in history as that of the heroine and the martyr of the earliest struggle for intellectual and religious freedom in the American colonies.

DOLLY MADISON

FEW figures on the canvas of American history stand out with such undimmed charm as that of beautiful Dolly Madison. Certainly not one of those kerchiefed dames of the early republic made her public and private life a better example of American womanhood to American girls of the succeeding generations than the bright-eyed Quaker girl-widow who became hostess of the White House in 1809.

By the chances of a parental visit, it was in the Province of North Carolina, under the reign of King George III., that Dolly Payne was born, on May 20, 1768.

By lineage and residence, however, she had good right to call herself a "child of Virginia," for her parents returned to their Hanover County plantation while she was but an infant, and it was at an old field-school in Hanover that she learned her A B C's. Tripping along the woodland paths of her plantation home, coming close to nature, and enjoying the simple, healthful pleasures of country life, the little Dolly passed her early childhood.

Her grandfather, John Payne, was an English gentleman who came to Virginia and married Anna Fleming, a lady of Scotch birth, and who was descended, it is claimed, from the Earl of Wigton, a Scottish nobleman. Her father, John Payne, junior, married Mary Coles, the daughter of an Irish gentleman from Ennescorthy, County Wexford, Ireland. This Mary Coles was on the maternal side descended from the Winstons of Virginia—a family noted for brilliant intellect and aristocratic lineage. Indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that much of Dolly Payne's conversational gift was a legacy from these Winstons. Her mother's cousin, Patrick Henry, the orator, was said to have inherited his talent from his brilliant mother,

Sarah Winston, while another cousin, Judge Edmond Winston, was a local celebrity.

Of the three strains of blood, English, Scotch, and Irish, that flowed in Dolly Payne's veins, the Irish appears to have predominated. The rose-leaf complexion, the laughing blue eyes, the clustering curls of jet-black hair, the quick wit, generous heart, and persuasive tongue—all these were legacies from the County Wexford ancestors; the gentle queenliness of bearing was an inheritance from the high-bred, long-pedigreed Winstons; while sound judgment and common sense—the real source, perhaps, of her success—came to her from the sturdy Scotch branch of the family tree.

The "Cousin Dolly" for whom Dolly Payne was named was the lovely Dorothea Spotswood Daindridge, granddaughter of the famous governor, Sir Alexander Spotswood of Virginia, and also descended from the Winstons. Curiously enough, this "Cousin Dolly" married two of Dolly Payne's mother's cousins—first, Patrick Henry, and after his death, when her little namesake was nine years old, Judge Edmond Winston, making a bewildering maze of cousins as they used to do, and still do, in Virginia.

Dolly Payne's father was a Quaker, so little Mistress Dolly wore her ashen gowns quite down to her toes, and the queer little Quaker bonnets and plain white kerchiefs prescribed for those of her sex by the decree of the Friends, as they were properly called. But this sober dress was not to her mind, it seems, for we read that she wore a gold chain about her neck, under the folds of her kerchief—a sin she confessed to the old black "Mammy Rosy," who no doubt scolded her for such an impropriety, and then petted her and consoled her with an extra allowance for some particularly longed-for dainty.

It was on account of John Payne's religious belief that he set free his negro slaves, sold his plantation, and moved his family to Philadelphia, where he hoped to find more sympathy than was to be had from the Virginia cavaliers. The date of this event comes down to us through the diary of one of the Paynes' neighbors. Mistress Elizabeth Drinker sets

down under the date July 9, 1783, this fact: "John Payne's family came to reside in Philadelphia."

At that time Philadelphia was the metropolis of America. It had four thousand houses and thirty-two thousand inhabitants. The State House, the Old Court House, Christ Church, and Carpenters' Hall must have seemed very grand to the Virginia maiden, who little dreamed of the part she was to play in the social world of the new republic.

Near the governor's house, at Shockamaxon, on the Delaware, the "Treaty Elm," where William Penn, with a blue sash about his waist, held a council with the Indians, was still standing in those days.

John Payne found his financial position much embarrassed after the sale of the Virginia plantation, and was no doubt glad when a desirable suitor in the person of young John Todd, also a Quaker, and a rising lawyer, asked for the hand of Mistress Dolly. Mistress Dolly herself was not enthusiastic in the matter, but she finally yielded to her father's desire and was married to Lawyer Todd on January 7, 1790, in the Friends' Meetinghouse on Pine Street, Philadelphia. No minister, no bridal veil, no bridesmaids at this wedding; no throwing of old shoes, nor any of the merrymaking that Dolly's nature would have liked, perhaps.

Soon after John Payne died, leaving his widow so straitened in means that she had to take in some gentlemen to board. Three years later John Todd died of the yellow fever that swept over Philadelphia, and Dolly Todd was left a young widow in poor circumstances and with one child, Payne Todd, who was in after years to sadden and shadow her life.

In about a year after John Todd's death, Aaron Burr, who had been an inmate of Mrs. Payne's household, introduced the young widow to James Madison, who had already made a wide reputation.

Mrs. Todd, in quite a flutter, wrote to a friend that Burr was going to bring "that great little Madison" to call upon her.

The "great little Madison" called, and in the words of a biographer, "He came, he saw—*she* conquered." Soon Mrs.

Washington sent for Dolly and questioned her about Madison's attentions, strongly advising the youthful widow to accept him as a husband. This advice being to the widow's mind, she did so at once, receiving the President's and Mrs. Washington's hearty congratulations. Dolly's sister had married George Steptoe Washington, the President's nephew, so there was a connection in the two families.

The second marriage was solemnized at "Harewood," the estate of her brother-in-law, in Virginia, September 15, 1794.

From "Harewood" they went to Montpelier, Madison's home, in Orange County, Virginia, traveling over a distance of a hundred miles by coach.

Madison always spelled Montpelier without the double "l," so it seems fitting that biographers should do likewise.

It was through his wife's influence that he was induced to hold his seat in Congress until the end of the Washington administration, which occurred in 1797. With it ended Dolly Madison's life in Philadelphia, for Madison did not come to take part in national affairs again until Jefferson became President in 1801, and in the meantime the seat of government had been moved to the north bank of the Potomac River, and the Capital was called Washington in honor of the nation's chief, who had died in 1799. The man who had framed the Constitution of the United States and was known as the "Father of the Constitution" was needed, and Jefferson appointed Madison Secretary of State. From this time began Dolly Madison's social reign in Washington. From that time she became a power to be reckoned with in political games; for though she made no effort to mix in affairs of state, her influence was felt indirectly in matters of great importance.

In 1809 Dolly Madison's husband succeeded Jefferson as President, and she realized her ambition by becoming the "first lady of the land." She was always equal to the occasion. When shy, awkward youths came to the White House, it was she who put them at ease. When editors of the opposition party grew most bitter, the President's wife was always unfailing in her undemonstrative courtesy and attention to their wives. In her drawing-room opposing elements met

and she smoothed away the friction with one of her rare smiles or with a pleasant word. To have Mrs. Madison offer one her snuff-box was enough to turn enmity to friendship. Even during the trying period of the War of 1812, when Madison was torn to pieces by the peace party, she was the most popular person in the United States.

The story of her cutting out Washington's portrait from the frame, when the British were about to enter the Capital, is a pretty enough story, but it is not true; she had the frame broken because it had to be unscrewed and there was no time to lose; but it was really done by one of the servants.

But still, she was a bit of a heroine to stay in the White House till the enemy was actually upon her. Madison had gone with the Cabinet from Washington, leaving orders that Mrs. Madison should remain till she received a message from him telling her to quit the city.

This she did, staying till General Ross was marching on to Washington. Then she received a penciled note from the President, advising flight. A dinner-party was to be given that very evening, and the British invaders found places set for forty guests, the meats smoking hot before the kitchen fire, and the wines ready to serve when they entered the White House. They sat down, ate the good dinner, and then set torches to the public buildings of the city! Dolly Madison had saved some important papers and what few valuables she could cram into her old-fashioned reticule.

If President Madison, who, though a great statesman, was no man of war, had showed her coolness and judgment, much of the ridicule to which he was exposed would have been avoided.

But when peace came there were bonfires, balls, and rejoicing throughout the country. The President's family was now established in the Taylor Mansion, on the corner of Eighteenth Street and New York Avenue, and here Dolly Madison dispensed liberal hospitality to the throngs of people who came to greet the head of the government and to rejoice at the good news. James G. Blaine said of her: "She saved the administration": but that, perhaps, is too great praise.

At all events, she held greater social and political sway than any other woman of our history. And through it all, she kept pure, and high, and unselfish. It is this that makes her life an example to the girls of our own day and generation.

In the midst of her greatest social glory she had one great grief, caused by her son, Payne Todd, the "American Prince," who had his mother's charm but not her nobility.

After Madison's two terms were over, he returned again to Montpelier, where he lived until the year 1836, when he passed out of the world in which he had left so lasting an impression.

After his death Dolly Madison returned to Washington, where the remaining twelve years of her life were spent in the house that is still called "Dolly Madison's home."

Here the old lady, now in poverty—for Montpelier had been sacrificed to pay the gambling debts of her unworthy son—but still retaining her old tact, received attention from everybody who resided in or came to Washington.

The nation settled a goodly sum upon her, gave her the franking privilege and voted her a "seat in the House."

Dolly Madison died July 12, 1849. Her funeral was conducted with pomp that has marked no other American woman's last rites. The clergy, the Senate, the President and Cabinet, foreign diplomatic corps, judges of the Supreme Court, the officers of army and navy, and the mayor and corporation of Washington, attended. It was a pageant. Her body was finally removed to Montpelier. It lies in a somewhat neglected spot within the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Reviewing her pure, brave, beautiful life, and the courageous way in which she met its sorest grief, we like to think of her as well deserving the tribute paid by a woman to another noble representative of her sex: "The memory cannot be effaced of one lady who kept the traditions of high womanhood safe, above all possible deteriorations of human existence."

MOLLY PITCHER

OLD Monmouth Court House in New Jersey, where the famous battle of Monmouth was fought in the year 1778, preserves many stirring tales of Revolutionary days among its yellowed records: tales of the "Pine Robbers," who spread terror and destruction along the Jersey coasts, and who made the farmers in the neighborhood live very anxious lives—tales of those old days when British Tory and American Patriot were at feud in house and home as well as on the bloody battle-field.

Among these stories of long ago none stirs the blood with a warmer thrill of admiration than that of brave Molly Pitcher, whose heroism on Monmouth field has found a lasting record in the pages of American legend and history.

Some time toward the middle of the eighteenth century, there came to America from Germany an emigrant by the name of John George Ludwig, who settled in the colony of Pennsylvania. Here—in the town of Carlisle, probably, though the exact locality is not positively known—was born to John George Ludwig, October 13, 1744, a little blue-eyed daughter, whom he called Mary.

Little Mary grew up tall and strong and healthy, with the fair complexion and red hair of her German ancestors, and a good deal of their love of home and country. The Ludwigs being poor, Mary became a servant-girl in the family of Dr. William Irvine, an Irish gentleman who was living in Carlisle. This Dr. Irvine, who had come to the colonies as surgeon on board a British man-of-war, afterward became an officer in the Continental or American Army. He was one of the most zealous of the patriots, and it was due to his influence that many of the colonists of Pennsylvania were aroused to a spirit of independence and a

realization of the necessity of asserting and defending their rights. This was no easy task, for a great number of these colonists belonged to the Society of Friends, a religious sect that was opposed to war upon any conditions; and also because most of the proprietary owners were in favor of the crown.

It is on account of General Irvine's nationality, perhaps, that the earlier historians of the Revolution supposed Mary Ludwig to be Irish—a mistake set right by later investigation.

It was while in General Irvine's household, no doubt, that "Molly," as she was familiarly known, first learned to love the country of her birth, and there was sown the seed of that patriotism and loyalty that afterward made the humble servant-girl a soldier and a heroine.

In July of the year 1769 Molly left the roof of her master and became the wife of a barber by the name of John Hays. Whether or not Molly fired her barber with warlike ambition is an open question; but at any rate Hays was commissioned gunner in Proctor's First Pennsylvania Artillery, on December 14, 1775, changing the peaceful occupation of cutting off hair with shears to the more exciting one of cutting off heads with cannon-balls. With a loyalty born of devotion and unselfishness, Molly determined to follow her husband; so when Gunner Hays marched off with Proctor's First, Molly marched with him.

Through the din of battle, the heat of summer, and the cold of winter, the gunner and his faithful wife followed the fortunes of the American army, but it was not until the retreat of our forces at Fort Clinton that Molly's first deed of daring became a byword in tent and camp.

Finding that it was necessary to leave the enemy in possession, Hays started to fire his gun as a parting salute to the British. In the rush and confusion of the moment he dropped his lighted match. There was no time to lose, and there was danger of being captured, so he did not stop. Molly, who was behind him, seized the match from the ground, ran to the gun, touched it off, and then scampered down the hill as fast as her legs would carry her, to join the soldiers. This happened some months before the famous battle of Monmouth.

Down in Monmouth, meanwhile, the people were busy defending themselves from the attacks of the "Pine Robbers," and never dreamed that there would ever be a battle in their neighborhood.

The murmur of the sea on the one side and the murmur of the pine forests on the other made a melody of nature that shut out the distant roar of warfare, and so the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the British army that suddenly aroused them must have been a very great surprise.

The arrival of a French fleet, with the gallant young hero Lafayette, had startled Sir William Howe, who was at that time holding Philadelphia in siege. Sir William and his red-coated officers had been having a gay time in the old Quaker city; there had been balls and dinners and a great carnival during the winter, and when Dr. Franklin, who was with the American Commissioners in France, heard of all this gaiety, he remarked shrewdly: "Howe has not taken Philadelphia, but Philadelphia has taken *him*."

When the French fleet landed, and he knew that France had acknowledged America as an independent government, Howe, perhaps, began to think like Dr. Franklin.

Preparations were made to raise the siege of Philadelphia at once, and Sir Henry Clinton succeeded to the command of the British army, with orders to go to New York by water. This plan of route was changed, however, and so it came about that the line of march was through the Jerseys, and so it happened that old Monmouth became the scene of conflict. The line of the British baggage-wagons was twelve miles long, and the sandy roads made their progress slow.

When Washington heard of Clinton's changed route, he determined to march forward and head him off.

Arriving at a little place called Allentown, the English commander found the American force at his front. He pushed on, and on June 27 encamped at Monmouth Court House on rising ground that was hemmed in on all sides by woods and marshes. General Washington, after grave deliberation, decided to risk the fight; and although the battle was hotly contested, and indeed almost lost three separate times, the Ameri-

can army was victorious. That memorable Sunday, June 28, 1778, was the hottest day of the year. The heat was so great that the soldiers were ordered to take off their coats; yet through the heat and dust and smoke and blood, Molly, the gunner's wife, carried water to her husband, and to the soldiers on the field, all day. The little spring from which she fetched the water was at the bottom of the hill, and instead of a pail, she brought it in a *pitcher*. This, most probably, was the origin of her name, "Molly Pitcher," among the soldiers—a name that from that day has become historic.

There had been a fierce charge of the enemy's cavalry on Hays's gun, and just as Molly was returning with a refreshing drink for the almost perishing men, she saw her husband fall mortally wounded. Rushing forward, she heard an officer say: "Wheel back the gun; there's no one here to serve it."

Checking the blinding rush of tears, Molly threw down her pitcher and seized the rammer of the gun. "I'll fire it," she said; and taking her place beside the dead gunner's cannon, she filled his place during the rest of the day. The story of the brave deed has been told in verse:

"'Wheel back the gun,' the gunner said,
When like a flash before him stood
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair, with eyes aflame,
With lips that falter the gunner's name.
'Wheel back *his* gun that never yet
His fighting duty did forget?
His voice shall speak though he be dead,
I'll serve my husband's gun!' she said."

The next day General Greene sought for Molly, and brought her to General Washington, who praised her for her courage, and presented her then and there with the commission of sergeant in the Continental Army. As the half-dazed Molly stood before the great general in her soldier's coat and cap, cheer after cheer for "Sergeant Molly Pitcher" went up from ten thousand throats. It must have been a stirring scene—stately Washington and the blood-stained, smoke-begrimed figure of the gunner's wife, who was now an officer and forever a heroine—a scene that must to-day thrill the heart of every boy and girl who reads the story of American history!

"Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm stands Washington
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead
A figure clad in motley weed—
A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
Masking a woman's petticoat.
He greets our Molly in kindly wise,
He bids her raise her fearful eyes,
And he hails her there before them all,
Comrade and soldier whate'er befall;
And since she has played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame."

The battle of Monmouth was the only battle of the Revolution in which every one of the thirteen colonies was represented; so Sergeant Molly's deed is a matter of national as well as local pride.

For eight years she did her humble part in the great struggle, and when the war was over she went back to her old home in Carlisle, where she engaged employment as a nurse, and where in later years she kept a little shop.

One can easily imagine how Sergeant Molly's shop was a favorite place for the boys and girls of the town to gather on winter nights, when she would sit behind the counter and tell them about that dreadful winter at Valley Forge, where Washington's brave men suffered from cold and hunger; or on summer evenings how the children would cluster about the veteran's knee and beg to hear again the story of Monmouth.

To the soldiers she was always "Captain" Molly—and the French officers and soldiers admired the woman soldier so much that whenever she passed their lines her sergeant's cocked hat would always be filled with French coins. As she grew old, Molly became garrulous, and she was very fond of rehearsing these old stories of her soldier life.

She made an unfortunate second marriage, taking for a husband a scamp by the name of McCauley, or McKnolly, who lived on her sergeant's half-pay and her hard earnings.

By an especial act of the State legislature she was awarded a pension of eighty dollars a year. This act was passed on February 27, 1822. She died in 1823.

In 1877 the people of Cumberland erected a monument to Sergeant Molly's memory. The inscription reads:

"Molly McCauley,
Renowned in History as Molly Pitcher
The Heroine of Monmouth.
Died January, 1823, Aged 79 years.
Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County
July 4th, 1876."

There is more than a thrilling story in this woman's life; there is a lesson of endurance, loyalty, and courage; and more yet—the lesson of a life not spoiled by praise and popularity.

"Oh, Molly, Molly, with eyes so blue,
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer,
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher!"

THE STORY OF MADELEINE DE VERCHÈRES

EDITED BY BLISS CARMAN

IN the great struggle between France and England for the possession of the American Continent, the French were usually aided by the Algonquin tribes of Indians, and the English by the Iroquois tribes, the famous Five Nations. This stirring up of the Indians of course made the war very barbarous and life for the colonists very unsafe. The houses in the country were deserted, fields lay untilled, and people crowded to the towns for safety. Sometimes the people of a village would gather and all work together for greater protection. But while they worked, sentinels were kept on watch to give warning at the first sign of danger. Everywhere was lurking terror. No man was safe, no life was sure. The trader paddling down-stream with his store of furs, the trapper returning from the woods, the farmer walking behind his plow, each knew that he held his life in his hands. "The enemy is upon us by land and sea," wrote Frontenac; "send us more men if you want the colony to be saved."

Many stories are told of brave deeds done at this time. One of the most famous is that of Madeleine de Verchères, a girl of fourteen, who held her father's fort against the Indians for a whole week.

It was autumn, and all the settlers at Verchères had gone to work in the fields some miles from the fort, leaving only two soldiers on guard. Besides them, in the fort were a man of eighty and some women and children, among whom were Madeleine and her two brothers, one ten and the other twelve.

Everything seemed peaceful and quiet in the hazy afternoon. The crickets sang in the ripe grass; the air was still and warm; there was no sign of danger anywhere. But through the thick forest, which already glowed gold and red beneath the autumn sun, Indians were stealing on their foes. Thinking that all was safe, Madeleine had gone down to the river that flowed not far from the fort. Suddenly through the still air was heard the sound of a gunshot. Hardly had the sound died away when to the girl's startled ears came a cry from the fort. "Run, miss, run!" shouted the old man, "the Indians are upon us!"

Madeleine turned. There, not a pistol-shot away from her, was a band of forty-five or fifty Indians. On the instant she fled like a startled rabbit, her heart in her mouth, her light feet skimming the beaten path. But how long the way seemed! As she ran, she prayed, "Holy Virgin, Mother of God, save me!"

The bullets of forty muskets sang in the air and whistled round her as she fled. It seemed as if she would never reach the fort! "To arms, to arms!" she shouted as she ran, hoping that some one would come out to help her. No one came, but she was well ahead of her pursuers, and with a last burst of speed she reached the gate and sprang inside. With trembling hands and panting breast, she turned and closed and made fast the gate, then was almost overcome with joy at her escape. But that was only for a moment. She must waste no time. There was the fort with its other inmates to be guarded. She ran round the fort to see that all was made safe. Here and there logs had fallen out of the palisades, leaving holes through which the enemy might get in. These she ordered to be replaced, herself helping to carry the logs. As soon as that was done she went to the guardroom where the gunpowder and shot were kept. Here she found the two soldiers hiding in terror. One had a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked quickly.

"I am going to set fire to the powder and blow us all up," he answered.

"You coward!" cried Madeleine, "go!"

She was only a girl of fourteen, but she spoke so sternly that the soldier was ashamed. He blew out his match and left the room.

Madeleine now threw off her white muslin sunbonnet, put on a steel cap in its place, and taking a gun in her hand, turned to her two brothers.

"Now, boys," she said, "let us fight to the death. Remember what father has taught you, that gentlemen must be ready to die for their God and their king."

The boys were only little fellows, but they were as brave as their sister, and taking their guns, they went to the loopholes and began to fire upon the Indians who were now close round the house. The women were much frightened in spite of Madeleine's brave example, and the little children were crying with fear. But this stout-hearted girl comforted them all as well as she could, telling the children that they must not cry, for if the Indians heard, they would learn how hopeless the state of the fort was and would attack more fiercely. So Madeleine encouraged the little band to help in the heroic defense of their stronghold.

All day long the fight lasted, and with the fall of night and darkness a terrible storm came on. The wind howled round the walls, and wailed dismally in the chinks and chimneys. It was a fearful night, and Madeleine, anxiously watching the movements of the Indians as well as she could in the half-light, became sure that they were making ready to attack the fort under cover of the darkness and the storm. She could just see their shadowy figures moving among the shadows of the woods, gliding silently from cover to cover, and always stealing nearer to their prey. It was a sight to try the nerves of the strongest man, but it did not break the courage of this dauntless little French girl. She was made of the finest spirit, and the blood of fearless adventurers and pioneers ran in her veins.

In that howling storm, on the edge of a lonely forest, beset by a band of cruel enemies, Madeleine gathered her little garrison and made a brief speech to them.

"God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies," she said. "But we must watch to-night lest we fall into their snares."

Then she gave her orders to each of the men, posting them as well as she could at the wall. So all night long the Indians heard the steady tread of sentinels on duty. Every hour from fort and blockhouse came the cry, "All's well!" The wily Indians, hearing that call ringing steadily above the storm, were completely deceived; and thinking that the fort was strongly garrisoned, they dared not attack.

Toward morning there was an alarm. The sentry nearest the gate suddenly called out:

"Lady, I hear something."

Hurrying to him, Madeleine peered anxiously through the loophole, straining her eyes to see. And there, against the whiteness of the new-fallen snow, black moving figures could be seen coming close round the house. For a few moments Madeleine watched in fresh dread. Then soft lowing and snuffing was heard, and the girl gave a sigh of relief. These were not Indians, but some of the cattle belonging to the fort that had found their way through the snow back to the gate. There were only a few of them, for the Indians had captured nearly all the herd.

"We must open the gate and let them in," said some one.

"No, no," cried Madeleine, "you forget how cunning these Indians are! Very likely they are behind the cattle, wrapped in skins and ready to rush in the moment we are silly enough to open the gate."

"That is true," said the others.

Then after some talk it was decided to take the risk. For if they were long besieged they might be glad of the cattle to keep them from starving.

Calling her two brothers, Madeleine placed them one on each side of the gate, with their guns in their hands and their fingers on the triggers ready to fire. Then the gate was carefully opened. One by one the cattle came in, glad to be back in sheltered quarters, and the gate was again closed and barred in safety. And everybody drew a long breath of relief.

So the long night of anxiety wore on and ended at last. And as the sun rose and the darkness fled, the fears and terrors of the night fled too.

The sunlight glittered on the white new snow; the sky was clear and blue; squirrels ran and chattered in the tall dark spruce-trees; and all the beautiful world looked smiling and safe; but the brave little garrison did not dare to go off guard, for no one knew how long the Indians might lurk hidden in the woods. So they took turns at keeping watch, and some did the necessary work of the besieged household, while others rested. So the short bright day passed and another long night shut down on those brave defenders. It was starlight and cold, and the guards could see their breath in the frosty air as they tramped steadily to and fro and cried their "All's well!" in the still night. Luckily their foes made no attempt to attack them, and so another night and a day passed, and another and another.

The brave little garrison still kept watch in the closed fort. And now and again they caught glimpses of the Indians prowling about in the woods. Hour by hour Madeleine marched round the posts, always smiling, always speaking cheering words, however uneasy she might be at heart. For the first two days and nights she hardly slept, never laying down her gun nor taking off her clothes.

And so a week went by. On the seventh night Madeleine had gone into the guardroom to rest, for she was very weary. With her musket still in her arms, she sat down, laid her head upon the table for a moment—and went to sleep. How long she sat there she did not know. Suddenly she started wide awake in a panic. Listening, she heard the tramp of men around the house. Springing up, she seized her gun.

"Who goes there?" she called out into the darkness.

"French," came the reply; "it is La Monnerie come to help you."

Oh, how good his voice sounded! Running to the gate, Madeleine threw it open. But even now she did not forget to be careful. Posting a sentinel, she marched out to meet the Frenchmen, to the cheering of her little band.

"Sir, you are welcome," she said, giving La Monnerie, the leader, a military salute. "I surrender you my arms."

"Lady," replied the captain, bowing low before her, "they are in good hands."

"Better than you know, perhaps," replied Madeleine proudly.

With that she turned and led the way, and La Monnerie and his soldiers marched into the fort. Wonderingly he made a tour of the defenses and found all in good order, each "man" at his post. It was perhaps the strangest, bravest garrison he ever had seen. Among them were a man of eighty and a boy of ten; and this slim girl of fourteen was their leader!

"Sir," said Madeleine, a little wearily but with a joyful pride, "relieve my men. We have not been off duty for eight days."

THE STORY OF LAURA SECORD

EDITED BY BLISS CARMAN

IN the early years of the nineteenth century the great Napoleon was fighting England. He was fighting her on many a bloody battle-field; and he was fighting her in other ways, doing his best to ruin British trade and shipping. He forbade any country to trade with Great Britain, and his ships watched the seas, ready to attack any vessel carrying goods to British ports.

King George's ministers replied by forbidding any nation to trade with France, and threatened to seize all ships carrying goods to French ports. Here was a state of things likely to ruin the trade of many lands. The United States did a great deal of trading with France, and the Americans were very angry with King George and his government for the Orders in Council, as the decree was called. They quite forgot that Napoleon had begun the quarrel by forbidding people to trade with Britain.

Great Britain, being an island, has always needed a large navy to watch her shores. At this time it was difficult to find enough sailors to man her ships, and sometimes, too, the sailors would run away. So the British claimed the right to search all ships belonging to neutral countries (that is, all countries taking neither one side nor the other in the quarrel), in order to find runaway sailors. Countries at war have always had this right, but it made the Americans angry, and on June 18, 1812, they declared war against England once more.

The Americans of course did not sail across the sea to fight Great Britain there. They had no thought of that. But they would have been glad to possess another and much nearer land. They marched over into Canada and carried the war

into that country. The Canadians had really nothing to do with the quarrel, and the Americans thought that Canada would not wish to fight for England, because a large part of Canada was settled by French people and had only lately been conquered by England. They were much mistaken. The French of Quebec had been allowed complete self-government under British rule—had been allowed to keep all their national customs, beliefs, and habits—and they remained loyal to England.

If you look on the map, you will see that all across the continent of North America the United States and Canada lie side by side. The line where one country touches another is called a frontier. Canada had seventeen thousand miles of coast and frontier to defend, and not six thousand men to do it with. And Great Britain, fighting in Europe against Napoleon, had few soldiers to spare.

But the people of Canada, both French and English, gathered to defend their homes. Many Indians, too, well pleased with British rule, joined them, and the Americans found they had no easy task in front of them.

One of the great heroes of this war was Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. He was not a Canadian born, and had been only about ten years in the country. But he was a true Canadian at heart. He was a gallant soldier and a wise general, and his men loved him and were ready to follow him anywhere. Again and again he led his soldiers to victory, defeating armies two or three times larger than his own. But at last at the battle of Queenston Heights on the Niagara, he was killed. "Don't mind me!" he cried, as he fell, "push on, boys!" And with a cry of "Revenge the general!" his men rushed on, scattering the enemy in flight. Swearing, cheering, sobbing, they pursued the fleeing foe till night fell. It was a victory indeed, but one dearly bought with the life of their brave commander.

There were many other men who won themselves great and honorable names in this struggle. But it was difficult to find another commander as brave and as clever as Brock. So back and forth the fortune of war swayed, now one side winning, now another. Many battles were fought, many brave

deeds done, but we must hear how a woman once saved the British from defeat.

A British officer named Fitzgibbon had been sent to hold a post called Beaver Dams, about twelve miles from Niagara. He had only sixty men, half of whom were Indians. The post was important, and the Americans made up their minds to seize it. With great secrecy they made their preparations to take the place by surprise, for a few miles off, at a place called Twelve Mile Creek, lay another force of two hundred men. The Americans hoped to surprise Fitzgibbon so that he should have no time to get help.

But the secret leaked out. A Canadian named James Secord, who was lying ill, overheard their talk and learned their plans. He had fought with Brock at Queenston Heights, where he had been badly wounded, and he was still unable to move.

With five hundred men, fifty horses, and two cannons, the Americans were marching upon the handful of men at Beaver Dams. Secord knew this, but could do nothing. To the helpless sick man the knowledge was torture. Only twenty miles away his fellow-countrymen were awaiting certain death, and there was no means of warning them! There was no man he could send, for all the country was watched by American sentinels. Even if any man had been willing to risk his life, Secord knew of none he could trust. But there was one person that he could trust—his wife. To her he whispered the thought that tormented him.

"They must all die," he said, "for lack of a word of warning!"

"But that shall not be," said Laura Secord, "I will go."

So as the sun rose on a still June morning Laura Secord started on her long and dangerous walk. And she had to be very careful not to arouse the suspicion of the sentinels. So she made no sign of haste. There was nothing to show that she was beginning a journey. In order to deceive people more easily, she set out slowly driving a cow before her, as if she were taking it home to be milked. So she passed the American sentinels in safety. Slowly down the country road she passed,

with excitement in her heart, you may be sure, but not a trace of it in her look or manner.

The birds were singing in the dawn, the air was sweet with the scent of wild flowers, and as that brave woman walked, her dress brushed the dew from the grass. But she had no eyes nor ears for the beauty of the day. With beating heart she strolled along. And at last the edge of the forest was reached. Under the shadow of the great trees passed the woman and the cow. Soon they were deep in the forest, shut from all eyes. Then there was no more need of pretense. Leaving her cow to find its way home as best it might, Laura ran through the cool still woods upon her heroic errand. The way was rough, but she did not hesitate. On and on she went, panting, breathless, now stopping a moment to rest, now hurrying on again, startled by a rustle in the bushes, trembling at the call of some wild animal, but always pressing forward to the end of her journey. She was not made of the stuff that turns aside for difficulties.

A walk of twenty miles along a level well-made road may not seem a great task for a strong woman used to life in the country. But to go twenty miles through a pathless wilderness, up hill and down, over rocky streams, through swamp and bog, haunted every moment by danger of discovery, is a task that needs all the strength and courage of a brave woman.

Hour after hour Laura walked and ran and scrambled onward. The sun rose high and beat down in the hot woods; the brambles caught and tore her clothes; the stones bruised her feet. Still she pushed on. At last the sun began to sink; twilight came, and the moon rose, before she neared the end of her journey. Just as she thought her labor was over, Indians rushed out upon her from behind some trees and barred her path. For a moment it seemed that all her toil and courage had been of no use, and that a death of torture was to be her fate. Then with relief she saw that the Indians were friendly, and in a few minutes she was led before Fitzgibbon.

Quickly Laura's story was told, and as the soldier listened he bowed in respect before the brave woman. Then with



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT TREES PASSED THE
WOMAN AND THE COW.



glowing words of thanks and praise ringing in her ears, she was led away to a nearby farmhouse to rest.

Fitzgibbon made his plans quickly. First he sent a messenger hurrying toward Twelve Mile Creek to ask for help. Then he ordered his Indians to scatter through the woods and watch for the approach of the enemy.

The night passed quietly, but as day dawned, the gleam of steel was seen and the tramp of men was heard. As the Americans came on, the Indians, yelling horribly, fired upon them from all sides. They made so much noise and fired with such deadly aim, keeping out of sight all the time, that the Americans believed there were hundreds against them. For two hours this fight against an unseen foe lasted. Then the Americans began to waver. Their leader was uncertain what to do. Believing himself surrounded, he hesitated whether to go on or to go back. At this moment Fitzgibbon, at the head of his thirty redcoats, appeared bearing a flag of truce. The firing ceased, and after a few minutes' parley the American commander surrendered.

Fitzgibbon had hardly expected to succeed so easily. Now he scarcely knew what to do with the prisoners he had made. How could thirty soldiers and a few savages guard five hundred? But soon, by good fortune, two hundred men arrived from Twelve Mile Creek, and his difficulties were at an end.

Canada did not forget Laura Secord and her brave deed. Nor did Britain forget her. Years later, when the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII., visited Canada, he found time in the midst of many balls, parties, and official engagements, to go to see an old woman, and hear from her own lips how, when she was young, she had carried a message through wood and wilderness to save her country from defeat.

HEROISM OF RELIGIOUS DEVOTION

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS CRUSADER, LOUIS IX., KING OF FRANCE*

IN the name of the all-powerful God, the good King Louis was born on the feast-day of St. Mark, the 25th day of April, in the year 1215.

He was crowned in his twelfth year on the first Sunday in Advent, when the Mass begins thus: "Good God, I have raised my heart and soul toward Thee; I put my trust in Thee!"

It was needful that God should help the good King in his youth, for his mother, Queen Blanche of Castile, was a Spanish woman and a foreigner. And at first, the barons of France took but little heed either of her or of little Louis. Instead, they made the King's great-uncle, the Count of Boulogne, their leader, and obeyed him as their true lord.

It happened at the coronation of the little King that the barons, by way of beginning their rebellion, commanded Blanche, the Queen Dowager, to deliver up to them all the lands that belonged to the crown of France.

She refused to obey so unjust a demand. These noblemen, then consulting together, agreed to set the Count of Brittany against the King. When, therefore, this same Count of Brittany began to make war on the domain of Louis, the nobles (having privily decided on their actions) brought no more than two knights each with them to battle in defense of

* Taken for the most part from the chronicles of the Sieur John of Joinville, his seneschal.

King Louis. By this means they hoped to give the victory to the King's enemy.

But their treacherous plan failed, for by God's will the loyal Count of Thibaut was moved to bring out all his forces—a goodly number of gallant knights, who did such marvelous deeds in the King's defense that the Count of Brittany was forced to retreat in discomfiture. Afterward he surrendered himself to the mercy of the King, who graciously pardoned him.

Thenceforward Louis traveled through his kingdom in security. The Queen Blanche ordered all matters pertaining to the education of her son, showing such care and wisdom in her task, that when the Prince came to his full manhood he was right well prepared for his royal duties.

Indeed, no King of France can ever equal him in sobriety, justice, and mercy. He was beloved of all his subjects from the greatest noble even to the most wretched serf. In good sooth, he was adored and worshiped as a saint by the beggars and the sick folks, for these he cherished above all others, giving alms and administering to their wants every day of his life.

And not only was he the gentlest and the sweetest-mannered King that sat on the throne, but he was a brave and valiant soldier. This he quickly proved when the Count de la Marche and the King of England joined together to make war on France. He attacked them and forced them to such disadvantages that they were glad to retire. The King of England returned discomfited to Saxony whence he had come, while the Count de la Marche surrendered his person to King Louis, together with his wife, his children, and his lands, and a great sum of money.

Some little while after this victory, St. Louis fell grievously sick. So ill was he that all those who loved him feared he would die. Crowds of people stood outside the palace waiting to hear how he fared. Great processions walked the streets on their way to the churches where they prayed for his speedy recovery. The richest nobles, the poorest beggars,

knelt there side by side, eager to show their love and their sorrow.

Despite their prayers the King grew worse. Believing death to be near, he bade farewell to all his household and to his family; then he swooned. One of the ladies who watched by the bedside began to cover up the King's face, believing him dead; but another, staying her hand, cried: "No! no! Not yet! The King still lives!"

But many thought him dead. The palace was filled with the noise of weeping and lamentation. The terrible news spread. The people left their homes to throng the churches, weeping and praying. In the palace, the King's mother, his brothers, and Queen Marguerite, his fair wife, still hoped.

While they knelt about his bed praying silently, of a sudden the King stirred and began to sigh. Afterward he stretched out his arms and legs, and spoke, but in so dull and hollow a voice that they who heard him trembled. It sounded like the voice of one newly returned from the grave.

"The grace of God hath visited me from on high and reached me from the dead," said King Louis. Then, when he had quite come to himself, he commanded that the Bishop of Paris should be brought before him.

When the Bishop and another priest stood beside the bed, the King said: "My Lord Bishop, I beg you to place the cross of foreign pilgrimages upon my shoulders."

"Sire and master, bethink you what you do," cried the Bishop in distress. "Methinks 'tis more needful to keep peace in your own kingdom than it is to make war on another."

"Oh, my dear lord; have a care," cried Queen Marguerite, holding fast to the King's hand. "Put not thy sacred person in such dire peril, for our love's dear sake."

"Sweet son, wait, I pray thee, until thy sickness is altogether healed before pledging thy word," the Queen Mother said.

"Not a morsel of bread, not a drop of wine, shall pass my lips until you have given me the cross," Louis repeated

over and over again, and with such unusual anger and force that at last the good Bishop, in much sorrow, obeyed his sire and master.

When it was known over the land that Louis had taken the cross, many more sorrowed for the King, weeping bitterly, as if he were already dead. But Louis ever rejoiced. "Now am I healed of my grievous sickness," said he, and taking the cross, he kissed it and laid it on his heart.

By causing the cross of foreign pilgrimages to be put on his shoulder, Louis had pledged himself to go and fight the Infidels in the Holy Land.

For a hundred and fifty years the fierce Moslems had inhabited Palestine and all the blessed country where our Lord Jesus Christ had lived when upon this earth, and no pious pilgrim, no good Christian, could visit the holy shrines for fear of these cruel unbelievers. There came a time when the Pope called on all those who loved to fight in a good cause to join together to free Jerusalem from the Infidels.

Priests, monks, soldiers, knights, princes and kings gathered together from all parts of Europe at his word, and thus began the first Crusade.

There had been six Crusades in all before Louis IX. bound the holy cross on his arm, and still Palestine and the surrounding country was in the hands of the Moslems. The Infidels had even begun to threaten Europe, swarming over the frontier of Germany. This made Louis uneasy lest France too should be in danger, and most likely this thought helped to keep his purpose firm.

Yet four years passed before he was ready to start for the Crusades. When he went, he left his kingdom safe under the wise rule of the Queen Mother, Blanche of Castile. Queen Marguerite went with him, also his three brothers and their wives, besides nearly all the great nobles and barons of France.

Before going, the good King caused a proclamation to be made, in which he asked all the people who had been unjustly dealt with in any way to come forth and declare their wrongs, so they might have redress.

In these days, much of the land belonged to the crown—

that is, to the king. The king would divide these great estates among his high nobles and counts, and they in return paid him homage and fought for him in battle.

The nobles and counts then divided up their lands among their different knights, who in return did them loyal service in battle. Again, these knights would give some of the land to common men, farmers and serfs, who paid rent for it in money, in food, and in fighting under the knights in battle. And this way of using the land, so that every man save the peasant and serf became another man's master, and the king master and lord of all, was called the feudal system.

Of course, if the lords and knights were cruel, wicked men, they treated the peasants very unjustly, and even unmercifully. King Louis, always so thoughtful for the good of his kingdom, knowing that often injustice was done, desired to right every wrong before he set forth on his high task. Then, having made all preparations and having been blessed by the Pope, the pious King set sail with all his train for Cyprus; and from thence, after some delay, for Egypt, where he meant to begin the war.

For a short while after they had landed, the Crusaders, captained by St. Louis, triumphed. The town of Damietta was captured, and there Queen Marguerite, her ladies, and her guard took up their abode, while the King and his great army marched toward Cairo, the capital of Egypt.

But the way up the Delta of the Nile, threaded by the many branches and canals of the great river, was a difficult way for an army to go. The march was slow. Bridges and dams had to be built and fords discovered by which to cross the rivers, and before the Christians could reach Cairo the town of Mansurah must be won.

It was on December 21 that the army came before the high-sided, deep-watered canal, which formed a triangle with the Nile. Over across the canal the Moslems were encamped.

The Crusaders busied themselves in making a causeway over which they might march to fight the Moslems; but the cunning Moslems never ceased attacking them from their high towers. King Louis saw at last that it would be well-

nigh impossible to finish the causeway, for whatever work the Crusaders did was speedily ruined by the Moslems. Therefore he called his barons to consider what should be done.

Sir Hubert Beaujours, Constable of France, then addressing the King, said: "Sire, a Bedouin has lately come to say that if we will give him five hundred gold bezants he will show a safe ford, which may be easily crossed on horseback."

"I will cheerfully give him the money if he speak truth," cried the King.

It was then determined that Louis, with his three brothers, the Counts of Poitiers, Artois, and Anjou, should lead the men over the ford, and this they did on Shrove Tuesday.

The Moslems, seeing the gallant company advancing on them, fled in terror, but the moment the Count d'Artois had crossed the ford and saw the Moslems fleeing, he stuck spurs to his horse and galloped after them. So also did the Knights Templars; and they followed the enemy into the city of Mansurah, and there, alas! the King's brother, for his rashness, was slain, and three hundred of his knights with him.

This caused much confusion among the French, yet was King Louis himself not dismayed. He came with all his attendants and with a terrible noise of trumpets and clarions and horns. Never was there seen so noble a knight, for he seemed to tower among his fellows, taller by head and shoulders, a gilded helmet on his head, a great sword in his hand. You should know, then, that in this engagement were performed on both sides the most gallant deeds that were ever done, for none made use of the bow, crossbow, or other artillery. The battle consisted of blows given by battle-axes, swords, and butts of spears all mingled together.

It was also said that, but for King Louis, the French would have altogether lost the day; for six Turks seized his horse's rein in order to take him prisoner, and he was delivered by himself alone; and when the Christian soldiers, who had been weakening, saw how the King defended himself, they took courage; some of them ceased to cross the stream and came to the King's aid.

By night the Christian army occupied the Moslem camp.

Nevertheless this victory failed to discourage the Infidels, who attacked the French again that same week. They were beaten back, but at the cost of such loss of life among the Christians that henceforward Louis kept his army on the defensive; and not only did the King lose men in battle, but by sickness also and starvation. St. Louis himself fell sick, and it was not long before he had to retreat across the canal again.

Matters grew worse and worse; men died by hundreds of the fever, and thousands were too weak to walk; it was pitiful to hear their cries of pain. The good King Louis then saw that he could not remain where he was without perishing, and he gave the order to retire, commanding the masters of the galleys to have their ships ready to receive the sick on board and carry them to Damietta. Likewise the engineers were ordered to cut the ropes that held the bridges between his army and the Moslems; but this they neglected to do, which was the cause of much evil.

When the army at last set forth on their march, King Louis rode with the rear-guard. He was mounted on a small Arab horse with only a housing of silk on him, he being too weak to bear armor; and of all his men-at-arms one only rode with him, a good knight, Sir Geoffroy by name.

Now, when they reached a certain village, King Louis found himself too weak to proceed farther. Moreover, the Moslems, having crossed the uncut bridges, attacked and harassed the Christians at each step of the way. Sir Geoffroy, fearing the King was sick unto death, gave him into the care of a woman who happened to be there.

Presently, up came Sir Philip de Montfort, who offered to go to the Sultan to make treaty with him. King Louis bade him godspeed, and all would have been well, for Sir Philip was about to make honorable terms with the Sultan, when a stupid and treacherous sergeant set up a loud shout among the French, crying: "Sir Knights, surrender yourselves! The King orders you through me to do so, and not cause yourselves to be slain." At these words all were thunderstruck, but thinking the King had indeed sent such orders, they gave up their arms and staves to the Moslems.

The commander of the Sultan's army beholding this, said at once that he could not agree to make truce with an army which had already been made prisoner; and now our gracious King was captured by the Moslems, and many nobles and knights with him.

There was much talk among the rich Christians about the money they were willing to pay for the release of their friends; but the King, when he heard it, commanded that no one should pay a single piece of gold in ransom for any of his army. He feared that only the nobles with rich friends would be rescued, while the poor common folk might be left to their fate and be prisoners among the Infidels forever.

The Moslems, having threatened the King with torture because he would not give what they asked, now demanded of him how much money he was willing to pay for his own ransom and that of his army. King Louis answered that he would willingly pay five hundred thousand pounds for the deliverance of his army, and he would surrender to them the town of Damietta for the deliverance of his person, since he was not such an one as ought to be ransomed with money.

After a long delay, the Moslems consented, the money was paid, Damietta delivered to the Infidels, and the King, with his army, was free to return to France again if he would. But the good King was not willing to give up all hope of ever conquering the Moslems, and winning the Holy Land from them at last.

He sent back one of his brothers with many other noble knights to France, in order that they should return bringing him more money and soldiers. While awaiting them, Louis betook himself to Acre, where he worked hard to rescue all the French soldiers whom the Moslems, breaking the treaty, had treacherously refused to set free.

Thus for four long years he waited, hoping from month to month to be able to begin another campaign against the Moslems. But neither soldiers nor money came to him from France, and no chance did he ever have given him. Moreover, the wise Queen Blanche, his mother; the Queen Regent, died,

so King Louis had to set sail again for France, where he was much needed.

He reigned over his kingdom many a good year afterward until twenty-two years had passed. Then he set forth upon a second Crusade, but hardly had the attempt begun when this most worshipful King fell sick and died.

After his death he was made a saint, and his name was written in the calendar of the Church, while his body was buried with much honor in a beautiful church in Paris, which is called the Saint Chapelle, and which he himself had caused to be built ; and there his tomb may be seen even unto this day.

THE STORY OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S forefathers were Scotch Highlanders, and lived in the wild and lonely island of Ulva, till hard times drove the family to settle in the village of Blantyre, among the Lanarkshire cotton-mills, where David was born in the year 1813. His father, Neil Livingstone, an honest, steady, and hard-working man, took a great interest in all that was going on in the world. He was a great reader in many subjects, but was especially fond of books on missionary work. From him David inherited his Highland pluck and hardihood, and also his thirst for every kind of knowledge.

David's mother, Agnes Hunter, came of an old family which, in the days of the Covenanter persecution, had been driven from home to the hills, and had risked torture and death rather than do what they believed to be wrong. She gave him her gentle and kindly nature, and taught him to be neat, orderly, and exact. From her tender but firm upbringing, he gained the brave grip of truth, honor, and justice that makes men do and dare all things for duty's sake.

THE YOUNG MILL-HAND

At the village school of Blantyre David soon learned to read and write. So poor, however, were his parents, that they had to take him away from his lessons at the early age of ten, and set him to work in a cotton-mill. The first half-crown of his earning he took home, and slipped it into his mother's lap. To him it was a small fortune, and would have bought him many coveted things, but he thought of his mother's wants before his own. Later on, as he earned more wage, he bought himself books.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

His holidays were spent in ranging over the countryside with his brothers and sisters, and here too nothing escaped his keen eye and love of knowledge. Every animal, bird, insect, and plant was an interest to him, and he studied them closely, trying to find out all he could about their forms and habits. And while he thus began to learn the wonderful science of nature, he never dreamed that one day in the wilds of Africa he would use his knowledge in digging roots for his supper, or in avoiding vicious beasts and poisonous snakes.

THOUGHTS OF A MISSION

His father had many books and papers on mission work in China and India, and as David read of the wonderful beauty of these countries, and the ignorance and cruelty of their peoples, he sometimes thought he would like to be a missionary. The idea returned to him again and again, but he kept doubting whether he was the right person for the work. One day, however, when he was twenty years old, he happened to read a booklet that told such tales about the poor of China that his mind was troubled and stirred. So heavily did the story of human suffering and wrong weigh upon him that he began to take his country walks alone, in order to think the matter over undisturbed. Every morning he asked himself if he could do nothing to help, and every night he went to bed with the question still unanswered.

But at last there came an evening when he found an answer that made his way quite clear. He watched the sunset lights creep off the hills and clouds and die away in the growing starlight. He heard the thrush, all grateful for the joy of life, sing out its evensong till the calm hush of night stole over the tired world. The peace and beauty of it all seemed to make him sadder than ever. In such a lovely world, where there was room for all, food for all, and joy enough for all, it seemed to him so utterly strange that men could ever even want to cheat, rob, bully, and kill each other, and grab for themselves more than they could possibly use. The depth of his own sadness made him remember how once, in the still-

ness of the sunset hour, Jesus of Nazareth had wandered into an olive-grove, and there had wept in bitter grief over the troubles of men.

Then suddenly the idea came into his mind that at least he could try to imitate the life of Christ as far as lay in his power. In a moment his mind was made up. He walked home with a brisk step and a light heart, and told his parents that he was going to college at Glasgow to learn to be a doctor ; and then he would go out to the Far East to help the sick, and to tell men how they could make the world better and happier by imitating the life of Christ. He soon began carrying out his plan, although not wholly in the way that he had formed it. He did become a doctor—and something besides.

CHOOSES THE MISSION TO AFRICA

At last Livingstone decided to go to Africa ; and accordingly, on December 8, 1840, he set sail for that vast and unknown continent, into which he was one day to bring new light, new hope, and new freedom.

The voyage out to the Cape was a new life to Livingstone, and he made the most of it. The captain taught him how to use a sextant and chronometer, two most important instruments, by whose help voyagers can tell exactly how far they are to the north or south, to the east or west. Often in after life the captain's kindly teaching came to his aid when he lost his way in the wilds, or when he marked some new discovery on the map. In his spare half-hours he would enjoy the many delights and wonders of the southern sea. He watched the dazzling little flying-fish dart like tiny rainbows from beneath the bows, glimmer over the water, and flash into the white comb of a wave. The dolphins, too, like clowns of the sea, amused him with their antics as they leaped and turned somersaults over the waves or sportively raced, two or three abreast, close ahead of the cutwater. Occasionally a monster sperm-whale would rise to the surface like a floating islet, spout his double fountain into the air, and plunge down again into his home. Sometimes, also, a grim and

wicked-looking shark would prowl about the ship's wake in the greedy hope of human prey.

When at last the long voyage was over and Livingstone landed at Cape Town, he found more sights and wonders awaiting him; but he had not been very long ashore before he also found a great disappointment. In spite of the noble efforts of many good men, mission work in South Africa was almost at a standstill. From want of more careful planning, the mission stations were mostly clustered around the Cape instead of being dotted about far into the continent, where black men were much more numerous.

Livingstone soon made up his mind that the only remedy lay in two new plans: first, to make mission stations far up in the thickly peopled native districts and win over the most powerful chiefs; next, to make a training-college whence native teachers could afterward be sent to educate the many tribes.

MISSIONARY JOURNEYS AND PERILOUS ADVENTURES

After a short stay at the Cape, Livingstone was sent into Bechuanaland to Kuruman, the most northern of all the mission settlements in South Africa. He made a number of journeys in many directions, traveling about from tribe to tribe until he had thoroughly learned the nature and resources of the country, and also the language and character of the natives.

On the first of these journeys Livingstone saw evils of slavery that set his heart aching for the freedom of Africa. One of his first acts toward this end was to rescue a young native girl from the hands of a slave-hunter.

Many adventures befell the missionary on his travels; for wild animals, drought, fever, cattle-sickness, and the deadly tsetse-fly, whose bite kills oxen and horses in a few hours, always bring risk and excitement to an African journey. Once, when he was traveling several hundred miles through Bechuanaland in an ox-wagon, the fatal cattle-sickness fell like a plague upon his oxen and killed them all. There was nothing to be done but to desert the wagon and tramp home.

At another time he traveled four hundred miles on ox-back, and found it awkward and uneasy work to keep his seat and avoid the sweep of the poor beast's horns as it shook off the flies that clustered round its eyes and nostrils. During this journey he fell down and broke his finger, and he set the bone with his other hand. Not long after, a lion sprang out of the bush and raided the camp. Livingstone frightened the animal away by firing his revolver, but the kick of the weapon broke his finger anew.

One day he had to fly for his life and hide from an angry rhinoceros which he had disturbed while she was feeding her calf. The vicious brute charged full tilt at his wagon, and with the deadly upward stroke of her horn (a stroke which has been known to kill an elephant), splintered the wheel like match-wood.

MAKES FRIENDS OF THE NATIVES

All this while Livingstone was making friends of the tribes along his track. His manly fearlessness, his good humor and keen sympathy, his kindly eyes full of honesty and truth, soon showed the natives that there was nothing to fear from him. His medical skill got him the fame of a wizard, and black patients from far and near thronged his wagon to be cured of their ills, while some spread the report that he had brought dead men back to life. Apart from this, he had a most wonderful gift of finding his way into the hearts of men.

One chief, Bube, was in difficulty for want of water for his crops. Every tribe had a sorcerer, who was supposed to have the power of bringing down rain when required; but Bube's rainmaker had failed to supply him. Livingstone, however, taught them a surer way than sorcery, for he induced the whole tribe to turn out and dig a ditch from the river to their village, and by thus saving them from famine he won their love and respect. Bube's faith in witchcraft afterward cost him his life. His sorcerer vowed he could take the devil out of some gunpowder by the use of certain burning roots. Poor Bube innocently went to watch the performance, and both were blown out of existence.



SHE SPLINTERED THE WHEEL LIKE MATCHWOOD.

At last, after long waiting, Livingstone got leave from the governors to start a new mission station, and this he did, with the help of a brother missionary, at Mabotsa. His work, however, was delayed by a misadventure that left him with a weak arm for all his days. One day a lion fell upon a flock of sheep near the village and began to kill them right and left. Livingstone went out for a little while to encourage the natives to surround it. The lion, however, broke away from its pursuers, and suddenly sprang out of the bush upon Livingstone; then, pinning him down with a paw on his head, it began to crunch the bone of his arm. A faithful follower diverted the beast from his master, and was himself attacked, but was saved by the lion falling dead of its wounds.

MARRIAGE AND NEW PLANS—FIRST SIGHT OF SLAVES

Soon Livingstone brought Mary Moffat, the daughter of a missionary, from Kuruman, to be his wife. The two were so successful in their work that the jealousy of some of their fellow-missionaries was aroused, and Livingstone was accused of taking more than his share of credit so as to gain the favor of the governors in London. Rather than live as a source of envy to a fellow-worker, he left Mabotsa, and with his wife made several removals. His great mind ran continually upon the welfare of Africa, and he was losing faith in the missionary methods that were then practised. He now believed the best plan would be for Christian emigrants to come and teach the natives useful arts and industries, and to show them by example how to lead better lives.

Livingstone wished to begin a little colony for such settlers. His vain search for a suitable place led to many hardships. After much toilsome travel, he sent his family (he now had four children) to England, and continued his explorations.

Plunder and tyranny seemed to be the custom everywhere. For the first time in his life, Livingstone saw a string of slaves trudging along in hopeless misery beneath their chains. Once a mother was leading her little boy by the hand along

the track, when suddenly a man pounced upon the child, and dragged him away shrieking to lifelong slavery.

Livingstone was at length ready to carry out his plan of finding a way to the west coast. He set out with an escort of twenty-seven Makololo, and went by canoe up the Zambesi and Leeba, till some falls in the Leeba stopped him. From this point he went forward on ox-back, steering by compass as best he could. The trouble and difficulties of the journey were great. His medicine-chest was plundered, and his portable boat was lost. He was twice thrown from his ox, once on his head upon the hard ground, and once in the middle of a ford. He had thirty-one attacks of fever, and had to be his own doctor and nurse. His Makololo were cowards, and often wanted to go back, but Livingstone's patient courage turned them into men. Many of the tribes were very troublesome when he asked leave to pass their borders. One chief refused to let him go by unless he gave up a riding-ox, a gun, or a male slave; but Livingstone's wonderful force of character overcame his demand. At one place the natives refused to sell him food, and threatened to kill him if he did not give them an ox. They crowded round him, yelling and waving their spears and clubs over his head. Livingstone stood his ground with unflinching eye, and his fearless spirit utterly quelled them.

Another chief demanded his riding-ox or his life, and got the reply that he might kill him if he liked, but God would judge. The savage felt that he was in the presence of a greater chief than himself, and quailed before him. So great, indeed, was the power of Livingstone's presence that he once released a string of slaves by merely ordering their captors to let them go. A magic lantern, with pictures from the Bible, helped him much in the management of the natives. They flocked to see it, though many were in terror lest the figures moving off the screen should enter into them as evil spirits. Livingstone humorously said that this was the only service they ever asked him to repeat.

ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER—RETURN TO ENGLAND

In November, 1855, Livingstone found the great falls of the Zambesi. The river, here more than a mile wide, plunged "like a downward smoke" three hundred sheer feet into a chasm, and then went seething and swirling away through a narrow zigzag rift. Twice as large as the Canadian Niagara, its spray darkened the sun above it, and its thunder boomed for miles. As in reverent silence he watched this mighty force flow on, Livingstone felt—

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!"

and he longed more than ever to see this lovely land in freedom and at peace.

Before leaving the "Mosi-oa-tunya," or the "Sounding Smoke," Livingstone changed its name to the Victoria Falls; but he little thought that in less than fifty years a railway bridge would span the gorge down which its waters swept.

While his men and stores were crossing the Loangwa, Livingstone kept some unfriendly natives quiet by amusing them with his watch and burning-glass till all were safe. Once he was mistaken for a half-caste Portuguese slaver, and only saved his life by showing the color of his breast and arms. His riding-ox took a determined dislike to his umbrella, and would not permit him to use it; so he suffered much from the rain, and even had to carry his watch in his armpit to keep it dry.

In one respect his great journey was a failure: he had not found a really good route to the sea. Nevertheless he had found out two facts unknown to the world before. First, Central Africa was not a desert, but could produce metals, coffee, cotton, oil, sugar, corn, and many other things needed for the world's use. Second, the natives were capable of being taught by gentleness and justice to make good use of their lives. These facts Livingstone wrote to the King of Portugal, telling him also that canals and roads could be easily made by the natives under good white leaders; then he set out

for England to publish his knowledge in a book which he called "Missionary Travels."

He reached London in December, 1856, and was at once lionized all over the kingdom. People were so full of encouragement that he felt it his duty to go on with the career he had begun. Even Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and Lord Palmerston sent for him to praise his work, while the Royal Geographical Society and other public bodies held meetings in his honor.

ON THE ZAMBESI AGAIN

When in 1858 Livingstone once more set sail for the Cape, he took his wife with him, but left his children behind. At Cape Town the people did all they could to give him a happy welcome. Continuing his voyage in the "Pearl," up the east coast of Africa, he reached the mouth of the Zambesi, which enters the sea through many channels between low and swampy islands covered with thick jungle.

Left and right the banks lay dark under the dense mangrove thicket, or shone bright with shrubs and flowers beneath tall palms and fern-trees, and forest timber laden and twined with creepers. Strange birds wheeled in bright flocks above them, or flashed in single brilliance across the stream. Here and there were open stretches where a startled buffalo or zebra made off into the long grass, or a lazy rhinoceros could be heard wallowing and grunting out of sight among the giant reeds.

To those who had not seen this country before, it was indeed a new fairyland of wonders. The native huts were built high in the air upon long stakes, with ladders reaching from their doorways to the ground. Down these the natives came scrambling in eager haste to see the "Pearl." Some of them took her for a floating village, and others asked if she was hollowed out of a single tree-trunk like their own canoes.

When the river became too shallow for so large a ship, Livingstone landed his stores on an island, and then went forward in a small steamer sent out by the government for use on the Zambesi. The steamer proved to be a failure.

She had been built to burn wood instead of coal; but it took all her crew three days to cut enough fuel to drive her for two days. She was so slow that native canoes easily outstripped her; and she snorted, and creaked, and wheezed to such an extent that she was nicknamed the "Asthmatic." This was a most grievous drawback to the expedition, but Livingstone, as usual, made the best of it. He took his stores to Shupanga, a Portuguese village near the point where the Zambesi is joined by another fine river called the Shire. Then by slow degrees he made his way up stream to Tete. Here he had left his Makololo bearers on his former visit. They were overjoyed to see him again. Some of them rushed to embrace him, but others cried out, "Don't touch him—you'll spoil his new clothes." People had told them that Livingstone would never return, but the Makololo knew he would never break his word. "We trusted you," they told him, "and now we shall sleep."

EXPLORING THE RAPIDS

Twenty miles above Tete the river broke through a chain of hills, and at this point the "Asthmatic" was stopped by the Kebrabasa rapids. The river ran swiftly down a narrow valley, with the current broken here and there by jagged rocks or smooth water-worn boulders. At this season the river was at its lowest, and Livingstone decided to explore the rapids on foot; for he thought it might yet be possible for small steamers to pass them when the river was full.

Accordingly, he and his fellow-explorer, Dr. Kirk, set out with a native guide and some of the Makololo to make the matter sure. They followed up the bed of the river as best they could, taking measurements and notes as they went. Sometimes their way was over smooth terraces of rock; sometimes they scrambled over boulders; and once they had to wade up to their waists in spite of the risk of crocodiles. At night they slept under trees, and were lucky enough to be left alone by wild beasts, though a native across the river was killed one evening by a leopard.

When at last they reached the head of the rapids, their guide declared that now there was nothing but smooth water before them. Thinking their difficult task was at an end, they began to return, but that night two natives came into camp, and said there was another rapid a few miles up stream.

Taking three of the Makololo with them, Livingstone and Kirk went back again to settle the question. They found a narrow gorge, whose sides rose steeper than a gable roof from the river to the sky-line, two thousand feet above them. Up this they scrambled, cutting their way through the prickly scrub, and crawling over the face of the sloping cliff. The sun struck into the gorge with such force, that the rocks reeked like heated steel; and the climbers' hands could hardly bear their grip long enough to gain firm foothold. Even the Makololo, whose naked soles were hard and tough as shoe-leather, limped with the pain of their burned and blistered feet. They turned to Kirk, and said that Livingstone no longer had a heart, and must be stark mad to try to climb where no wild animal would go. Losing all courage, they wanted to lie down and sleep in the hollows, but Livingstone's pluck and spirit carried them through.

After a scramble so steep and dangerous that they took three hours to climb one mile, the party reached a spot overhanging the rapid. Here the cliff dropped a hundred feet sheer into the stream, and rose like a wall just a short stone's throw across it. Into this narrow pass the whole wide river was crowded, and the current sped swiftly down, broken here and there into a white fleece by a ridge of jutting rock. They saw the flood-mark eighty feet up the opposite cliff. But Livingstone turned away in keen disappointment; for though a powerful steamer might stem the rapid at high flood, the river was useless as a waterway for most of the year.

DISCOVERY OF LAKES

While journeying on foot in the Shire River region, Livingstone climbed over the mountains to the eastward, and found Lake Shirwa, whose waters were stagnant and bitter.

His native guide told him there was a much larger lake to the northward; so Livingstone, after returning for supplies, once more started in search of it.

The way led over the highlands of the Manganja country toward the head of the Shire valley. The natives were warlike, but Livingstone had no trouble with them, and easily bought all the food he wanted with a few yards of calico or a handful of beads. The women wore their hair quite short, and disfigured themselves with a large ring of ivory or tin through the upper lip. The men kept their hair long, and did it in as many fashions as white women. Sometimes they stiffened it with strips of bark into the likeness of a buffalo's horn or tail; sometimes they shaved off patches in the shape of some wild animal, and then thought themselves very beautiful.

At last, on September 16, 1859, Livingstone came upon the magnificent Lake Nyassa, stretching away to the sky-line like an inland sea. Out of its waters the river Shire ran smooth and deep all down the long valley to the Murchison Cataracts. Forty miles of road could easily be made past these falls, and then the great Nyassa would be open to the sea. The uplands of the Shire valley were healthy and fertile, and here at last was the place where a colony of Christian emigrants might teach and show the Africans a life of righteousness and industry. Moreover, Livingstone saw that, as all the slave traffic had to cross the river or the lake, a single small steamer could soon put an end to the trade.

He therefore wrote home, and promised £2,000 from the price of his book to be spent in sending out suitable emigrants. At the same time he asked the government for a new vessel to replace the dying "Asthmatic," and he also offered £4,000 toward a little steamer for Lake Nyassa. In the meantime, while waiting their arrival, he kept a promise he had made to the Makololo, and started up the Zambesi to take them home to Linyanti.

ONCE MORE TO ENGLAND AND BACK AGAIN

After other explorations and adventures, Livingstone returned again to England, and wrote an account of his travels in a book called "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." He was sought out everywhere for speeches, lectures, and entertainments; but as soon as his work in England was finished he returned to Zanzibar to carry out the purpose of his life.

Before Livingstone left England the prime minister sent to ask him if there was anything he wanted. Many men would have asked for money or a title, but Livingstone thought of nothing but his work. His only request was that the government would make a treaty with Portugal to put down slavery and open the Zambesi to honest trade. He was then called before a committee of the House of Commons, who heard all his opinions about Africa and the slave trade. Yet all the government did at the time was to give him £500 toward his expenses, and to make him consul of Central Africa, but without a salary and without a pension. His friends in the Royal Geographical Society gave £1500 toward the new expedition, and Livingstone promised them that he would try to discover the true sources of the Congo and the Nile.

HARDSHIPS AND PERILS

In March, 1866, Livingstone landed near the mouth of the Rovuma, and at the age of fifty-three began the seven long years of hardship, misery, and pain that wore him to his death. Thirty-six bearers came with him, of whom thirteen were Sepoys from Bombay, and ten were natives of Johanna.

It was not long before his troubles began. The Sepoys had charge of the animals, and neglected them so shamefully that one by one the poor creatures died. Livingstone found he could not trust one of the thirteen out of his sight, and at last they grew so troublesome that he sent them back to the sea. His next discovery was that the ten natives from Johanna were rascals and thieves. Moreover, the country had been

ravaged by slavers, and food grew scarcer and scarcer, till at length they lived mainly on maize, or Indian corn, and the few pigeons and guinea-fowl shot by the way. The signs of the slave trade were terrible. Here, nothing seemed too brutal to be done. Even women were tied to trees and left to starve, because they were too worn out to trudge any longer.

Owing to the slave trade, food was scarce, and the natives had little to sell. For many days the explorer lived on African maize, helped down with milk from some goats he had brought for the purpose. The next misfortune was the loss of his goats, and this left him to break and loosen his teeth on the tough, hard maize, while he dreamed of delicious and savory dinners. This want of food made him very weak, and moreover, the toils of the march were great. Often he had to wade through marshes up to the waist; and after the burning day, with its clouds of flies, came the damp heat of night, with clouds of mosquitoes bringing fever in their poisonous bite. All this was trouble enough, but worse still happened.

One day a native bearer, possibly bribed by a slaver, disappeared with Livingstone's medicine-chest, and he was now left defenseless against fever. Soon he became so ill that he sometimes lay insensible on the ground; but still his pluck carried him through, and at last, in April, 1867, he reached a friendly village, on Lake Tanganyika, where he found rest and better food.

The curse of slavery seemed everywhere in the land. On his way to Bangweolo, Livingstone had passed some slaves trudging along in their slave-sticks, yet singing as they went. Their only hope was death; and they were looking forward with revengeful joy, because they ignorantly believed their spirits could return and kill their captors. The meaning of their chant was, "Oh, you send me to the seacoast, but my yoke is off in death; back I'll come to haunt and kill you." Then, as a chorus, they hissed between their teeth in bitter hatred the names of those who had robbed them of their freedom.

Livingstone at length set out for Ujiji on the eastern shore

of Lake Tanganyika. The journey was a terrible one; for he grew worse and worse, till at last he was dazed with fever and pain, and lost count of the days. A companion saved his life by having him carried in a hammock till they reached the west shore of Tanganyika and took canoe to Ujiji. The voyage of eighteen days, and the hope of his letters and medicine, revived him greatly, and he landed at Ujiji with joy. But the two men in charge of his stores had sold nearly all of them for ivory and slaves, and his medicines and mails had been left at a place thirteen days distant, while the road there was blocked by a slave war. It was now March, 1869, and he had not seen a white man's face, or heard of his children, for three years.

A BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SAVAGES

After a three months' rest at Ujiji, Livingstone felt well enough to set out again. In July, 1869, he crossed Lake Tanganyika by canoe; then, striking to the northwest, he made his way on foot to the Lualaba River, which he hoped to explore. Would it prove to be the Nile or the Congo? That was the question he wanted to settle.

At Kabambare, in this region, the chief was called Moenekoos, a name meaning "Lord of the light-gray, red-tailed parrot"; and he proved so friendly, that Livingstone rested in his village for ten days. Then, starting again in November, the explorer went westward till he reached the Luama River, at a point ten miles from its junction with the great Lualaba.

The country through which they passed was wonderful in its beauty. Tall palms and forest timber crowded the valleys and clothed the hillsides to the sky-line. Giant creepers, as thick as cables, were twisted round the massive trunks, or hung from limb to limb, and tree to tree, like the rigging of a ship. Lilies, orchids, clematis, and marigolds opened their rich colors to the light and poured their scent into the air; while all kinds of fruit clustered among the leaves. Gaudy parrots and other gay-feathered birds flashed about in the brilliant heat, while tribes of monkeys ran up the trunks, scam-

pered along the branches, or swung themselves on the rope-like creepers. Sometimes a group of these would get together in a tree-top, and there they would chatter and grin about the news of the day, and the latest fashions of the monkey world. Sometimes they would jabber and grimace more earnestly, as though about monkey politics and at times they lost their tempers and pelted each other with nuts and husks. Now and then one of them, either from annoyance or for sheer mischief, would take a shot at the travelers.

Villages were very frequent; and many of the natives kept goats, sheep, and fowls, and also had gardens of maize, bananas, and sugar-cane. Others were helpless and ignorant, even not knowing how to light a fire by twirling a pointed stick round and round inside a hole in a slab of wood.

The natives were not very friendly, for they believed that Livingstone was a slaver. Some of them said they were cannibals, and in order to frighten his bearers, showed them the skull of a "soko" or gorilla, which they had eaten. Livingstone found, however, that they never ate men; but often enticed a soko with a clump of bananas, and then speared him for food.

At the Luama, nothing could induce the natives to let Livingstone have a canoe with which to explore the Lualaba. Disappointed, but not beaten, he was resolved to pursue his object, and at last he reached Nyangwe, on the Lualaba, on March 29, 1871. Here again the Arab slavers prevented him from getting canoes, so he could go no farther down the stream. He made up his mind to return to Ujiji.

NEARING THE END OF A HEROIC CAREER

The tramp to Ujiji was full of hardship and danger. Livingstone was very ill, and in pain every step of the way, but the love of his duty carried him on. After trudging more than five hundred miles in three months of daily suffering and risk, he crossed Tanganyika, and reached Ujiji at the end of October. He was worn out and at death's door, and now he found he was beggared. A rascally attendant had made away with all his stores, and not an atom was left.

In this terrible need a friend came to him as suddenly as though dropped from the clouds. One day his followers heard that a white man was coming into Ujiji, and they rushed at once to tell their master. Livingstone went out to meet the stranger, and found, to his surprise, that a young journalist, Henry M. Stanley, was coming to his relief, with a large caravan of stores.

Stanley duly arrived, and he and Livingstone became fast friends. While they were together they made a short journey to the north end of Tanganyika. They wanted to see if any river ran out of the lake toward the Nile; they found that a river, the Rusizi, flowed into the lake instead. Had they now crossed the Rusizi, and gone northward, they would probably have settled the question of the Nile in a few months. But Stanley had to return, and Livingstone went with him.

Four months with Livingstone made Stanley as keen an explorer as his new friend. At the end of that time Stanley tried to persuade his companion to go with him to England, but in vain. Livingstone had promised his friends at home to find the sources of the Nile, and he would not give up his promise. However, he returned with Stanley as far as Unyanyembe; for here he expected to find some stores from the British government, which now also promised him a salary and a pension.

On their arrival they found that, as usual, the stores had been plundered and sold. Then Stanley, like a true comrade, shared all his supplies and spare clothes with Livingstone; and he also promised to try to find him fifty honest bearers in Zanzibar. On March 14, 1872, they parted in much sorrow, for they had grown to like each other greatly.

Livingstone waited at Unyanyembe till the end of August, when fifty-seven new bearers, chosen by Stanley, came up with supplies from Zanzibar. They were honest and faithful men; and, with them to help him, Livingstone started in good spirits for his last journey. He hoped to pass round the south of Lake Bangweolo, then westward of Lake Moero to the Lualaba; and then he would try to reach the Nile.

In six weeks they were at the south end of Tanganyika;

and before January, 1873, they had crossed the valley of the Chambezi, a river which runs into Bangweolo. They then worked round the south of that lake; but the rainy season broke early that year, and brought with it the usual floods and fever.

Livingstone was sixty years old, and the toil and suffering of the last seven years now told upon him terribly. He fell very ill, and daily grew weaker. His faithful bearers, who loved him like a father, did all they could to take care of him, and carried him through mile after mile of marsh and flood. At times he began to think that he would not finish his task. "I shall never be able to play," he wrote to a friend who was resting after a life of hard work.

Day after day, in the pitiless rain, they toiled over the swamp-land, splashed through the flood, and forded swollen streams, sometimes up to the neck, with their burdens on their heads. A stretch of hard ground was a rarity, while food grew scarcer and scarcer, and fever got worse and worse. The bearers made a stretcher slung on a pole, for they saw that their Bwana (their master) was no longer able to sit up. There was no proper food for a sick man—for milk, the one thing most needed, was not to be had.

DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE—DEVOTION OF HIS FOLLOWERS

For four days Livingstone was too weak to write in his diary anything but the date. Then, on April 27, he feebly scrawled, "Knocked up quite, and remain . . . recover. . . . Sent to buy milch goats." He still had pluck and hope of recovery, but his men had only grief. They scoured the country for miles around, but they could not get a single goat.

They saw the end must now come, and they pushed onward to higher ground, reaching the village of Chief Chitambo on April 29. Here their quick and skilful hands in a few hours built him a hut, and they laid him, in great pain, on a bed made of boughs and dried grass, covered with blankets. Susi tended him all next day, and at nightfall Majwara kept

watch outside his master's door. In the dead of night Majwara came calling, "Come to Bwana, Susi, I am afraid."

Susi and some others crept reverently into the hut; and, by the flickering light of a candle, they saw the savior of Central Africa dead on his knees at the bedside, with his hands to his face on the pillow.

In the gray dawn of May 1, his faithful followers clustered round the camp-fire to take counsel. They talked of their beloved Bwana, the master who never struck his bearers, and who nursed them like his own children when they fell sick. Had he not come from the far land of the great Queen, not to make slaves, like the Portuguese, but to set men free? Yes, he was a great white chief, and he must go home to the tombs of his fathers; that was certain, and they would see to it, or die. He had given some of his wisdom to Susi and Chuma, and they would be headmen.

Then Susi and Chuma made their plans. With reverent care they counted and packed all their master's things, and carried his body to an open spot near the village. Here some of them built a new hut, open to the sun, and began to embalm the body; while others made a stout wooden stockade around it. Outside all they built a circle of huts for themselves, and, night and day, they kept watch till the embalming was done.

They buried his heart beneath a large mvula tree, and put up two posts and a cross-bar to mark the spot. A day of mourning was held, and all Chitambo's people, as is their custom, came with bows and spears; while the bearers fired volleys with their rifles. At last the body was wrapped, like a mummy, in bark and sailcloth, and lashed to a pole; and so the return journey was begun.

No praise is too high for the pluck and hardihood of this little band of faithful men. Once more they faced all the old risks and hardships of floods, fever, and want of food. They crossed the Luapula, and made for the south end of Tanganyika. Their great fear was about the ignorant fancies of the natives, who dislike a dead body passing through their villages. Often they had to pay toll, and once they were

forced to fight. They came to a tribe of natives who had a large stockade, and also two villages close at hand. The people in the stockade had been drinking palm-wine, and the son of their chief was drunk. The chief might have proved friendly, but his son refused to let the travelers pass. He quickly forced on a quarrel, and his men began to shoot arrows.

Then Susi's party cleared the stockade of natives, and put their precious burden in one of the huts inside. Then, rifles in hand, they stormed the two villages, burning the huts and driving the people to their canoes. After this they lived on their spoil for a week in the stockade, till its owners came to make peace.

When they reached Unyanyembe, they met an expedition sent from England to search for Livingstone; and they learned that another relief party had started up the Congo from the west coast. The officer at Unyanyembe wanted to bury the body at once. Susi and his men, however, stoutly refused to give up their purpose.

So the faithful band went on their work of love; and, after nine months on foot, reached the seacoast at Bagamoyo, in February, 1874. Here these black men of honor and ability handed over their master's body to the British consul. All his property too was there, down to the last button.

Their task done, and, with sad faces and heavy hearts, they were sent away.

BURIAL IN THE FAMOUS ABBEY—LESSONS OF A GREAT LIFE

Livingstone's body was carried to its grave in Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874, by Oswell, Kirk, Young, Stanley, and others of his old friends. But the work of his noble spirit was not ended. All men hastened to do him honor, and many now began to do his bidding. He had once said that, if he could only bring about the end of the slave trade, he would count it "a far greater feat than the discovery of all the sources together."

The dirge over his grave acted on his country like a bugle-call to Africa. Other brave men pressed forward to carry

on the work that the unselfish Scotch peasant lad had begun ; and now slavery in Africa is all but ended.

There are black men still in Africa whose faces light up with joy at Livingstone's name. They will answer and ask questions, in their quaint way, about the great man whom they called the "Wise Heart and Healer of Men." "Yes, we loved him, and we served him too. Was he not our Bwana, who never struck his bearers? Of course we sent him back to the great White Queen. Did she not send him to Africa, not to get ivory and gold and slaves, like the Arabs and Portuguese, but to give a good message of wisdom, and to set men free? Have you many like him in your land? Ah, but his heart is still in Africa, under the mvula-tree at Chitambo's."

THE LAST FIGHT AT THE COLOSSEUM

IN the proud days when Rome ruled the world, and the emperor lived in a palace of white marble, or in a house of pure gold, the Colosseum was the greatest theater ever known to be set up on the earth.

There to this day it stands, shattered and broken, but still, perhaps, the most impressive ruin in all the world. In the dark days when Rome was falling from her great place in the world, when Peter and Paul were crucified outside its gates, the little band of Christians hid themselves in great holes in the ground lest they should be tortured and put to death. To this day we can walk through the catacombs in which the first followers of Jesus hid themselves from Nero, the monster who lived in a golden house inside the city gates. They say that when Nero's house was burned the streets of Rome ran with melted gold.

In these dark and shameful days, the great white Colosseum, rising story after story from the ground, with great galleries inside to hold forty thousand people, was a wondrous sight to see. Here came all Rome to see the great wild beasts set loose and tear one another to pieces. Here came the gladiators, strong men trained to fight each other until one of them was killed. Here the Christians were thrown alive to the lions to make a Roman holiday. No place in the world has seen more cruel sights than this.

But slowly Christianity made its way, until the very emperor became a Christian. Then these shameful things ceased, and the Colosseum became only a circus. Still, however, the people longed to see the old sights back again, and at times the old fury would break out. The Christians had been growing stronger and stronger for four hundred years, when there came a terrible day for Rome. Alaric, the leader of the Goths,

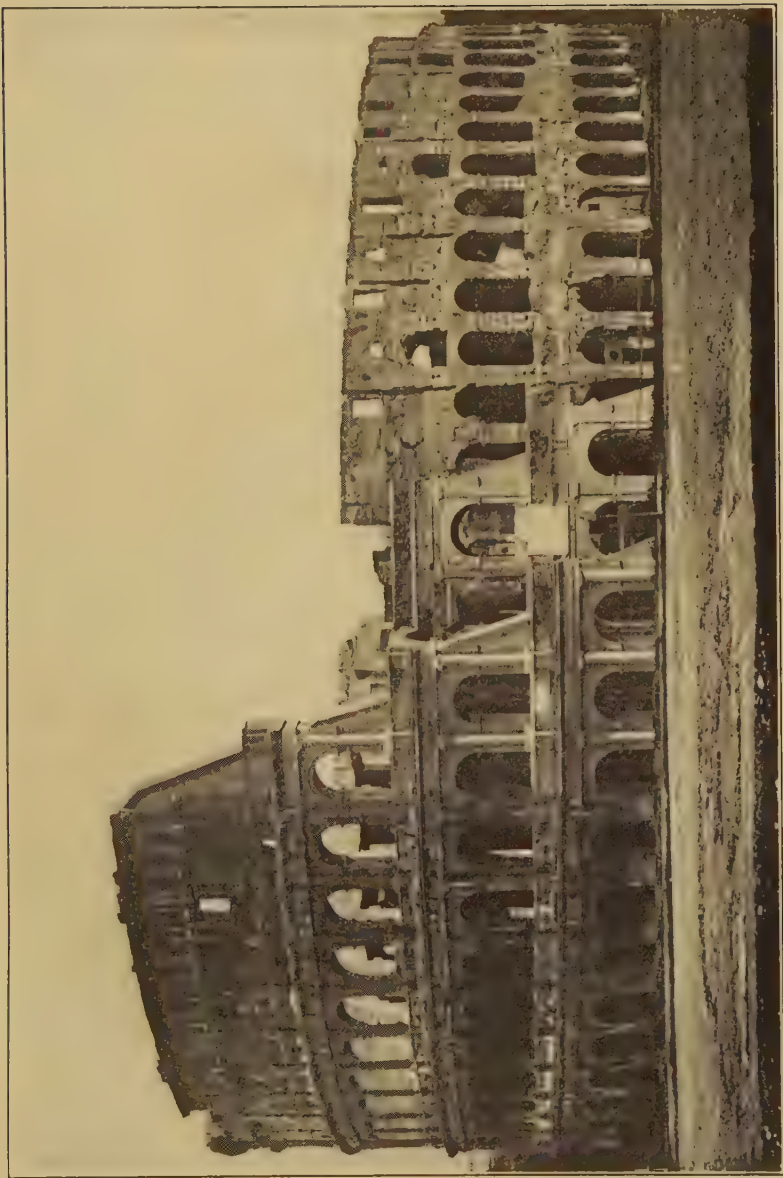
came thundering outside Rome, which, having only a poor mad boy for its emperor, must have fallen but for a brave general and his men, who set the Goths to flight.

Such rejoicing there was in Rome that day that the people flocked to the Colosseum, cheering the brave general. There was a great hunting of beasts and a wonderful performance, as in the olden time, when suddenly came out of one of the narrow passages leading into the arena a gladiator, with spears and swords. The rejoicing of the people knew no bounds.

Then happened a strange thing. Into the middle of the arena came an old man, bareheaded and barefooted, calling upon the people to prevent the shedding of blood. The crowd shrieked back to him to stop his preaching and to go away. The gladiators came forward and forced him aside, but still the old man came between them. A storm of stones fell upon him from the angry people. The gladiator struck him down, and the old man perished before the eyes of Rome.

He was a hermit, named Telemachus, one of those holy men who, tired of the wickedness of the world, had gone to live in the hills. Coming to Rome to visit the sacred shrines, he had seen the people flocking to the Colosseum, and, pitying them for their cruelty, had gone to stop it or to die.

He died, but his work was done. All that was best in Rome was stirred by the sight of the hermit slain in the midst of the arena, and there was no more slaughter in the great theater. It was the last fight at the Colosseum.



THE COLISEUM AT ROME

HEROES OF CANADIAN HISTORY

THE ADVENTURES OF JACQUES CARTIER

NEARLY four centuries ago, in the spring of the year, the banks of the river Thames, in England, were lined from Windsor to Greenwich with a multitude of gaily dressed people. Artisans and their wives, tradesmen and apprentices, farmers in smock-frocks, gentlemen in doublets and hose, and ladies in farthingales, all came out to snatch a peep of a brave spectacle. From lip to lip ran the news that at last the royal barge in its crimson and gold trappings had set out from Windsor. Bluff "King Hal," as the people affectionately termed their monarch, King Henry VIII., and his new queen, Anne Boleyn, were that day making their first voyage together down the Thames to the royal palace at Greenwich.

Glance at this spectacle, for it will serve to fix the date of this story's opening firmly in your mind. The banks are reëchoing with loyal cheers, the state bargemen are plying their oars and the state trumpeters are sounding their trumpets, while beautiful Anne Boleyn smiles and nods merrily at the crowds who wave their silken kerchiefs in the sunshine. So this first water pageant of the season passes along.

On this selfsame day, April 20, 1534, when the English King was setting out on the river journey with his new queen, on the other side of the English channel, at the little port of St. Malo, in Brittany, another and very different embarkation was taking place, and a very different voyage was begun.

The object of this enterprise was far indeed from pleasure, and its consequences were very important and far-reach-

ing, not only to the King of France, but to King Henry's successors, and to the English people and the British Empire of our own day. Here, too, there was cheering and waving of caps and cries of "Vive le Roi!" (Long live the King!) as the soldiers, sailors, and townsfolk on the dock at St. Malo bade lion-hearted Jacques Cartier godspeed on his adventurous voyage to the New World.

At this time, you must bear in mind, more than forty years had passed since Christopher Columbus had returned to Spain with tidings of his glorious discovery on the other side of the Atlantic. When Jacques Cartier, son of a Breton mariner, was born, all Europe was still ringing with the news. As the child grew up he heard tales of how often famous mariners had sailed boldly to the west and claimed for Spain, Portugal, and England the lands that might lead to India and serve as gateway to the Spice Islands of the East. Among these sailors were John Cabot and his son Sebastian, who, although themselves Venetians, sailed from the port of Bristol and flew the English flag. In 1498 the Cabots explored the whole coast of North America from Labrador to South Carolina, and they were the first Europeans actually to land in the country we to-day know as Canada. After the Cabots, who claimed all the northern lands for England, came, a quarter of a century later, a Florentine navigator, named Verrazano, who declared the entire region annexed to the French crown. And now, because of Verrazano's claim, King Francis of France was sending Jacques Cartier forth from St. Malo with two little ships and one hundred and twenty men to explore inland and set up the French flag and a French colony in a new France beyond the sea.

So this Frenchman, lean, rugged and valiant, with his little band of compatriots, sailed away on that April day while Bluff King Hal of England was merrymaking on the Thames, well content with his little isle of England, giving no thought to empire or distant deeds of discovery and conquest among the savage nations of the earth.

Straight toward the setting sun steered Cartier and his men. As they were not buffeted greatly by the waves, in



JACQUES CARTIER AND THE RED-SKINS.

twenty days' time, on May 10, they reached the straits leading to the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. How their hearts leaped when they sighted land! On their left they saw the great island of Newfoundland, and on the right Labrador's bleak shores stretched before them. "Surely," cried Cartier, "this is Cain's portion of the earth!" But their spirits rose when they sailed into the Gulf and came to rich forests of pine, maple, and ash, with abundance of blossom and wild berries on every hand. They had been afraid that the interior was as desolate as their first glimpse of Labrador. The few Indians on the banks gazed upon them with a wondering but friendly eye. The explorers were unprepared for the great heat which overtook them. By day the land was bathed in intense sunshine, and at night a gorgeous moon lit up the broad waters, while owls and bats wheeled in air heavily perfumed with wild shrubs and flowers.

To a bay in which he anchored Cartier gave the name *Baie des Chaleurs*, which means the Bay of Heat. Sailing on, he came to a promontory, which he christened *Cape Gaspé*. There he landed and set up a cross thirty feet high. On its front was a shield with the arms of France. As you travel through Eastern Canada to-day you will frequently come upon crosses by the wayside, where the country folk kneel and say their prayers. This at *Gaspé* was the first cross erected in New France. While the pious sailors were erecting it, Indians flocked near and surveyed the proceeding jealously, as if the white newcomers were about to charm away their land; but Cartier explained as best he could to their medicine-men and distributed among them knives and trinkets, of which he had brought a goodly store.

Having quieted the suspicions of the Indians, Cartier lured two of the young red men into his ship, that he might show them, on his return, to the King. Cartier had meant to continue his voyage much farther westward; but meeting with adverse winds, he abandoned this resolution, took counsel with his officers and pilots, and decided to set sail for France.

From the two natives whom he bore away Jacques Cartier had learned of the existence of the great river St. Lawrence.

As truly as Columbus he had discovered a new world. So much interest was awakened in France by Cartier's narrative of his voyage, that there was no difficulty about procuring the money for another expedition. The French court and people were filled with enthusiasm about Canada, and so they continued to be for more than two centuries.

When Jacques Cartier again took his departure from St. Malo, in May, 1535, he commanded three ships and one hundred and ten sailors. Some of the nobles and gentlemen of the proudest families in France went with him, eager for adventure. They thought, as marine adventurers often thought in those days, that this time surely they would find the gateway to the passage of Cathay (China) and win wealth untold. But they were not so lucky as at first; the winds were so bad that seven weeks elapsed before Cartier reached the Straits of Belle Isle. From this point the squadron steered for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, named by Cartier in honor of the saint upon whose day it was discovered. Keeping on, as his Indian interpreters (the two red men he had taken to France) bade him do, he sailed up that stream which the Indians called "The Great River of Canada," now known as the St. Lawrence River.

Can you wonder that Cartier and his attendant nobles felt a thrill of excitement as the landscape no white man had ever seen before slowly unfolded itself to view? Opposite the great mouth of the mysterious Saguenay, red men in birch-bark canoes came to greet them, and with these Cartier's two interpreters were able to exchange language. Their many months' residence in France had made the interpreters very different in appearance from their brother savages of Canada. They now wore slashed crimson doublets and brilliant striped hose, while the massive feathers in their heads caused the Canadian Indians to regard them as chiefs of great renown.

Cartier led his ships on to what the natives called "The Kingdom of Canada," which stretched along the St. Lawrence as far as the island of Montreal, where the King of Hochelaga held his sway. To the fertile Isle of Orleans, which Cartier reached on September 9, he gave the name of Isle

of Bacchus, on account of the abundant grape-vines growing upon it. From here the explorer could see on the north bank of the great river a towering promontory lit up by the morning sun. This was Cape Diamond, at whose base crouched the Indian village of Stadacona. Here Cartier anchored his little fleet, and the chief of the neighboring tribe, Donacona, came to greet him, with twelve canoes full of warriors. After a speech of welcome, the squaws (women) of the tribe danced and sang without ceasing, standing in water up to their knees.

Jacques Cartier was delighted with the country he had discovered, and lost no time in deciding to proceed up the river as far as Hochelaga. Donacona and the other chiefs, on hearing this, did their utmost to dissuade him by inventing stories about the dangers of the river. Seeing that these made little impression on the sturdy sailor, they had three Indians dressed as devils, "with faces painted as black as coal, with horns as long as the arm, and covered with the skins of black and white dogs." Cartier was told that these "devils" were the servants of the Indian god at Hochelaga, who warned the European strangers that "there was so much snow and ice, that all would die." Cartier only laughed at such tricks, and told them that "their god was a mere fool, and that Jesus would preserve them from all danger if they would believe in him." Wishing also to impress upon them his own great power, he ordered several pieces of artillery to be discharged in the presence of the chief and his warriors; whereupon they became filled with astonishment and dread. Never before had they heard such terrible sounds. What were these strangers who could produce thunder at will? To reassure them, the "paleface" chief distributed trinkets, small crosses, beads, pieces of glass, and other trifles among them, and then he sailed on boldly up the river.

In a fortnight the town, consisting of about fifty large huts or cabins surrounded by wooden palisades, came into view. Twelve hundred souls belonging to a tribe of the Algonquins dwelt here in Hochelaga. The whole population assembled on the banks and gave the visitors friendly welcome. All that night the savages remained on the shore, making

bonfires, dancing, and crying out "Aguaze!" which was their word for welcome and joy. The poor Indians took Cartier and his men for gods. Cartier distributed gifts among them and professed to heal their ailments.

Near the town of Hochelaga was a mountain, to which the Indians conducted their visitors. From the summit this first band of Europeans in Canada gazed down at the wonderful view spread before their eyes—glistening rivers, green meadows, and forests of maple brilliant in autumn scarlets and yellows. Naming this lofty eminence Mount Royal, Jacques Cartier and his companions returned to Stadacona. Having decided to spend the winter in Canada, they built a fort on the shore, but before the little colony could be more than half prepared, a fierce Canadian blizzard was upon them. Never had they known such cold and such tempests. From their lack of fresh food, scurvy rioted among them, and out of one hundred and ten men twenty-five died. When the disease was at its height an Indian told them that they could be cured by the juice of a spruce-tree. Out of their fort they ran with axes, and so quickly did they drink the juice that in six days the whole of a great tree was consumed.

Thus was the little colony made well again. For a time they continued to fear lest the Indians should know how weak they were during that terrible winter; but no attack was made upon them, and in the spring Cartier made ready to return to France. This time Donacona and four other chiefs were seized by stratagem and taken on board ship. A cross thirty feet high, with the flag of France fastened to it, was set up on the shore, and in the middle of May the waters of the St. Lawrence began to bear them down to the Gulf and the open Atlantic. Exactly one month later Cartier was being greeted by the cheers of the people of his native St. Malo.

Alas! Donacona and the other Indian braves whom the French had borne away never returned to Stadacona and their forest haunts. Before Cartier was ready to make another voyage to Canada, five years later, all had pined away and died. It was then that the Sieur de Roberval, a nobleman of Picardy, was appointed by King Francis of France as his

lieutenant in the New World, with the high-sounding titles of Governor of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay, and Baccalaos, and Lord of Norembaga, a country that existed only in imagination. Roberval meant to have gone out with Cartier, but was detained until the following year.

On his third voyage Jacques Cartier again visited Hochelaga and tried to pass up the river beyond the village, but the dangerous rapids of Lachine made him pause. On the way back from another visit to France he met the *Sieur de Roberval*, who afterward built a fort on the St. Lawrence and explored the surrounding country. But Roberval accomplished nothing more, and famine at length reduced the survivors to a state of abject dependence upon the natives. In vain Roberval entreated the King to come to his rescue with supplies of colonists, food, and ammunition. Instead of granting this petition, King Francis despatched orders for his lieutenant to return to France. Roberval reluctantly obeyed, and thus the first attempt to establish a French colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence ended in failure.

Cartier was allowed by the King to bear always the title of "Captain." He undertook no more voyages into unknown lands, but died about 1577 in his own manor-house close to St. Malo. Years before, King Francis had been stricken by death, and thereupon his country was plunged in unhappy civil war. But in the midst of the long and deadly strife Canada was not wholly forgotten, and Frenchmen still spoke with pride of the valiant Cartier, whose adventurous courage had first unfurled their country's flag in the savage wilds of the Western world.

DEEDS OF THE GALLANT CHAMPLAIN

AFTER the death of Jacques Cartier, many attempts were made to found French colonies in Canada, but all of them, for one reason or another, ended in failure. The difficulties and dangers confronting the men who tried to people the great Western wilderness were such that it required a leader of unusual strength and wisdom to overcome them. Brave as were the leaders who followed Cartier in the effort to found a new France on American soil, none of them succeeded in making a lasting settlement until the gallant and noble Samuel de Champlain led two small ships through the Straits of Belle Isle in 1607. Some time before this the Sieur de Monts, an influential French nobleman, had been made Lieutenant-General of New France by King Henry of France, with the sole right—or monopoly, as it is called—of buying and selling Canadian furs. De Monts appointed Champlain his lieutenant over the fair region of Quebec and the river St. Lawrence and fitted out for him two ships, one for the fur-trade and the other to carry colonists to found a new French settlement. When Champlain's ships, once safely through the Straits of Belle Isle, reached Tadoussac, Champlain left there his associate Pontgravé to barter for furs with the Indians. He himself continued his voyage up the river till he came to the spot where Jacques Cartier had passed the winter of 1535, and with his men consumed a whole spruce-tree in order to drive away the scurvy.

At Quebec (a word meaning in the Indian language a strait), in the shadow of the towering rock of Cape Diamond, on July 3, 1607, Champlain gave orders to disembark. The first thing to be done was to clear a site and erect cabins for shelter. As Champlain's men toiled on unceasingly, the natives gathered round in wonder. They themselves were un-

accustomed to much hard work, their squaws doing most of the labor. They saw in a few weeks the bastions of a fort and cannon set up. Scarcely had the workmen completed their task and got all snug and tidy for the winter when a plot was formed among some of Champlain's followers to kill him. The leader of the plot was a Norman locksmith, Jean Duval, a brave and violent fellow who was impatient under any kind of authority. According to the plan the conspirators drew up, Champlain was to be shot, the stores pilaged, and then they were all to fly to Spain with the booty. Lucky it was for the great and good pioneer that one of the plotters, filled with remorse, went to Champlain a few days before the mutiny was to be carried out and confessed all. Champlain promptly seized Duval and hanged him to the nearest tree, but the others he sent back to France, where the good King, at his request, pardoned them.

Meanwhile Pontgravé had collected and sailed away with his cargo of furs. Spring came; the snows melted and were replaced by green meadows and blossoming trees; everywhere the birds sang. Champlain, without waiting for Pontgravé's return, set off up the river and soon met friendly Indian chiefs of the Algonquin and Huron tribes, who told him terrible tales of their sufferings at the hands of their enemies the Iroquois or Five Nations. In their despair these chiefs sought out the "Man-with-the-Iron-Breast," as they called Champlain, on account of the steel breastplate he wore, and asked his help against the bloodthirsty Iroquois. These men of the Five Nations, Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Oneidas, who lived in the forests south of Lake Ontario, were perhaps at once the most intelligent and the most cruel of all the Indians on the continent. The Iroquois had destroyed the old Huron towns of Stadacona and Hochelaga, which Cartier had seen and described, and as they bore the Hurons and Algonquins undying enmity, it was natural that they would extend this enmity to the palefaces who had now come to dwell in the Huron country. Of course it might have been possible to gain their friendship by peaceful methods; but Champlain did not stop to consider any questions of policy:

he favored at once the idea of alliance with the surrounding red men, an alliance that was to cost him and his new colony a bloody and fearful price.

In the next six years Champlain made three warlike expeditions into the country of the Iroquois. In the first he paddled in canoes up the Richelieu River and came to a beautiful lake, to which he gave his own name (Lake Champlain). Meeting a party of Iroquois of the Mohawk nation or tribe, he fell upon them suddenly. The Mohawks fancied at first that they had only to do with Algonquins, and they felt confident of victory until the Frenchmen's muskets rang out; then not fast enough could they flee in panic from the magic bullets, leaving many slain, including their bravest chiefs. Champlain had only sixty Frenchmen and Indians, while the Mohawks numbered two hundred; but his victory was complete; not one of his force was killed; the town of the enemy was wiped from the face of the earth. Notwithstanding Champlain's protests, the Algonquins insisted on torturing one of their Iroquois captives to death by every device of savage cruelty. Mercy was unknown to them; they neither gave it nor, when captured, expected it.

During the next three years Champlain was kept busy in explorations, in attacking the Iroquois, in protecting his colony, and in journeying to France. He was favorably received at Fontainebleau by King Henry, who listened with interest to Champlain's tale of his adventures in New France. But Champlain had so many rivals and enemies that, in spite of royal favor, he found it impossible to get the charter renewed, and so his friend and patron De Monts was obliged to try to get along without it. Equipping two more ships, he sent Champlain back with them to Canada.

Champlain's great ambition was to find a passage through the continent to China, and at last it seemed to him that the friendliness of the Hurons and Algonquins would furnish him with the means of doing this. He had just made arrangements with the chiefs when news came to him of King Henry's murder, and he felt that it was necessary for him to return again without delay to France. De Monts still held the title

of Lieutenant-General of New France, but his resources and influence had been sadly crippled by the King's death, and the cost of keeping up Quebec, Tadoussac, and Acadia was very great. He had no longer the sole right of buying and selling Canadian furs—it was a right thrown open to other traders; and when Champlain on his next voyage back from France once more sailed up the St. Lawrence, he found many strange fur-traders trafficking with the savages.

The leader had now more to do than ever. Moreover, he wished to prepare a fitting home for a fair and youthful partner who was ever in his thoughts. While in Paris he had espoused a charming Huguenot girl named Helen Bouillé, daughter of the murdered King's private secretary. Her name survives to-day in "Helen's Island" in the river opposite Montreal. So many traders did Champlain find in the vicinity of this island, that he built a fort there and resolved to turn the site of Hochelaga into a trading station.

Two uneventful years passed by, and then, in 1613, Champlain's imagination was kindled by the astonishing tale of a certain Nicholas Vignau. This adventurer had passed a winter among the red men of the upper Ottawa River. Vignau told his chief that, in company with some Algonquins, he had once arrived at a remote sea-shore, where his eyes had beheld the fragments of a wrecked English ship. Champlain's heart bounded with joy; he thought his ambition to find a passage to China was now about to be realized. Taking Vignau, two white followers, and an Indian guide, the explorer passed the dangerous rapids of the Ottawa and made the acquaintance, one after another, of its lakes, cataracts, and islands. He pressed on past the Rideau (Curtain) Falls, so named because of the resemblance of this sheet of water to a great white curtain. He and his awestruck companions stared at the raging, foaming caldron of the Chaudière, close to where the city of Ottawa, capital of the Canadian Dominion, now stands, while the Indians cast into the flood gifts of tobacco and other things to please the angry god of the waters.

At last the party reached Allumette Island. Here dwelt a friendly Algonquin chief named Tessouat, who received the

Frenchmen hospitably and invited them to a banquet. Tessouat knew Vignau, and knew also how he had passed his time among the men of his tribe. So when Champlain related at the feast what Vignau had told him of his journey to the sea-shore, Tessouat bluntly told his guest that Vignau, though a paleface, was a liar, and that he had never been on such a journey.

For a while the shock of this discovery overwhelmed Champlain with rage and sorrow. Tessouat was so angry at the way the French leader had been deceived, that he wanted Vignau to be put to death, but Champlain was of too noble and forgiving a nature for that, and contented himself with rebuking the offender. At the same time, although Vignau confessed his falsehood, we are able to see to-day a certain foundation for his story that was unknown to Canada's founder. We happen to know now what Champlain centuries ago did not dream of: that only three hundred miles separate Allumette Island from the southern end of the great inland sea, Hudson Bay. This body of water two or three brief seasons before had been discovered by an Englishman, Henry Hudson, who, like Champlain, had tried to find a short route to China and the East Indies. The story of Hudson's discovery and of his tragic end is one of the great tales of heroic adventure.

Of this inland sea Vignau may have heard stories from the Indians. It may be that those who told him had seen the wreck of poor Henry Hudson's boat on the shores, but this we shall never really know.

In the discovery of Lake Ontario, two years later, Champlain found some compensation for his disappointment. He was the first European to visit the "fresh-water sea," as he called it. He wrote a description of all he had seen, and carried it to France, where it was eagerly read. One of Champlain's mottoes was that "the salvation of a single soul was worth more than the conquest of an empire." Up to this time Quebec had been wholly without priests, but when Champlain returned to the colony he brought out four priests of the order of the Recollets, pious men who had taken vows of

poverty and self-denial. These set about converting the savages to Christianity. One of them, Joseph Le Caron, went forward to the distant Huron country, which had not yet been visited by any European. Champlain himself accompanied the priest from Quebec.

On reaching the rapids just above Montreal, Champlain held a conference with the Hurons, who had come from their homes in the west to meet him and induce him to fulfil a pledge that he had made to attack the Iroquois. The pledge was kept, but this expedition was one of the greatest mistakes in Champlain's life. He knew nothing about Iroquois history or character. If he had had any suspicion of what the expedition was to cost his countrymen in Canada, he would rather have died than provoke the enmity of so terrible a foe.

Champlain chose to take a roundabout route, measuring almost a thousand miles. He and his men often carried on their backs the canoes and baggage; they lived on coarse food, and suffered many hardships. Even the priest was obliged to take his share of the hardest work, paddling his oar until the sweat poured from his brow, staggering through the forest with a load such as a mule often carries, and obliged, with the whole party, to hasten at full speed for fear of falling behind into the hands of the Iroquois. In those days, when there were no roads and hardly even any long paths, travelers made their way chiefly by following the rivers and lakes in canoes. When they came to the end of one waterway and wished to reach the beginning of another, they followed what were called the portages or carrying-places, paths in the woods, sometimes only a few yards long and sometimes as long as nine or ten miles.

For many weeks did Champlain remain in the Huron country, and then, in early autumn, he departed from their chief town, Carhagonha, on Lake Simcoe, with several hundred red warriors, to punish the painted warriors of the Five Nations.

Crossing Lake Simcoe, Champlain and his followers traveled slowly and with much hardship through the country north of Lake Ontario, until by this very roundabout route the whole party came in a month's time to the fort of the Onondagas,

which they intended to attack. As they drew near, the French and Indians fell in with outlying bands of this tribe, capturing many prisoners. Champlain strove unceasingly to induce his Huron allies to show mercy to the captives, but the Indian warrior always deemed mercy a pitiful sign of weakness. He wished not only to cut off the hands and feet of the male prisoners, gouge out their eyes, and burn them alive, but to torture the women and children as well. Only when Champlain threatened to withdraw his French soldiers altogether did the Huron chiefs consent to confine their barbarities to the men.

When the allies got closer to the Onondaga fort they found it much more strongly defended than they had supposed. It consisted of four rows of strong stakes and a thick wall made of heavy branches of trees. On the top of this wall were gutters of wood to conduct water to any part that the enemy should set on fire. The water was drawn from a small pond inside the fortification, where all the Onondagas were assembled in little houses. They had a large store of bows and arrows, stones and hatchets. Provisions, too, were plentiful, for the Indian harvest was just over. Champlain saw at once that to take such a fort was not an easy task, and advised his Indian allies to be prudent. But the young Hurons were foolhardy and rushed at the fourfold palisade with ear-splitting war-whoops, flourishing their tomahawks. The consequence was as Champlain foresaw: they were shot down or killed by a shower of stones.

After a time, when they had lost heavily, the Hurons were ready to listen to reason. A plan was formed. In the night Champlain had a high wooden platform built; upon it he placed several of his musketeers so that they could fire into the fort, while three hundred Hurons were stationed close by to set fire to the palisade. These measures might have succeeded, but unluckily the wind was in the wrong direction and blew the flames of the Huron torches away from the fort. Champlain himself, while trying to make the unruly Hurons obey his orders, was twice wounded, and many of his followers

were killed. Then the foolish Huron chiefs became disheartened. They lost faith in the "Man-with-the-Iron-Breast" and decided to give up the attempt and retreat homeward before the winter set in.

In vain Champlain besought them; they refused to listen. As it was, when they got to the place, eighty miles away, where their canoes had been left, high winds and snow-storms had begun, and their wounded, including Champlain, suffered much. Solemnly had they promised the French leader that after the attack on the Iroquois they would carry him down the St. Lawrence to Hochelaga, but now they became traitors to their word and refused him even two guides for such a journey. Champlain was obliged to go back with them and spend the whole of the succeeding winter in their lodges. On the way they made many halts to allow the Hurons time to lay in stores of fish and game, which were very plentiful in the region north of Lake Ontario. Not until two days before Christmas was the journey ended.

Champlain was not idle that winter, for when his wounds had healed he moved among the tribes, making himself acquainted with the country and the language. The woods were filled with June flowers before he returned to Quebec, where he had been mourned as one dead. You can imagine how rejoiced were the band of warlike pioneers there to see their leader once more alive and well. They cheered and sang songs and waved flags in his honor, and even discharged the great cannon, whose echoes startled the Indians prowling afar on the green banks of the St. Lawrence.

Truly the part that Samuel de Champlain and his little band of Frenchmen had played in giving armed assistance to the Hurons and Algonquins was to have terrible results. It threw the Iroquois into friendship with the Dutch and other enemies of the French, who supplied them with firearms. It caused them to bear a hate to Champlain and all his countrymen almost as great as the hate they bore to the dusky Hurons.

All this time Champlain, great as was his ambition, can
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only be looked upon as the agent or manager of a company of men in France whose first wish was to make money out of the fur-trade. These men in their hearts cared very little for Champlain's schemes to found French colonies and convert the savages, and, becoming dissatisfied with the profits Champlain was making for them, they tried repeatedly to bring about his recall. In order to baffle the plots against him and explain to the King himself the importance of Canada to the kingdom of France, Champlain sailed away yet again for home, leaving sixty men, the entire French population of Canada, behind him in Quebec. By his zeal and eloquence he was able to obtain fresh supplies for his colony, and also more soldiers and workers. Among these was an apothecary named Louis Hébert, who is often spoken of as the first emigrant to Canada, because he took with him his wife and two children, intending to settle as a farmer on the land. Direct descendants of Hébert are alive in Canada to this day.

Two years later Champlain managed to bring a body of eighty colonists out to New France, and the next year (1620) his own wife, Helen de Champlain, accompanied him for the first time to the colony. This time he had triumphed over those who wished to depose him; he was now confirmed in his title of Viceroy of New France, and all seemed in the general rejoicings on his return to promise well for his enterprise. Not only the French in Quebec, but the Indians were delighted at the beauty and manners of the Governor's wife, then only twenty-two years of age. They tell of her that she wore always a small mirror hung from her neck, according to the custom of the ladies in those days. When the red men who drew near her looked in the little mirror, each, to his astonishment, saw his own face reflected there, and went about telling the others that the beautiful wife of the white chief kept an image of him in her heart.

Once in Quebec, Champlain lost no time in laying the foundation of a government house, since known as the Château of St. Louis, reared on the heights of the rock. This building came to be the residence of every succeeding governor of Canada for two hundred years, until one night it was wholly

destroyed by fire, never to be rebuilt. In the year it was begun, the Recollet priests began to build their convent, and other large buildings were erected.

So now, you see, a flourishing little town was fast growing up in the midst of the Canadian wilderness. But with the advancement of his schemes came many new troubles for the lion-hearted Champlain. In the first place, the Indians had acquired a love for strong drink—"fire-water" they called it—and although people of their fierce, reckless nature should never have been allowed to touch a drop, yet the fur-traders were so hard-hearted and greedy as to be always ready to supply them with gallons and hogsheads of the fatal brandy. The consequences were what might have been expected, and Champlain was very angry as he looked upon the scenes of riot and bloodshed. But his efforts to keep liquor from the Indians only made the traders hate him more bitterly.

To this source of anxiety was added another: the blood-thirsty feud between the Iroquois and the Algonquins and Hurons, which occasioned bloody massacres and made the life of the French colonists at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Tadoussac one of never-ending danger. On a certain night a band crept down the St. Lawrence silently to Quebec, having sworn an oath to wipe the city of the palefaces from the earth. But the stone buildings and the cannon and muskets of the determined Frenchmen daunted them and they beat a retreat. Not to be wholly balked of blood, they fell upon the Algonquins, who were bringing furs to Quebec, and slaughtered them without mercy. Then there were plots against Quebec even among the tribes that Champlain considered friendly, for savages were, and ever will be, fickle, and often the most trifling incident will tempt them to treachery.

Meantime Champlain's friends in France, the associated merchants, had lost their fur-trading monopoly because they had failed to fulfill their pledges. In consequence of this, the monopoly was handed over by the King to two Huguenot gentlemen, William and Emery de Caen, uncle and nephew. The uncle was a merchant and the nephew was a sea-captain, and although Protestants themselves, they were charged not

to settle any but Catholics in the colony. This arrangement turned out to be a very bad one. The Huguenots and Catholics quarreled in New France, as they had been quarreling in Old France, and finally the disputes grew so violent that the King joined the two associations into one under the title of "The Company of Montmorency," with Champlain still as Viceroy.

Matters thereafter went so much more smoothly that Champlain decided to take the opportunity of paying another visit to his native country. With him he took his beautiful young wife, Helen de Champlain, who had passed nearly five years among the Indians and the rough fur-traders, and had endured many hardships and faced many dangers. When she sailed away she left behind only fifty of her fellow-countrymen in Quebec. This is a very small number, but they were for the most part hardy and rugged, very much in earnest, and inspired by Champlain with a strong belief in the future of the country. They were, in fact, the nucleus around which has grown the great Canadian people of to-day, and their leader, Champlain, was the real father of Canada.

FRONTENAC, THE GREAT GOVERNOR

AFTER Samuel de Champlain the greatest name in Canadian history is that of Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, who became governor of Canada in 1672. Frontenac was a grandson of a famous warrior knight who had fought with Henry IV. in the wars of the League in France. He himself had won distinction in many campaigns in the Low Countries and in Italy, and had commanded a French army which assisted the Venetians against the Turks in 1669. He was a shrewd, brave, and ambitious man who could brook no opposition to his authority and who ruled everybody with a rod of iron. His stern, unbending nature and tyrannical manner made for him many bitter enemies, but his noble and generous qualities won for him also many friends who idolized him, and to these he always stood firm as a rock. Like all men who have accomplished great things, he entered upon everything he undertook with the strongest enthusiasm, and it was with particular enthusiasm that he entered upon his notable reign as governor of Canada. In almost his first letter home he wrote: "I have never seen anything so fair or so grand as the site of Quebec. That city could not have been better placed had it been purposely founded as the expected capital of a great empire."

At the time of Frontenac's arrival in Canada the great danger that loomed before the French dominion in that country was the rapidly growing power of England in North America. This danger was made all the more threatening by the fact that some of the powerful Indian tribes, such as the Iroquois, who were bitter enemies of the French, were using their influence to help the English. Governor Courcelle, whom Frontenac succeeded, had found that the Iroquois, although they had buried the war-hatchet, had begun to injure Canada's

interests in another way by inducing the northern and western Indians to trade with the English colonies. Courcelle made up his mind that the proper policy for the French was to secure a stronger hold on the more distant tribes, and accordingly he planned to build a strong fort and military station at a spot on the north shore of Lake Ontario where Kingston now stands. Frontenac thoroughly agreed with this policy, and one of his first acts as governor of Canada was to send four hundred men to construct the works and serve as garrison. He also established another fort at Niagara.

If jealousy of the English was the cause of the establishment of these forts, it was also the cause of far greater achievements that have lent undying glory to Frontenac's governorship. The coming of Frontenac to Canada marked the beginning of a great era of exploration and discovery, and for this the English were responsible, though they did not mean to be. Under Courcelle's governorship, in 1669, Charles II. of England granted a charter to the Hudson's Bay Company, who thereby acquired the right to trade for furs in the mighty region bordering upon Hudson Bay. Naturally the French were not at all pleased with this enterprise which the English had set on foot and they soon began to take measures to get the fur-trade of the most distant forts into their own hands.

Governor Courcelle despatched an explorer, a brave fellow named Nicholas Perrot, to summon deputies from the far western tribes to a conference, and take them all under the protection of King Louis XIV. of France. While on this expedition Perrot heard from the Indians of a mighty river flowing southward, which they spoke of as the Mississippi, or Father of Waters. The rumor caused great interest in Canada. It especially interested Frontenac when he became governor, and under his patronage a strong and able priest, Jacques Marquette, and a fur-trading explorer named Louis Joliet, left the St. Lawrence in quest of this great river of which the Indians spoke. Of these explorers and their great journey many interesting accounts have been written.

Frontenac and others cherished in their hearts the vision of a short route to China. At that time no one knew how

far off the Pacific Ocean lay—no one dreamed that thousands of miles of mountain-range and prairie separated Quebec and New York from its shores. Marquette and Joliet, with a few followers, pushed on to the northwest of Lake Michigan. After much paddling and many portages their canoes brought them at last into the swelling flood of the longest river in the world. What emotions they felt! In wonder and triumph they descended the Mississippi, and in the month that followed, they passed the mouths of three other great rivers, the Illinois, the Missouri, and the Ohio. They had many talks with friendly Indians on the banks; they saw much beautiful scenery and many strange sights. At last they drew near to the mouth of the river of Arkansas, and there they decided that they had gone far enough. By this time they had made up their minds that the great river emptied not into the Pacific Ocean but into the Gulf of Mexico. Reluctantly they turned back, and not till the following summer did the two explorers reach Canada again.

All through this memorable journey Joliet had noted down in a book a description of all that had attracted his attention, besides sketching carefully a map of the course. This book he guarded jealously, intending it for the eyes of the Governor, of King Louis, and the people of France. But just as he had run Lachine rapids and was in sight of home, his canoe capsized and the precious volume floated away on the rushing waters! It was a cruel disappointment for Joliet. Frontenac received him graciously, heard his story, and reported what he had heard to his royal master. It seems very sad that Father Marquette, wholly worn out by his exertions, should have died, baffled in his dream of converting whole tribes of Indians in what was then the Far West.

Joliet and Marquette had begun the work; it remained for another strong, ardent, adventurous spirit to continue it. Such a one was close at hand in the person of René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. As a young man he had come to Canada from his native city of Rouen in France, filled with the most romantic ideas of winning fame and wealth in the wilderness. To learn the Indian language and ways, he had left the towns

and led the roving life of a bushranger, making long, lonely canoe journeys and dwelling in the Indian wigwams. He, too, had heard of the Father of Waters, the vast Mississippi, and tried to reach it, but, as we have seen, Marquette and Joliet were there before him. But La Salle did not accept their conclusions. He refused to believe that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico—he thought it led to the Pacific.

La Salle was full of faith in the existence of a short route to China. When any one met him on his return from an expedition, however short, they would jokingly ask him, "*Venez vous de la Chine?*" ("Do you come from China?") La Salle had bought an estate not far from Montreal, and this estate came at last to be called in derision *La Chine*, and *Lachine* it is called to this hour. But La Salle was not the kind of man to be discouraged. He was determined to settle the matter one way or another, and into his plans Frontenac entered heartily. But for some years other work claimed La Salle's attention—work of a pioneering sort. He believed that before the French could lay strong hands on the west, where the English had already begun to penetrate, forts and stations must be built and a firm alliance made with the Indians. With Frontenac's approval, he assumed control of Fort Cataracoui, on Lake Ontario. Once in his hands, La Salle tore it down, built a stronger one of stone, and rechristened it, in honor of his patron, Fort Frontenac. Moving westward, he began to clear land and to build small ships to carry the cargoes of furs he had bargained for.

But by this time La Salle had companionship in his wanderings. In Henry de Tonti he had a fiery and trusty lieutenant, and in a Recollet friar, Father Hennepin, he found a devoted follower. Before coming to Canada, Tonti had lost a hand in battle, its place being supplied by one of steel, covered by a glove. The Indians stood amazed at the blows Tonti could deal with his mysterious gloved hand. Tonti often had reason to bless his hand of steel.

In 1682 La Salle saw his way clear to carry out his great purpose and embarked on the waters of the Mississippi on a

voyage to its mouth. The explorer, with Tonti and his party, met with a friendly reception from most of the Indians on their journey. Some were disposed to be hostile, and when this happened to be the case, strong, quick paddling soon put the French out of their reach. Finally, on March 19, as the sun shone hot and trees and flowers were in bloom, their canoes entered the mouth of the Father of Waters, which they found to be divided into three channels. La Salle, in his canoe, entered one, Tonti the second, and Captain d'Autray the third. All debarked, and on high, dry ground La Salle caused a column to be raised, and upon it this inscription was placed:

LOUIS THE GREAT,
King of France
and of Navarre,
reigns.

The ninth of April 1682.

La Salle took possession of the country for the King, and bestowed upon it, in his honor, the name of Louisiana.

It took the explorers a full year to get back to Quebec, for the current was strong and the difficulties many. There La Salle received a warm reception. But an event had occurred for which nothing could console him. Much to his sorrow and dismay, he found a new governor installed. The enemies of Frontenac, headed by Laval, had triumphed, and the greatest and strongest man in Canada had been recalled by the King. Never could this have happened at a worse time. For, while La Salle had been absent, after years of peace the restless Iroquois had dug up the war-hatchet. Upon a pretext of having received offense from the Illinois tribe, which was under French protection, they threatened to deluge the land in blood. To this policy they had been urged by the English governor of New York, Colonel Dongan, who saw with alarm the growing enterprise of the French, both in fur-trade and exploration.

While he remained in Canada, the doughty Frontenac was more than a match for the Iroquois chiefs. Upon receiv-

ing their threat, he sent for them instantly to Fort Frontenac, saying that if they had been wronged by the Illinois he would see that they had proper satisfaction. The Iroquois, having the English governor at their back, at first returned a defiant answer. "If you want to see us, friend Onontio," they said, "you must come to our lodges." With flashing eyes and knitted brows, Frontenac sent back the messenger to the Iroquois commanding them to keep their hands off his Indians or take all consequences. He had, he said, asked them to come and meet him at Fort Frontenac. Now he added, if the Iroquois wished to see him, they would have to come to Montreal. His sternness and the fear of his displeasure overcame the braves of the Five Nations. Changing their tone, they sent an embassy to Montreal, promising the peace they hated. Scarcely had they done so when Frontenac the Lion was replaced by La Barre the Lamb.

Like every one else, La Salle, on learning the evil news, saw the folly and danger of the change. To France straightway he sailed, where the King heaped him with honors, and seizing the opportunity, La Salle unfolded a project for establishing a French colony in Louisiana. Ships were freely given him, and many soldiers and supplies, to reach the Gulf of Mexico by sea. But La Salle, though he never would admit the fact, was no sailor. His navigation was fatally at fault; he wholly missed his intended destination, the mouth of the Mississippi, sailing hundreds of miles beyond. He landed, and through the forests and swamps, and stricken with fever, he led his colonists. After much miserable wandering, in which most of the little army perished, his followers mutinied. La Salle was murdered and his corpse flung to the jackals and vultures.

Governor la Barre was indeed an altogether different sort of man from Count Frontenac. The Iroquois tribes, especially the Senecas, who had now become the strongest nation, noticed the difference at once when they resumed negotiations. Instead of showing the dignity of command, La Barre wheedled their deputies, sending them away from Montreal loaded with presents. Soon afterward, when he despatched a trading ex-

pedition to the Illinois region, the Senecas stopped it in its course, overhauled the canoes, and confiscated all the valuable goods with which La Barre (with an eye to great private profits) had packed them. Such a high-handed proceeding touched the Governor in a very sore place—his pocket. He became very wroth with the rascally Senecas, and swore to punish them for their knavery and presumption. Raising a force of nine hundred men, La Barre himself led them to the land of the Senecas on the south side of Lake Ontario. But so badly laid and badly carried out were his plans that, having got as far as the spot since called the Bay of Famine, Governor la Barre called a halt and there encamped. Each day saw some of the soldiers stricken down by disease and death. The prospect was so gloomy that finally La Barre thought it best to come to terms with the enemy, and he therefore patched up an inglorious peace.

The name of the Seneca deputy at the peace conference was La Grande Gueule, or Big Jaw, so called from his gift of untiring speech. Big Jaw openly boasted that the Iroquois had not the slightest intention of sparing the Illinois tribe, whether the French liked it or not. Frontenac would have smitten the fellow down where he stood, but La Barre was obliged to swallow this affront, and the next day the remnant of his troops, full of anger and indignation, marched away.

Such a peace could not, of course, long endure. The Iroquois torch had been kindled, an evil wind was blowing, and it would take more than La Barre's feeble efforts to extinguish the flame. Tardy in war and too eager for peace had the Governor shown himself, and when he returned to Quebec he found, to his mortification, that the King, his master, had superseded him. His instant return to France was ordered, the Marquis de Denonville being appointed in his stead. Little pains did his Majesty take to conceal his dissatisfaction with the treaty, or his anger at the abandonment of the Illinois.

The new governor quickly found that the English colonists were intriguing with the Iroquois, upholding and encouraging them in acts of hostility against the French. War, and war in earnest, had to come, and when eight hundred fresh soldiers

arrived from France, Denonville began to prepare for it. In this he had the loyal support of the brave and wise man who also came out as the new governor of Montreal, De Callières. Unluckily, Denonville began with an act of treachery. It was a strange deed for a soldier and a Christian. A number of Iroquois chiefs were enticed to Fort Frontenac, where they were seized, and after being flung into prison were sent to France to work all the rest of their days in the galleys. What a fate for such haughty braves, who never worked, but left all labor to their poor squaws! What wonder that the revenge of the Iroquois was terrible!

Creeping along the St. Lawrence with his army, Denonville crossed Lake Ontario, built a new fort, and leaving four hundred men to guard it, marched toward the Seneca lodges. In the middle of July, 1687, a hot battle took place with eight hundred Senecas, in which, after losing six men killed and twenty wounded, the French drove the foe into the forest. Four hundred thousand bushels of Indian corn and several herds of swine were found and destroyed. Meantime, while the Senecas were being punished, the danger to Montreal and the other towns was imminent, owing to their want of strong military protection. To defend Chambly one hundred and twenty bushrangers were armed, and on the island of Montreal Callières built twenty small forts for the inhabitants to take refuge in, should the Iroquois descend upon them in force. For by this time, as you can imagine, the whole of the Five Nations were blazing with rage, as if they had been so many bloodthirsty wolves. Even in their rage they were cunning. They had no intention of attacking Canada in force; that was not their method of warfare. Crossing the border silently in batches, each singled out his prey, some sleeping village, or an unsuspecting farm. Next day a few mangled corpses here, a heap of smoking ruins there, told the terrible tale of the Iroquois raid.

After a time the wiser heads among the Five Nations began to consider whether a conquest over the French would not make the colonial English (whom they called *Ang'ais* or Yankees) too powerful. Suddenly they openly professed a

desire for peace. A deputation was sent to Canada to say that, strong as the Iroquois knew themselves to be, they did not mean to press for all the advantages they had the right and power to demand. "We know," they said, "how weak you are. We can at any time burn the houses of your people, pillage your stores, waste your crops, and raze your forts." To this boasting Denonville replied that Colonel Dongan of New York claimed the Iroquois as English subjects. "If you are English subjects, then you must be at peace with us, for France and England are not now at war." "Onontio," exclaimed the chief of the envoys, "the Five Nations are independent! We can be friends to one or both, or enemies to one or both. Never have we been conquered by either of you."

In the end a truce was proclaimed; but truce or no truce, a great many skirmishes and massacres still went on, on both sides. All that they could do to prevent a peace being signed, the Hurons of Michilimackinac, allies of the French, did. To them peace meant utter ruin; their numbers were too few, and they well knew Denonville could not protect them from the fury of the Iroquois. Among the Hurons was a tall chief named Kondiaronk or The Rat, famous for his prowess in war and his gift of eloquence. He was, according to those who knew him, the bravest and most intelligent chief on the whole continent. Kondiaronk was mortally offended that the French should have made even a truce without so much as consulting the wishes of their native allies. To take his revenge on Denonville, he resolved to make peace impossible. When the Iroquois envoys were on their way to Montreal to sign the treaty, The Rat lay in ambush with a band of his trusty Hurons. He surprised the envoys and made them all his prisoners, slaying one. When they angrily explained that they were peaceful envoys, the crafty Kondiaronk professed to be greatly surprised, because, said he, "the French governor himself sent me here on purpose to waylay you. But if, as I believe, what you say is true, behold, I set you at liberty! May the gods curse Onontio for having committed such an act of treachery!" Thus saying, he loaded the deputies with gifts and bade all but one go free.

After this, Kondiaronk, glorying in his deceit, hastened to Michilimackinac, shaking his fist in triumph and crying, "I have killed the peace!" He spoke then the truth. The Iroquois prisoner he took with him, under pretense of adopting him in place of one of his Hurons slain by the deputies when they were attacked, was handed over to the French commander of Michilimackinac as a spy. In vain the victim protested that he was an envoy of peace between the Five Nations and the French. In vain did he try to explain the circumstances of his capture. Kondiaronk laughed in his face, telling the French commander that he must have taken leave of his wits, and the unhappy wretch was led to the stake. An Iroquois captive was released by Kondiaronk and bidden to return to his tribe with this message: that, while the French were making a show of wishing peace, they were secretly capturing and slaying the men of the Five Nations.

Months passed while the Iroquois brooded on vengeance. Denonville's protestations were received in contemptuous silence. There was now nothing to prevent formal war, for France and England had resumed hostilities. King James II. had fled from his throne and palace to France. William of Orange—King William III. of England—the mortal enemy of King Louis, reigned in his stead. A new English governor, Andros, was sent out to New York to stir up the deadly feud between the Iroquois and the Canadians.

At last, in August, 1689, burst the storm of the Iroquois' hatred and revenge. One night, during a heavy shower of hail, fifteen hundred dusky warriors crossed Lake St. Louis, landing silently and stealthily on the beautiful island of Montreal, the "Garden of Canada." By daybreak they had grouped themselves in platoons, one platoon around every large dwelling, for several leagues along the road at Lachine, almost to the gates of Montreal. The inhabitants of Lachine were wrapped in slumber, soon and ruthlessly to be exchanged for that other slumber which knows no mortal awakening.

Let us conjure up the terrible picture. At each door, in war-paint and feathers, stands a group of savages with up-raised hatchets and huge mallets. The signal is given; it is

the dread Indian war-whoop; the next moment doors and windows are driven inward. Sleeping men, women, and children are dragged from their beds. In vain they struggle in the hands of their butchers; in vain they appeal to those who know no pity. They might as well appeal to wild beasts. A few houses resist the attacks; when these are fired two hundred unhappy beings, the hope and pride of the colony, are burned alive. Agonizing shrieks rend the air. The knife, the torch, and the tomahawk spare none, not even the little children. Those who do not now die under their tortures are led away to nameless cruelties that will furnish rare sport to the lodges of the Five Nations.

Such was the awful massacre of Lachine; such the vengeance of the Iroquois. So swift and sudden had been the blow, that the citizens of Montreal were paralyzed. All that dreadful day the savages moved on, and for many days afterward, and none came to arrest their course. Governor Denonville, to whose policy the calamity was due, seems entirely to have lost his nerve. A few miles from Lachine a body of two hundred troops, led by a brave officer named Subercase, asked to be led against the murderers of their countrymen. But Denonville, in a panic, ordered Subercase to take refuge in Fort Roland. All were forbidden to stir. Another body of men, commanded by one Larobeyre, attempting to reach Fort Roland, were set upon and cut to pieces. More than half the prisoners were burned by their conquerors. Larobeyre, wounded and unable to flee, was led captive to the Iroquois wigwams and roasted alive at a slow fire.

The bloodthirsty tribes remained by the St. Lawrence as long as they pleased; their ravages of the countryside continued for many weeks. Not before October did the last of them disappear. A small party sent by Denonville to make sure that they had really gone, came upon a canoe bearing twenty-two departing Iroquois paddling across the Lake of the Two Mountains. The chance was not to be foregone. Too long held in check, the Canadians drew near to the savages, who fired upon them without damage. Then with a fierce joy the white men singled out each his man, raised

their muskets, and when the explosion came eighteen Iroquois toppled over into the lake. But considering the hundreds of Canadians who had been massacred, this was a small revenge indeed.

What wonder that now the men and women of Canada longed for the strong right arm and wise brain of Frontenac! Is it strange that they rejoiced to hear that, threatened with the loss of his North American dominions, King Louis had intrusted the gallant, fiery old soldier once more with the government of New France? Frontenac's return was hailed by all—nobles, soldiers, merchants, artisans, farmers, and even by the Jesuits, who five years before had striven to send him away. He was escorted to the fort by a multitude of torch-bearers. Well he knew what a great task awaited him. He had now to battle not only with the Iroquois, but with the Anglo-American colonies, the Yankees, as they were called by the Indians, just as his master, King Louis, had to combat five powers at once—England, Germany, Holland, Spain, and Savoy.

Sturdily did this fine old hero of seventy-two years bear the heavy burden that was placed upon his shoulders, and until his death neither Yankee nor Indian was able to soil the proud flag that he served. In the year following his return to Canada several New England ships appeared off the Isle of Orleans and demanded its surrender. Frontenac laughed at the demand and sent the Yankee commander a message telling him, in other words, that if he wanted the island he was welcome to try to take it. The Yankees tried, but were beaten so badly that they left several pieces of artillery on the shore in their hurry to get away. Not content with defeating the Yankees, the fearless old warrior wanted to follow them to their home and attack the city of Boston, and only the lack of a sufficient force prevented him from doing it.

For some time afterward there was peace in the land, while Frontenac devoted himself to encouraging the drama and developing a social life among the people. Even the bloodthirsty Iroquois, awed by the name of the great governor, kept quiet enough after Frontenac returned to Canada. But

it was impossible for these fierce people to remain peaceful always, and from time to time hostilities broke out between them and the French. Frontenac was not the sort of man to remain long inactive while there were enemies to be conquered, and seeing that the Iroquois were not as docile as he wished them to be, he decided to teach them a severe lesson, such as they would not forget for many a long day. So in 1696 this wonderful man of nearly eighty years put himself at the head of his army, and leaving Lachine on July 6, marched straight for the Indian village of Onondagas, which he reached a month later. But the Iroquois did not await his coming. His very name struck terror into their hearts and they fled so quickly at his approach that he found nothing but unpopulated country and abandoned villages along his line of march. He returned to Lachine on August 10, having endured the hardships of a two months' march in the height of summer just as well as the youngest soldier in the ranks. Soon afterward he received from the French King the Cross of St. Louis, the highest honor in France, but a slight enough honor for the man who had rendered such distinguished services to his country. Two years later, on November 28, 1698, this great governor and gallant soldier died at the Château St. Louis.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM AT QUEBEC

WHAT Nelson was to the British navy, that was Wolfe to the army of England. Nelson made his country mistress of the seas; Wolfe won for her an empire in the West. Each was a born leader, idolized by his officers and men, leading them to victory where others had failed; each was brave, modest, and filled with the truest patriotism; each died, as he would have wished, in the hour of victory. It is men such as these, who live not for their own renown but for the glory of their country, and who are willing to give their lives for her sake, that help to brighten the dark pages of war.

James Wolfe was born at Westerham, England, in 1727, of a family that had given more than one brave officer to the army. He was never very strong, but had the will and energy to succeed in anything he should undertake. He worked hard at school, entered the army while still a boy, and at the age of sixteen was adjutant to a battalion. He fought in Germany, and at the famous battle of Culloden, and so distinguished himself wherever he went that he was rapidly promoted to the rank of major, then lieutenant-colonel, and colonel.

At that time there were a great many officers in the British army who knew nothing about the art of war, who were unfit to command their troops, and whose chief interest was in their brilliant uniforms. While Wolfe was seizing every chance of fitting himself for his profession, these men wasted their time in all kinds of folly. The great English statesman, William Pitt, knew that they had no right to be in the army, but as they had powerful friends, he could not turn them out. He made up his mind, however, that when there was important work to do, work upon which the honor and safety of the country might depend, these men would be left at home, and the command of the army given to an officer



WOLFE'S ARMY SCALING THE CLIFF AT QUEBEC, 1759.

ready and able to lead his men to victory. He discovered such an officer in Wolfe, whose career he had been watching for some time.

England was then at war with France, both in Europe and America. In America the French armies were commanded by a brave officer, the Marquis de Montcalm, one of the most brilliant generals of his time. The English generals who had been sent against him were no match for Montcalm, and he defeated them on more than one battle-field. England needed a man of genius to meet Montcalm, and Pitt had found one in Wolfe.

But before he should lead an army against the great French general, there was other work for Wolfe to do in America. France had spent millions of dollars in building the powerful fortress of Louisburg, and this fortress must be captured at all cost. In 1758 an army was sent across the sea, under the command of Lord Amherst. Wolfe sailed with him as second in command. The great fleet that carried the army, and that was to assist in the capture of Louisburg, was under Admiral Boscawen. The French had an army of veteran soldiers guarding the fort, under a brave general named Drucour. Batteries mounted with hundreds of guns protected the fortress on every side. It did not seem possible that it could be taken.

Although Wolfe was only second in command, he was the real leader of the expedition. He studied the defenses of the fortress very carefully, and found out the best place to attack. He managed to get his men ashore in boats from the fleet, in spite of the attempts of the French to prevent him, and after a desperate fight Drucour was at last obliged to surrender. Louisburg was captured, and the garrison sent to England as prisoners of war. The mighty fortress that once guarded the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence would give England trouble and anxiety no more. As if it were but a tiny sand-castle built by children on the sea-shore, its huge stone bastions were swept away. After the surrender the English soldiers were ordered to the duty of destroying the stronghold of France in Cape Breton, pulling it to pieces with pickaxe and crowbar, filling the crevices with

gunpowder, until at last hardly a vestige remained. If you should see Louisburg to-day, you would see nothing but a few grass-covered mounds where the walls and bastions once stood, in the midst of a rolling meadow upon which sheep graze peacefully.

Wolfe returned to England eager, in spite of his failing health, for further service in the field, but it was not until the following year that his great opportunity came. It had been decided to follow up the success at Louisburg by an attempt to capture Quebec. Quebec was the greatest stronghold of the French in America, and if it could be captured, all Canada would follow; England would be master of North America, and the colonial empire of France would be hopelessly shattered. But it was a desperate attempt, for Quebec was believed to be almost impregnable, and the general who commanded the fortress, with a strong army, was Montcalm. Pitt did not hesitate for a moment. There was one general, and one only, who could be trusted against Quebec and Montcalm. Pitt sent for Wolfe and offered him the command. King George was of the same mind. On a previous occasion, before the Louisburg campaign, some of his courtiers had complained of Wolfe's appointment. They could not understand his enthusiasm. "Why," they said, "he is mad!" "Mad, is he?" replied the King, remembering the defeats his armies had suffered because of the incompetence of other officers, "Then I wish he would bite some of my generals!"

The news of the capture of Louisburg, which caused such rejoicings in England and the British colonies in America, had cast a terrible gloom over French Canada. Quebec was now their last hope. The town and citadel on the summit of Cape Diamond, which Champlain had founded and Frontenac had guarded so well, seemed to laugh at cannon and bayonet. Stern was the task set before the man who should presume to scale those heights and force the proud city to surrender. But though the fortress was powerful, and guarded by brave soldiers, Montcalm's task was far from an easy one. In everything that he attempted to do he was hampered by the jealousy of the Governor, Vaudreuil, and the dishonesty of

the intendant, Bigot. Vaudreuil was a weak, pompous, little man, full of a sense of his own dignity and importance, easily influenced by those who took the trouble to flatter him, and easily offended by those who would not. Bigot was clever and unscrupulous, and used his influence over the Governor to rob the people. Both conspired against Montcalm, whom they equally disliked.

While Canada's fate was trembling in the balance, Bigot, who should have been a pattern to the people of Quebec, spent his nights in riot and gambling. Although the King had forbidden games of chance in the colony, Bigot would often play with a party of his friends, losing many thousands of francs in a few hours. The money that he lost in this way he ground out of the poor farmers of New France.

The King sent out gold to help the colony, with provisions and clothing for the soldiers. Most of the gold found its way into Bigot's pocket; the provisions and clothing were sold through a great shop he had established called *La Friponne*. Bigot would seize the grain of the poor habitants and ship it to France; his agents there would sell it to the King, who would send it back to Canada to feed the starving people; and Bigot would then sell it to the people at a very high price through *La Friponne*. In two years alone Bigot's robberies amounted to nearly five million dollars. Is it any wonder that Montcalm was in despair? The Governor would not listen to his charges against Bigot, and if he complained to the King, Bigot's friends were there to say that it was nothing but envy on Montcalm's part. At the same time, although he lacked food and clothing for his soldiers, and had not enough ammunition for his guns, Montcalm was determined to defend Quebec to the very last, and to die rather than surrender it to the English.

Meanwhile the English fleet, with Wolfe's army on board, had sailed for Halifax, on its way to Quebec. Never had England sent out an army so full of zeal, courage, and discipline. Their commander well knew that he had to attack one of the strongest forts in the world, defended by all the soldiers that Montcalm could muster, fighting in defense of

their country and their flag. Wolfe had only nine thousand men against the seventeen thousand of the French, but he had boundless faith in his soldiers. "If valor could make amends for want of numbers," he wrote to Pitt, "we shall succeed."

On June 1, 1759, the ships sailed out of the harbor of Halifax for the river St. Lawrence. The harbor rang with the cheers of the soldiers, and the bands struck up the stirring old tune of "The Girl I left behind me." When they reached the mighty river they ran great danger for want of a pilot. A French prisoner on board, who was supposed to know the channels, began wringing his hands, declaring that they would all go to the bottom. An old British captain of a transport laughed in his face. "I will show you," he roared with an oath, "that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman dare not show his nose." And he steered his ship through, the other vessels following in his track, and all getting through in safety. The boast was no idle one. Vaudreuil wrote to France to say "that the enemy have passed sixty ships of war where we dare not risk a vessel of 100 tons by night or day." Even to-day, when all the rocks and shoals and currents have been carefully laid down on charts, and the channels are marked with lighthouses and buoys, it is no easy task to pilot a ship up the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

During the long days of early summer, Montcalm awaited the coming of the English. Not a man was idle. Drilling and building of earthworks filled up nearly every hour of the day. Montcalm's seventeen thousand men were as strongly entrenched as nature and the art of war could make them. On June 27 the French in Quebec snatched the first glimpse of the masts of the English battle-ships. A few hours later the fleet had come to anchor before the Isle of Orleans, a short distance below the city, and Wolfe and his red-coated infantry landed on its shores. Mounting the point of land to the west, the young general took out his telescope and turned it toward the heights of Quebec, four miles away. As he scanned the mighty rock, he felt that it was indeed a hard task which England had sent him to perform.

The French did not wait for Wolfe to make the first move; an attempt was made to destroy the English fleet with fire-ships. One dark night a number of old vessels, filled with pitch, gunpowder, bombs, and old cannon packed to the muzzle, were towed out into the channel and set on fire to float down to the English fleet. The whole countryside seemed to burst into flame, and a hail of grapeshot and bullets flew in all directions. But the attempt was a failure. The fire-ships never got near the fleet, for long before they could do so the plucky English sailors had rowed up-stream to meet them, grappled fearlessly with the flaming monsters, and towed them all ashore, where they burned away harmlessly to the water's edge.

During that very night Wolfe was busy with his first manifesto to the Canadian people. "We are sent by King George," he said, "to conquer this province, but not to make war upon women and children, the ministers of religion, or industrious people. We lament the sufferings which our invasion may inflict upon you, but if you remain neutral we proffer safety to person and property, with freedom in religion. We are masters of the river; no succor can reach you from France; General Amherst with a large army has sailed to the southern frontier. Your cause is hopeless, your valor useless. Your nation has been guilty of great cruelties to our unprotected settlers, but we seek no revenge, we offer you the sweets of peace with the honors of war. England in her strength will befriend you; France in her weakness leaves you to your fate." But although the English commander spoke so confidently, he had many misgivings in his heart. If Amherst did not get through to Montreal and down the St. Lawrence by the autumn, it meant that the winter would be lost, and where was he to find food for his troops? How could he face amidst the snow and ice the seventeen thousand men of Montcalm, as brave and hardy as his own?

Victory was to be won only by quick and vigorous action. Seizing the heights of Lévis, opposite Quebec, Wolfe set up his batteries and began to bombard the city. He planted a large force on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, near the

Falls of Montmorency, leaving some regiments encamped on the Isle of Orleans. Fleet and army were now ready to attack the fortress. On board the fleet were some as yet unknown officers who were destined to rise to great fame in the world.

Among them was a young midshipman named Jervis, who afterward became the great English Admiral Earl St. Vincent. Palliser, too, who figures in history as Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, was on board the frigate "Mercury." On another vessel was Robison, destined to be a noted professor of science in Edinburgh, and the partner of James Watt, inventor of the steam-engine. The humble sailing-master of the "Mercury" was none other than James Cook, who became the most famous scientific navigator that ever left the shores of England. Curiously enough, among Montcalm's officers was Bougainville, who years after was to rival Cook in his famous voyage around the world.

Quickly did the fire of the English ships, joined to that of the batteries, work destruction to Quebec. In the lower town the buildings were soon reduced to ruins, and even in the upper town many dangerous fires broke out. Indeed, before the siege was brought to a close more than five hundred buildings fell a prey to the flames, including public and private structures, the cathedral, and other churches. Wolfe tried to force Montcalm to come out into the open, but the French general was too shrewd for that. He kept his men within the walls, and played a waiting game, hoping in that way to hold the fortress till the approach of winter would compel Wolfe to lift the siege. The summer gradually wore away, and Wolfe was no nearer his goal. By the end of July half of Quebec was in ruins, and still Montcalm refused to be drawn out to a battle. Feeling that he must at any cost get to close quarters, Wolfe made a determined attack on the city from the Montmorency side, but a fierce repulse awaited him. The brave grenadiers charged repeatedly up the slope, but were met with a storm of bullets from the thousands of French soldiers safe in their intrenchments. Wolfe lost over five hundred of his best men, and had to draw off without having

accomplished anything. He fretted with impatience, knowing that time was precious. But Montcalm knew that time worked for his own cause, and though his men were starving within the walls he would not lead them out to battle.

"You may destroy the town," came the French message under a flag of truce, "but you will never get inside it."

"I will take Quebec," retorted Wolfe, "if I stay here until November."

But how to do it? One plan only remained: it was to creep up-stream in the night, and scale the heights above the city. It was a desperate move, so desperate and so difficult that the French never dreamed it would even be attempted, but Wolfe knew it to be the only plan that offered a chance of success.

In the midst of his plans the young English commander fell ill. He had always been of a delicate constitution, ever struggling with sickness. Days went by, days that seemed endless to the impatient soldier; but at last his heroic spirit conquered; he was on his feet again, to the delight of his officers, and on September 11 the English troops were directed to be ready to land and attack the enemy. Wolfe's orders to the army ended in the stirring appeal: "The officers and men will remember what their country expects of them." These words seem like the anticipation of Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

Wolfe appears to have had a presentiment that his days, and even hours, were numbered, for we are told that on the day before the great battle, while reconnoitering in a boat with some of his staff, he murmured softly the famous lines in Gray's "Elegy":

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

On his return, Wolfe settled all his private affairs, handed his will to Jervis, and set forth on his last desperate attempt to capture the fortress—the "Key to New France," as it has been so fittingly named. His plans had been formed with

the utmost care; nothing was left to chance; every man knew his place and his duty. The one thing that Wolfe kept locked in his own brain till the very last moment, for fear word of it might possibly reach the ears of Montcalm, was the actual spot where he intended to climb the heights.

On the night of the 12th the troops were all in motion, the bulk of the army drifting up-stream with the tide, while the fleet, with certain regiments, made a feint to the eastward to disguise Wolfe's intentions from the enemy. When the tide began to ebb, boats full of soldiers were cast off, reaching in safety a little cove three miles above Quebec, the *Anse au Foulon*, since known as Wolfe's Cove.

In the first boat was the General himself, with the storming-party whose duty it was to lead the way up the heights. As they passed Sillery Point, a challenge rang out in the darkness, "*Qui vive?*" To hesitate was to be lost. Young Simon Fraser, who spoke French perfectly, replied instantly, "*France!*" "*A quel régiment?*" asked the sentry, and the answer came back boldly, "*De la Reine,*" Fraser knowing that some of that regiment were with Bougainville's army above Quebec. His quickness averted a calamity. The sentry was satisfied; provision-boats from Montreal were expected, and he thought they had arrived.

About four in the morning the boats reached the cove, Wolfe himself being the first man to leap ashore. Not a word was spoken. Wolfe led the way, pointed out the path to the summit, and the storming-party clambered silently up. It was still dark when they reached the top. The sentries were overpowered, the outpost was rushed at the point of the bayonet, and some of the French soldiers were captured. The cheers of his men reached Wolfe, who at once ordered the red-coated battalions that were already landed from the boats to follow the storming-party. As day dawned, Wolfe had most of his regiments up on the heights, and the rest were rapidly debarking and climbing the hill. Before Montcalm had even a suspicion of his whereabouts, Wolfe had his army within striking distance, and had chosen his own battle-field.

Montcalm, deceived by the firing of the English fleet,

was far away. But about six o'clock he got word of Wolfe's daring maneuver, and galloped over as fast as his horse would carry him. Two miles away he could discern the red ranks of the British soldiers.

"There they are," he exclaimed, "where they have no right to be!" It was no fault of Montcalm's that Wolfe had been able to bring his army up on the heights without opposition. He had posted the regiment of Guienne there some days before, but Vaudreuil had promptly ordered it to be withdrawn. The jealous Governor up to the very last continued to thwart Montcalm in every move he made for the protection of Quebec.

Montcalm did all that a brave and resourceful general could do in the circumstances. He quickly rallied his regiments about him and led them against the English infantry. There were the white-coated battalions of Old France, with the Canadian militia, and the swarthy Indians decked in war-paint and brandishing their tomahawks.

Wolfe had drawn up his regiments in two lines, giving them strict orders not to fire until he gave the word. It was a trying ordeal, but the disciplined English soldiers were equal to it. The French army, led by Montcalm in his brilliant uniform, wearing his glittering breastplate, and mounted on his famous black charger, poured down upon the thin red line, shouting as they came and pouring volley after volley into the English. Nearer and nearer they drew, but not a shot came from the British infantry. Shoulder to shoulder they stood, sternly waiting till their general should give the word. At last it came—"Fire!" and from end to end of the long line came one tremendous volley, a sheet of flame and a hail of bullets, under which the French went down like wheat before the mower.

Under cover of the smoke, Wolfe ordered his men to advance still closer to the enemy, and before they could recover from the first, a second terrific volley was poured into their thinning ranks. As they wavered, Wolfe flourished his sword, and amid the weird uproar of the bagpipes, the shrieks and groans of the wounded, the war-whoops of the Indians, the

mad shouting of the English, and the fierce slogan of the Highlanders, Wolfe pushed on over dead and dying, behind a moving wall of bayonets. A bullet shattered his wrist, another pierced his body, but he kept on; a third lodged in his breast; he reeled, and called one of his officers to support him lest the men should see him fall. He was helped to the rear, where it was found that he had only a few minutes to live. They laid him on a grenadier's coat, and the film of death was already clouding his eyes, when a soldier in front called out, "They run! They run!"

Wolfe roused himself with a supreme effort, and asked: "Who run?"

"The French, sir; they give way everywhere."

Turning on his side, Wolfe murmured, "Then I die content." In a few moments his spirit had passed away.

How fared it meanwhile with his gallant enemy, Montcalm? As he galloped about on his splendid charger the tide of French fugitives pressed him back toward the gates of Quebec. He was nearing the walls when a shot passed through his body. Mortally wounded, he kept his seat in his saddle, a soldier supporting him on either side. As his life-blood streamed down his horse's limbs, the frightened crowd of women within the gates exclaimed in grief and horror:

"The Marquis is killed! The Marquis is killed!"

"It is nothing," replied the dying Montcalm; "do not be troubled for me, my good friends."

He was carried into a house, and the surgeons told him that he could not live beyond the next morning. "So much the better," he replied; "I am happy not to live to see the surrender of Quebec."

When, some hours later, Montcalm had breathed his last, his body was buried under the floor of the Ursuline Convent. No workmen could be found during the panic to make a coffin, and an old servant gathered a few boards and nailed them together into a rough box. No bell tolled, no cannon fired a salute as the great French leader was laid to his eternal rest.

How different was the funeral of the victorious Wolfe! His body was embalmed and borne across the sea to England,



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF WOLFE
AND MONTCALM, QUEBEC.

where the greatest and most powerful gathered to do honor and reverence to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Yet history has struck the balance. To-day in Quebec, marking the scene of the death-struggle on that fateful September day, a single shaft of stone rises to heaven to commemorate at the same time a glorious victory and an honorable defeat. On one side is graven "Montcalm," and on the other "Wolfe."

ADVENTURERS IN THE GREAT FUR COUNTRY

By AGNES C. LAUT

I

HENRY HUDSON'S last voyage in search of the Northwest Passage to India, the story of which is full of thrilling and pitiful details, was regarded as a tragic failure. For fifty years, not more than four or five vessels ventured into the great inland sea that he had discovered, and those that entered it kept so far north that they saw no sign of Hudson's wintering-place.

Meanwhile, Frenchmen who had followed Jacques Cartier up the St. Lawrence were not idle. As Englishmen scoured the sea for trade, so Frenchmen in canoes paddled by Indians advanced westward up the rivers and lakes from the St. Lawrence to barter rude trinkets for beaver-fur, which could be sold in Europe at as great profit as the silks and spices that English traders brought back from India and China. Up the Great Lakes the French fur-traders had paddled from Quebec with their Indian guides, across Wisconsin, down the Mississippi, down the Ohio, northwest far as Lake Superior.

Of all the French wood-runners and traders, a young man named Pierre Radisson was the most fearless and far-traveled. At sixteen he had been captured by the Indians. He learned to speak both the Mohawk and Huron tongues. He had gone west with the Hurons as far as Lake Superior and the Mississippi; and he had brought down such a wealth of beaver-skins—600,000 in one voyage—as New France had never heard of.

On Lake Superior, between 1659 and 1662, Radisson

heard strange rumors of white men having once been on the Sea of the North (Hudson Bay); of big canoes with sails like huge white wings; of "a house all battered with bullets"; of red-headed children who said they were descendants of the sailors that had been marooned with Hudson fifty years before; of a beaver country where the French traders' canoes could not begin to carry away all the beaver that the Cree of the North Sea trapped.

Radisson pricked up his ears. Beaver-skins were to New France what gold bullion was to the Spaniards of Mexico and Peru. From some point between what are now known as Duluth and Fort William, on Lake Superior, Radisson set out overland for the Sea of the North with a party of Cree hunters. Until ice closed the rivers, they ascended north by the streams emptying into Lake Superior. The canoes were exactly such as you can see in that country to-day, not dug-outs—dugouts are used only in placid waters, where the craft need never be carried over a portage—but big birch-bark canoes, made by sewing seven large pieces of birch bark together with deer-thong and tarring the seams over with gum of resin from pine and balsam. These canoes of the Up Country were big enough to carry twenty paddlers and a cargo of goods for barter worth \$3,000 in modern money.

In later days, when the fur-trade became almost a national business in Canada, huge flat-bottomed Mackinaw boats were used to bring the fur cargo down-stream. On these, sails would be rigged up of blankets and tenting-canvas; and when the wind blew favorably the rowers would lie back and sing in the manner described by the poet Moore in his "Canadian Boat-Song." Up-stream, the Mackinaws had to be tracked and poled. Where there were rapids, the voyageurs would leap out to their waists in water, and track the big raft up-stream by keeping it close to the bank—that is, pull it along by a huge tow-line, perhaps forty men on the line, chanting a sort of singsong as they hauled. Where the way led from the head of one stream to the head of another, the boat or canoe would be portaged—that is, taken overland. The big Mackinaw boat would be laid on rollers or round poles

and pulled over the ground on these. The canoe would be lifted bodily out of the water and carried upside down on the men's shoulders. The birch-bark canoes were light as cork. Meanwhile, the freight-hands, or "pork-eaters," as the voyageurs called the working men, would do the cargo up in packets of one hundred and two hundred pounds and pack these across the portage—that is, hoist the weight on their shoulders, bring a supporting strap round the forehead, and cross overland on a sort of dog-trot always measured as to distance by the number of "pipes" the carrier would smoke as he ran. Some of the portages would be as long as nine miles—that is, nine "pipes."

Radisson ascended the streams from Lake Superior toward the Sea of the North till ice forming along the banks cut the bark of his canoe. Then the whole flotilla of Indian hunters "cached" their canoes and provisions—hung them on trees above the reach of animals—and advanced on foot by snowshoe and dog-train. Dogs were either harnessed tandem to long light cedar toboggans, or else they carried the provisions on their backs in pack-saddles made of two shafts called "travois," across which weights could be hung.

The Indians alternately hunted and camped as they advanced. Their aim was to meet the Cree of the Sea of the North, barter their goods for beaver, and come back to the white traders of New France the next spring. By mid-winter the hunters had crossed the height of land between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay—a distance of one thousand miles, through a jungle of heavy dank forest growth; and when the ice broke up on the streams flowing north, Radisson's Indians built fresh canoes and launched down-stream for the Bay. This was easy going compared to the paddling up-stream in the autumn. The placid amber waters would gather together and begin to race. The canoe would quiver like a race-horse to the rush of waters below. The steersman would stand up astern for a look ahead, and every canoeman hold his paddle poised for the word. At first, a sound like a rush of wind through trees; then a roar of tumultuous waters; and the canoe would shoot into the vortex of the white rapids.



BIRCH BARK CANOES.
(Insert) A MODERN CANOE.

The trick in running rapids is not to avoid the sharp knife-rocks sticking up in mid-stream. No human strength can do that. The trick is to steer the canoe into the whirl of currents that shoots away from the rocks; and this the steersman does when he stands up to give the word. What he says means in English—"Pull! Pull for all you're worth! Paddle hard!" Then you hit the right current. The steersman shouts. Every paddle but his own goes athwart and remains motionless, rigid. To paddle now in the whirl would send the canoe sideways to the waves and swamp her; so the men sit motionless—paddles across, rigid—all crouched low to keep the canoe from rocking, the steersman's paddle braced in the water astern like a rudder; and with a wild plunge the canoe leaps into the white roaring whirl. But the waters that carry her down to the trough of the wave carry her up again; and presently, far down the stream beyond the rapids, where the waves are still rolling like a sea, the canoe comes bobbing up; then the paddles begin dipping again, and the voyageurs begin to sing.

If you look hard, you can always tell at a distance whether the voyageurs are white men or Indians by their habits of handling the paddle. An Indian paddler sits flat in the bottom of the canoe. A white man either sits on the thwarts or kneels. An Indian paddles three short strokes on one side, then three short strokes on the other side—always shifting his paddle from side to side. The white man paddles ten or twenty long, deep, slow strokes on a side before he shifts. The Indian's canoe goes ahead in quick little gallops; the white man's, in long, quick spurts. The white man makes faster time. The Indian can keep his pace longer.

In the following summer Radisson came to the Sea of the North—the first white man to reach Hudson Bay overland; and behold, there were "the old houses all battered with bullets!" Were they the houses of Hudson's crew? It will never be known; but this was the Sea of the North, to which New France now set up claim as well as England. Radisson brought back to Quebec the most famous cargo of beaver ever known in New France; but it brought him neither honor nor reward,

but only ignominy. Because he would not divide his profits with the governor's ruling clique in Quebec, he was fined and driven from the country an outlaw. He took refuge in Boston.

II

In Boston were royal commissioners from King Charles II. of England, settling disputes among the New England colonies. They heard Radisson's story and took him with them to England. Prince Rupert and Prince James and King Charles listened eagerly to the Frenchman's story. They still half hoped, in spite of Henry Hudson's death, that Hudson Bay might lead to China and India. Anyhow, a cargo of six hundred thousand beaver, worth \$5 apiece in modern money, meant what in those days was an enormous fortune.

If England did not take possession immediately, France would; so the Admiralty lent Radisson ships; merchants of London advanced goods on credit; favorites of King Charles's court put up money for the sailors' pay; and his Majesty King Charles, by a stroke of the pen, granted to "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" a charter for exclusive rights to trade and exclusive rights of possession in all the region around Hudson Bay and all the territory they should discover in their trading westward. The first governor of the company was the King's cousin, the famous Prince Rupert. With him were associated seventeen noblemen and gentlemen.

Such was the origin, in 1670, of the greatest fur company, and the longest united company, known to the world, a company that has traded in the furs of the North Country from that day to this. Of course the Company can no longer exclude other traders. That was fought out with New France for a century, and with other English traders for another century; but the Hudson's Bay Company that received its charter from King Charles is the dominant fur company in the North to-day.

Don't think that the Company confined its trading to Hudson Bay. Brigades of traders' canocs ascended the Nelson

and the Churchill and the Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains. Men on snow-shoes, with dog-trains, crossed the mountains in winter, and descended the Columbia and the Fraser by canoe to the Pacific. Others in fur-hunting horse-brigades crossed from the Saskatchewan to the Missouri, and from the Missouri to Salt Lake, and from Salt Lake to California. Others again went down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic and down the Yukon through Alaska. By fur-traders of the Company, the Fraser River, the Mackenzie, the Yukon, the Humboldt, the Sacramento, and the Snake were all explored from their mouths to head waters in the mountain snows or quiet marshy tarns, where beavers built their dams.

Because the charter was given by the King, each governor in each little stockaded fur post had all the authority and pomp of a little king. The governors dressed grandly in gold braid and velvet; they had pipers and buglers to attend them when they advanced into a new country, and as they sat at dinner among their brother officers; and each governor ruled like a little czar. Since their profits largely depended on a good hunt by the Indians, the members of the Company were ordinarily very kind to the red men, and the Company kept on friendly terms with the tribes by having its governors and chief factors marry the daughters of Indian chiefs.

But the Adventurers did not hold the Bay without fighting for it. One summer, when Radisson came out to Moose Factory at the foot of James Bay, he found his house occupied by a Jesuit who had been sent overland from Quebec by Count Frontenac to bribe the Frenchman to leave the English. Radisson would not accept the bribe; but the spy's presence created suspicion against him among the English. When he returned to England, the Adventurers refused to give him what he considered his share of the profits; and Colbert, the great statesman of France, offered him a position in the French navy.

Then began a game of chess between France and England for possession of Hudson Bay that lasted for a hundred years. Radisson captured the fur posts for the French one year, and for the English the next. Le Moyne d'Iberville brought the

French navy to the Bay, manned by French wood-runners and voyageurs, and swept the English from their forts with a broom at his masthead! But treaties between France and England restored the Bay to the English and they were not seriously disturbed in possession of their forts until the fall of French power at Quebec in 1759. Then English and Scotch traders who had settled at Montreal began pushing their French Canadian voyageurs into the Up Country by way of Lake Superior and the Saskatchewan; and another fifty years of pillage and raid followed between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor'westers, as the Montreal Company called themselves. Indians scalped the Hudson's Bay governor on the site of what is now Winnipeg; and Lord Selkirk marched troops into the country to capture the Nor'westers' forts. War proved so expensive that the two companies united; and the Hudson's Bay Company held sway down to 1871, when the Canadian Government took the administration of the country into its own hands.

III

In the meantime, what life did the fur-traders live in their lonely northern forts? Let a woman, the daughter of one of the Company's chief factors, or agents, and the wife of another chief factor, answer. This woman was born almost under the arctic circle. "I would not exchange the good time I had as the child of a fur-trader for all the fairy-tales I have ever read," she declared. "My earliest memory of the life is of a trip by dog-train up the Mackenzie for a thousand miles, in charge of an old Cree and his squaw, who had been our nurse. When my father was transferred from the Mackenzie to the Saskatchewan, it was so much easier to travel by dog-train over the ice than by canoe against the current, with portages too long and hard for little children, that he preferred to bring us out in winter." The rest of her story is given, almost in her own words, in the recital that follows.

We were a comical tourist party. There were ten toboggan-shaped sleighs. To each were hitched six or eight husky

dogs, tandem-fashion, with bells round their collars, and a half-breed driver trotted beside each sleigh, who never stopped flourishing his whip and shouting, "Marche donc! Marche donc!" if he was French, or "Mush! Mush!" if he was English, both exclamations meaning—Go! For weeks before we set out, the yard of the fur post had been in a turmoil, putting the dogs in training. Only the best huskies (Eskimos) and collies were taken. Once a day, at the ringing of a bell, the dogs came scrambling to the rocks behind the fort for their food—frozen fish. There the drivers grabbed and harnessed and trained them, putting the green dogs in line between old travelers. As for the puppies, it was the part of the children to harness and train them.

As you know, it is often possible for a man and his dog to go where a sleigh could not follow over deep drifts or rough ground; so hunters go into the woods or across barren lands for hundreds of miles with no companion save a good dog, on whose back is strapped as big a pack of provisions as the man himself carries. Catching the puppies, we began their training by tying little rolls of leather or moss across their backs. Then hitching up the big dogs, off we would scamper, with the puppies following, yelling and rolling over and over to get the pack off, or forgetting all about it and outracing our dogs in the sleighs.

The dogs enjoyed it as much as we did; but sometimes there would come a howl to the rear—some puppy trying to scratch the pack off his back had dashed into underbrush, and getting the cords entangled, now hung in mid-air. By the time he was rescued he had learned that it wasn't safe to play pranks with a hump of provisions on his back! Now that we were to make the long trip south on the ice of the Mackenzie River, all these puppies were loaded with real packs; but only the old dogs were tied to the sleighs.

The young children were strapped to the toboggans like so many little mummies—nothing visible from the great fur hoods but eyes with frosted eyelashes and the red tips of very cold noses protruding through the storm-collars buttoned over the face. The older children were left free to enjoy the fun

of an upset when the huskies made a dash up the river-bank or over hummocks of ice on some game-scent—perhaps the three-dots-and-a-slur trail of a northern grouse hiding somewhere under the powdery snow.

One of the half-breed hunters had harnessed a pet moose to a sort of jumper sleigh. The moose was always trying to bolt from the dogs, and would swing out in great rocking strides, while the huskies would scamper to keep on the heels of the moose.

With a shout, somebody cries, "Go!" and we are off, moose and huskies and puppies, toboggans and jumper sleighs, with the half-breed drivers reeling off the miles over the rolling snow-drifts as if their snow-shoes had been winged—off for a thousand-mile ride.

Our old Cree told us more of wild creatures on that journey to the Saskatchewan than you could learn in a lifetime from a white man. There was the northern grouse—most stupid of all birds, the "fool hen" of the hunter—turning whitish every winter, wearing the feather stockings of a brahma chicken to keep her feet warm, and wrapping herself in a blanket by burying herself in the powdery dry snow. But she wasn't quite such a fool as you would think; for when the hunter attacked her brood of chicks in summer, she would flop about with what was apparently a broken wing, to decoy the enemy away from the family. Then, when you followed her, "whum-m-m!" she was up and off with a whirl of wings, and not even a feather broken. In summer she wore a russet dress of feathers—much the color of the sun-bleached grass and underbrush; but she would sit stolidly by the side of the trail and look at you till one of the dogs snapped her head off.

"Waupauce"—the Indian's "little white chap," or rabbit (the varying hare)—was almost as foolish and quite as tame. We saw him again and again under the brushwood of the river-bank. He too had put on a winter dress as white as snow, and always pretended to shut his eyes, the old Cree said, because his eyes were all that was black on his whole body, and would attract an enemy over the snow.

Oh, the old Cree was a veritable book of wildwood lore! He told us *why* the ermine has a black tip to his tail; *why* his neck is like a snake, made to coil and wind and strike; *why* his muscles are massed on his jaws. Noon, the time of the short shadow, when we stopped for a snack of dry food, was the best time for the still hunter, the old Cree said; almost as good as morning and night, when there is no shadow at all. The age of the game the Indian could always tell by the frost-bitten ears and worn stumps of teeth and broken claws. Whether we found the skeleton of a cougar or of a hawk, the old Cree would at once launch into a history of the dead thing's life—so many enemies, so many battles; which way it had been going, and why, when it fought its last battle.

Once, when we were gliding sleepily over the snow, with never a sound but the swish of the runners through the drifts and the bells of the leading dog-train, the old Cree suddenly stopped, with a finger on his lip, and pointed to the white levels ahead of us. At first we could see nothing but pale splotches of color, owing to snow-blink. Then a black speck seemed to be racing over the snow in dots and dashes, with streaks of white between, as if a snake had dived under and set the fluffy snow wiggling. Straight for us it came, quartered back, darted below, so intent on the scent of a trail, that it did not see us. Then a sudden zip! spit! flop! A poor white hare, that had been sitting motionless, with lids closed to a mere slit, went bounding, flopping, struggling blindly over the snow, the black dot hanging to its breast by fanged teeth. Instantly a furry white form, no longer than your hand, with eyes like black beads, pirouetted into the air; the sinuous neck curved—and struck! A single thrust into the rabbit's brain, and poor "waupauce" lay dead.

After that we were on the lookout for beady eyes and jet tail-tips that might betray the treacherous little ermine. We began to understand that it was given a black tail-tip as a danger-signal on the snow to all other creatures; and many a time we caught a glimpse of a little slender form, shading to yellow on its sides, crouching on the snow, with head alert as a snake. We were keen to pursue, but the old Cree

always forbade such escapades—"He bite vera bad! Non! He vera bad medicine!" and we were off again with a jingling of the bells and a scampering of the huskies, and an enumeration of the lazy dog's vices in a language "to make husky go."

We never stopped traveling from sunrise—I should say morning, for on the northern part of the journey there was no sun—to night, only pausing at midday for a dry snack, or if it had been particularly cold, for tea boiled over the brushwood bark. Then away again, hard as the huskies could race with polished runners over iced snow-crust.

Half the time in the North the air is so charged with frost-mist that when the sun does come up in a rosy light over the horizon it is hidden as if in a cloud. This is a good thing for the traveler. Bright sunlight and ice-glare for a thousand miles, without a single black object to break the endless sweep of that white world, would cause snow-blindness. At night the northern lights hung over the snow-fields with hues that changed every instant.

We always camped on the lee side of a river-bank or a snow-drift, within reach of shrubbery for fire. Unless it was stormy, camp did not mean a tent; toboggans were piled side-wise as a windbreak. With their snow-shoes the drivers dug holes down to moss or grass bottom. Fire was kindled in the central hole. In the holes around this were laid buffalo-robcs and bearskins, between which we slept with feet to the fire, the children perhaps having favorite puppies as "warming-pans." At another fire, within call, the servants camped.

The combination of warm food and cold air usually had the effect of putting every one into a dead sleep; but one night I recall lying awake, listening to the ice of the river whooping and crackling with frost-shots, when there came a long, low cry out of the blue dark. An old husky, with the deep fur and sharp nose of a thoroughbred Eskimo, jumped up from our feet with a little "yap." Then he trotted across and nosed at his sleeping master. The old Cree's lank and contorted figure untangled itself, till he stood erect above the smoldering fires; but when we asked him what the lonely cry was, he only told us to go to sleep.

The next morning, as we were gliding over the drifts, with the air full of icy particles thick as fog—"frost-smoke"—the Cree kept glancing behind us. Once, when we bumped from a hollow to a hummock, I looked back in time to see gray forms, vague in the mist, galloping round a bend of the river, heads forward and down, on our trail! What they were, any northerner may know. The Cree began throwing out poisoned bait; and at each fish, the wolf-pack stopped to gobble and fight; but after dark they came up with us again, hanging far away behind the steel-blue skyline, snapping and howling dismally all night, ravenous with hunger, but afraid to approach. That wolf-pack followed our tracks for more than ten days, off and on—a distance of five hundred miles.

Of the funny episodes connected with the night-fire, one sort occurred when, the snow being particularly deep, the drivers had not dug down to moss or grass bottom. In such a case we woke in the morning lying on an incline, with our feet sliding to the fire, two, three, or four feet below us. The heat had melted the snow while we slept and we all lay at an angle that threatened to shoot the whole family into the fire.

On the coldest nights, contrary to orders, we used to poke our heads out from the fur robes and listen for the "sound" of the northern lights till freezing breath had fringed eyelashes and hair with frost. The Indians have fairy-stories that represent the northern lights as "merry dancers," Indian spirits, cracking their league-long whips of fire. There was always a rustling or faint crackling through the midwinter nights of the North.

I need hardly say that when the terrible northern blizzards blew, we lay up and camped on the sheltered side of some bend in the river. You can never get an Indian or an experienced hunter to travel in a storm; and the Indian can tell the signs of a coming blizzard better than the barometer can do it. There is the stillest sort of stillness for a day or two, the air so charged with frost that it begins to feel like a violin-string screwed so tight that it must snap. The earth cracks with frost at your footstep. That there is wind is shown only by little splashes of fine powdery snow here

and there on the prairie, as if the rolling drifts had suddenly begun to move in waves. Then the little powdery splashes of snow grow longer, splash higher, begin to wreath and curl like the fret of waves on the shore. The dogs become very restless. At night they will fight to get inside your tent or cabin or whatever shelter you have made from the storm. At last the wind begins to whine—there is no other way to describe it; it is a note of pain. Later it becomes a howl of fury. You are waked in the night as by the roar of a storm at sea. The blizzard has come for at least a three days' rampage.

On the third day the storm usually subsides; but I have known of a succession of blizzards during a period of three weeks. What terrible things in the lives of trappers and Indians attend such visitations! Perhaps three or four have camped short of food. If the storm is continuous, all will certainly perish of starvation. If one or two will only strike out, then the "grub-pile," as the hunters call it, will last longer. Sometimes each agrees to short rations at once—each man to sit safe and tighten his belt a notch every day as long as the storm lasts. And sometimes things happen whereof no witness cares to tell the tale!

If two men go into the storm, and only one comes out, the "moccasin telegram"—that mysterious means by which news travels from post to post in the North, as if winged by a bird—will cause that one man to be shunned from the pole to the Missouri, unless he can give a satisfactory explanation of his "pardner's" death.

In the days of my experience the Saskatchewan was the great channel of the fur-trade, just as the Athabasca is to-day; almost the entire fur-trade of the North passed up and down its waters. Provisions from Hudson Bay and Montreal were brought up the river in flat-bottomed Mackinaw boats. Canoe-loads of furs from the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast were carried down each spring. When the rivermen from the East and the Indian canoemen from the West met to exchange cargoes, the fort was like a fair.

Indians camped outside the palisades till the prairie was



TRAPPERS SETTING OUT.



(Upper) SNOWED UP.
(Lower) A ROUGH PORTAGE.

dotted with teepees like mushrooms. Wherever a teepee stood, there curled up the thin blue line of the camp-smoke, with bending figures seen in twilight against the fire, squaws cooking, hunters rubbing the splits and seams of their overturned canoes afresh with resin and tar.

Always, before the brigades arrived and before they set out, salutes were fired from the fort. The incoming brigade would pause at a bend in the river outside the fort and don its grandest finery, replacing the travel-worn clothes with gaudy handkerchiefs worn round the necks of the paddlers, bright silk sashes, fresh buckskin leggings. A flag with the letters H. B. C.—Hudson's Bay Company—would then be set in the prow of the foremost canoe. A gun would be fired to notify the fort; then out the canoes would swing in holiday array, the bagpipes shrilling and droning if there was a Highlander among the crews; more gunpowder would be set off if an officer of the Company was with the brigade; and the fleet would sweep up to the fort-gates in the style of wilderness warriors—a scene not to be forgotten, a piece of the poetry of early Western life that is forever past.

The fort was completely palisaded even on the river side, where the central gate opened a hundred yards back from the water. There were two bastions diagonally across from each other at the corners, with cannon mounted in both. All round, the stockades were loopholed for musketry. We were all—boys and girls without distinction—taught to handle firearms at the earliest possible age. Inside the stockades cordwood had been piled. By climbing on this, we children had access to the loopholes; and in our practice a deal of the Company's ammunition was wasted.

One instance will show the need of teaching boys and girls the use of firearms. There was to be a meeting of two war-camps, the Blackfeet and the Crees, who had long been bitterly hostile to each other. The fur-traders were anxious that such a dangerous meeting should take place as far from the fort (old Fort Pitt) as possible. My father, with another of the Company's factors, and every white man of the fort, had set out for the meeting, two days' journey distant. Strict

orders were left that the gates be kept shut. No Indian was to be admitted. If any came to trade, which was unlikely in summer, they were to be served through a small wicket near the main gate. One hot afternoon the trustworthy old Cree happened to be down the river. On the bare prairie the heat became blistering, and a scorching south wind singed the grass like fire. We always had a supply of water in the stock-ades; but some one suggested that if a pail were weighted and lowered to the bottom of the river it would bring up colder water to quench our thirst. Who was to go out for it? Not a man was in the fort; but then, not an Indian had been seen on the plains since the rallying of the tribes.

In the fort, besides my mother, the children and the Indian servants, was my aunt. Of us all, she was the best shot. We children clamored wildly for the privilege of facing any danger there might be in getting that pail of water; but my aunt uttered a severe "No!" and marched out herself, with roped pail in one hand and a light rifle in the other. We stood behind the loopholes, watching.

She disappeared down the steep river-bank. Soon we saw her come up with a dripping pail of fresh water, and saw her set it down while she rested. She had picked it up again when she suddenly stopped. She was staring into the high grass to the right of the path between herself and the fort. Naturally, all eyes at the loopholes looked in the same direction. There, crawling through the high grasses, naked but for their breech-cloths, and with war-paint daubed all over their greasy skins, were two young bucks (warriors), plainly bent on giving her a fright. It was clear that they knew the men were all absent and that only women were in the fort. From the impudent look on their faces, very bad mischief was meant. We could not possibly shoot in defense of my aunt without as much likelihood of hitting her as of hitting the Indians. If we had unfastened a gate, one of them could easily have forced an entrance while the other seized her.

To our dismay, instead of rushing for the fort, my aunt set down the pail and seemed paralyzed with fear. You can guess whether or not our hearts stopped beating! The Indians

had now risen boldly up directly under a solitary tree. On the topmost branch of that tree sat a whisky-jack (jay), scolding as usual, trying, I suppose, to tell my aunt that she had better take to her heels. Quick as a flash, she aimed her rifle, picked off that poor jay as coolly as if at target-practice, then, calmly lifting the pail, walked slowly to the gates. As for the two young braves—well, there was a flash of greasy skin disappearing through the long grasses.

My father brought back from the meeting a great surprise. A truce had been arranged between the two tribes—greatly to the dismay of the other factor of the Company. He was a single man, with “a touch-me-not” manner. To show how sacredly the Indians regarded the truce, the more warlike of the two disputing chiefs presented his only daughter to this very pompous and dignified factor. Had he refused her he would have offended the chief. But what to do with her? She was young—nine or ten years old—and the factor was a bachelor, sternly set in a bachelor’s ways. So he sent the little waif to our fort till the brigade could carry her out to Hudson Bay to take passage for England; and the shy little wild thing was our playmate for almost a year, although she had terrible homesick fits—what the Indians call the “sickness of long, long thinking.” Ultimately she came back educated from England to marry her benefactor, who had in the meantime grown old enough to be lonely, or at least to need some one to look after him.

On a high knoll near the fort was a Cree burial-place, where were bodies wrapped in blankets and skins, embalmed in grasses, and laid on a scaffolding high above the ground. The old Cree told us as a secret that the Indians were too superstitious ever to go there at night, and that if we placed our traps below the scaffolding, we would never need any bait. Small game sat staring at these shadows between them and the moon half a winter night. When Indians were afraid to go to this haunted place after nightfall, imagine the dread, the cold chills, the grim joy of children reveling in the delight of doing a dangerous thing! Gates were locked at sundown in those old days; but there were the cord-wood piles

within the stockades, from the top of which we could jump with no more serious damage than a few bumps.

And so there was a wild race through the dark as we ran tripping over our own feet, mistaking every shrub for a loup-garou (wolf-demon), feeling tingles of the most delicious terror down our spines at every bark of fox, badger, or wolverene. Traps were flung down and hurriedly set. Then we dashed back, spurred by fear and a guilty conscience, to scramble up the pickets somehow and reach bed before our absence had been discovered. I know now that our parents were aware of our adventures all the time, but never discouraged them, believing that the escapades did their part in developing the courage needed at the fur posts in those days.

Though the Cree might put us up to these nightly adventures, he never permitted us to empty the traps by ourselves. The snap of a fox was a much greater danger to us children than the snap of a trap to the fox. Indian hunters have lost hands, arms, feet, even their lives, from gangrene due to the quick nip of a little beast maddened with anger.

We found that trap, snare, poison, gun were a thousand times more merciful to the wild animals than the natural processes of death. In fact, there is no such thing as a natural death for the wild creature. On that long journey down from the Arctic, we came upon a snow-drift once where the wolf-pack had run down and "bogged" a heavy moose through the thin ice-crust. The poor victim had plunged forward, rolling her great head on the snow. The wolves had not stopped to kill the moose; they had begun at once to eat her, and were tearing at the flanks just as one of our men fired a shot that put the creature out of misery.

The most deadly enemy the trapper has is the wolverene—an ugly, rough-haired animal about the size and shape of a small pig, with a nose pointed almost as sharply as that of the fox. His fur is of little value, but to obtain the rascal's hide, most trappers would be willing to waste a week. He robs the hunter's cache, no matter how cunningly the provisions are hidden under stone or logs. You can outwit him only by cacheing provisions high in a tree overhead. He robs

the hunter's cabin if it has a stone chimney or a window, or if there is a hole under the log wall where his long claws can tear an opening.

But to those halcyon days came an end! The coureurs that carried the little Indian maid off to be sent to England took us to a far Eastern school—a very proper school—in a great city, where life consisted of flagstones below your feet, brown-stone fronts on each side, and a patch of smoked sky five stories above your head! How did we feel? I can best express it by saying that I never since have been able to endure any caged pets in my presence. I know well that they would far rather be out foraging free, in spite of the tragic death that inevitably comes, than penned up and sleeked and fed and pampered, while their very hearts are beating out their life against those bars.

Eventually I came back to be the wife of a new factor at the fort where I had passed my childhood. But already there were signs of a new era. What had been villages a thousand miles away were now towns. A railroad was being built three hundred miles south of us. So many free hunters came from the Missouri that game began to recede north, and with game the Indians. Palisades began to be replaced by picket-fences. The transition from the old order to the new was not without a struggle. At the first signs of the Indian unrest in 1885, the fur-traders knew that trouble was brewing. Still, we had no fear; for trouble had come and gone before, and the traders had always remained on friendly terms with the Indians.

A bad Indian—there were always some such round a fort, just as there are blackguards in white men's cities—began to tease and threaten an officer's children and to affect a defiance of whites. Little Poplar and other young chiefs began to act in a similar way; and friendly Crees warned us to look out for trouble from the Indians of a neighboring reserve. A detachment of Mounted Police, among whom was the son of Charles Dickens, the novelist, took up quarters with us, and their scouts brought word that three hundred braves were

on the war-path, and that twelve hundred Indians from the same reserve were ready to follow the aggressors. Earth-works, sand-bags, even meal-sacks, were at once placed as lining inside the stockade. The company of Mounted Police was so small that there were really too few to do scouting properly, let alone manning and defending the fort. So while the Mounted Police scouted, dug trenches, and tried to get despatches through the rebel lines, the women and young girls were standing guard with rifles at the loopholes. And the rifles were quite as effective in the women's hands as in the men's. Did we fear? Not in the least! We knew that our safety was in the friendship of the Crees, not in the mere handful of troopers who had come as a guard. The first precaution taken was to spill all the liquor, "pain-killer," "ginger," and other intoxicants of the fort on the ground. Then all the ammunition and firearms that the police could not use were buried and the places concealed. The precautions were taken none too soon, for presently word came of terrible massacres on other reserves; and one night twelve hundred warriors appeared before our fort.

I wish I could describe to you the effect of the massacres on these warriors. They threw themselves on the ground, prancing about on all fours like wild beasts, yelping, whooping, howling their war-cry; but whenever the boldest came too near the gate, our friendly Crees jostled across the way, passed some apparently casual remark that diverted attention, and led them off in another direction.

But the next day the hostile chiefs would no longer be put off. They sent an interpreter asking, or rather commanding, the factor to come out to them. Any show of fear would have precipitated attack. The factor went out. The Indians told him they meditated no harm against the fur-traders, but intended attacking the police; that if the traders and their families did not wish to be massacred, they must give themselves up to the Indians and come out of the besieged fort. When the factor wished to carry this message back, they told him he was a prisoner. He then wrote a letter to the fort, leaving us to decide whether it would be more dangerous to

remain in the besieged post or to go out among the assailants, where the friendly Crees could be round us.

It did not take us long to decide. We marched gallantly out, not a forlorn army, I assure you, but a most belligerent and indignant one; for although we did not acknowledge it to the Indians, we were nothing else than prisoners of war. The bad young Indians daily became more insolent; and daily the friendly Crees, with a craft that defied detection, jostled between the bad Indians and the white women, kept near the camp-fire when we were there, dancing the war-dance just as madly as the hostiles all night long about the fire—but cunningly dancing always between the fire and our tent, in front of our teepee-flaps, to rear and side, where a treacherous arm might have stolen under the canvas and dragged the younger children out.

Soon began one of the most famous retreats in the Indian marches of this continent. Before the advance of troops under General Middleton, the hostiles fled north over swamps where whites could not follow, across sloughs where the slush of ice and water came to our chins, into a rough country where Indians could dodge about in hiding. Our boots were in tatters at the end of a day, but the Crees brought us fresh moccasins. At night all were exhausted, and the friendly Crees brought us food.

Not a moment, day or night, for eight weeks did we know when a gun-click might not mean death; and the rascally young braves used to snap triggers and brandish knives to see if some white woman would not dodge or start with fear. And did we? Not once! Our only feeling was of the most furious indignation that these Indians, these outcasts, whom we had many times succored and nursed through illness, now dared to turn on us and threaten torture. Of course we passed some terrible nights. Once, I remember, when some particularly bad Indians had been threatening to raid our camp and distribute the white women prisoners among the warriors, the friendly Crees began jostling us more closely than usual. What did it mean? Was there to be a rush for us by the boldest of the warriors? As the friendlies brushed casu-

ally against us, they slipped undetected into our hands hunting-knives and firearms, which we as quickly concealed. Wild dancing began round the fire that night, with a discharge of guns and a great howling, as if some of the warriors were intoxicated; and still in the thick of it danced and howled the friendly Crees. I have often wondered when they slept. Not once, I think, in all the time of our captivity did the friendlies cease their watch over us in order to sleep. Morning, noon, night, or at any hour between sunset and sunrise, you might see from the teepee-flap Crees on the watch.

On this particular night we kept close to the tent; and in spite of the danger, we were too tired to go without sleep. That night somebody in our tent was suddenly roused by the grip of a hand dragging her toward the edge of the teepee. Without a scream, without a moment's hesitation, down came one of those hunting-knives that had been given to the women! The men of the party first heard of that incident the next morning over the breakfast-fire.

"H'm!" grunted Big Bear to the factor. "You brave girl—that teepee! She cut bad Indian's hand off last night!"

Soon the Indians learned that the rebellion was a losing game elsewhere, and we were dropped, to find our way back as best we could, guided by the friendly Crees.

All these dangers are long since past. Farms have carved the fenceless prairie into checker-board squares where once roamed trappers and Indians and buffaloes. Those old forts, where I spent my childhood, are growing into cities with electric trams and all the social strife and business pressure that go with an electric age. Only north of the Athabasca does the fur-trade flourish as of old, the Company revered, each chief factor at his post a little king in his own way, with all a king's prestige among his tawny subjects. But another great company has come on the field. Free traders have overrun the hunting-grounds of the North; and the old order, with its glamor of romance, is giving way to the business methods of modern competition.

Sometimes in New York and London I meet members of

the old guard whom fortune has brought to high places ; but I doubt if they are as happy now as long ago, when they lived in the little log forts, ruling over wild realms as large as France or Germany or Spain. They figured in a phase of pioneer life that has no parallel in European history, unless it is to be found in the lives of the old feudal barons ; and I don't know of any feudal barons, either on the Rhine or on the border-lands of England and Scotland, who ruled over regions so vast as Churchill and Red River and the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca and British Columbia and Oregon.

REBELS AND REDCOATS

EDITED BY BLISS CARMAN

I

WHEN on that memorable morning in June, 1837, the young Princess Victoria was awakened from her slumber and told that she had become mistress of the British Empire, far away in one part of that Empire two men were plotting to overthrow the new Queen's authority.

Canada, not for the first time, was beset by disloyalty and rebellion. By this time that portion of the country that Champlain had founded and Frontenac ruled, now called Lower Canada, was filled with industrious, God-fearing peasantry, tilling their farms, pursuing the peaceful, wholesome life of the village and countryside. Westward lay Upper Canada and the towns and homesteads of the Loyalists, into which many more thousands of settlers had poured since the days of King George III.

Among the people of both sections a host of agitators arose, restless lawyer-politicians for the most part, who cried out for liberty and a republic. We see such crafty-eyed men, with their loud voices and deceitful smiles, stalking through many pages of New World history. In Canada they were the successors of those who revolted against Champlain, just as, one hundred and fifty years before that, jealous enemies plotted against Christopher Columbus and brought him in sorrow to the grave. Frontenac faced such men and with an effort put them down. The gallant La Salle met his death at such hands.

Now the revolutionists stalked rampant in Canada, and it was high time that their leaders were overthrown and crushed. In the English part of Canada, the Upper Province, what is

now Ontario, the revolutionaries were led by a rash and impulsive Scotchman named William Lyon Mackenzie. In Lower Canada, now called Quebec, which was chiefly peopled by French Canadians, the rebels looked to Louis Papineau as their leader.

When Lord Gosford, the Governor, warned the people of the peril they ran in listening to the counsels of the demagogues who would ruin them, they only met in the streets shouting "Long live Papineau, our deliverer!" Daring bands of rebels, called "Sons of Liberty," tore down the Governor's proclamation. In a few weeks Papineau gave the signal and his followers flew to arms. It was the time of harvest; the grain had ripened and was ready for the reaper, but the English settlers in Lower Canada, loyal to their young Queen, dared not use their scythes and sickles for fear of the loaded muskets of the French Canadian rebels. They fled for refuge to Montreal, where the first skirmish in the rebellion took place.

Then the rebels set upon a small body of loyal cavalry marching from St. John's, on the Richelieu River. Among them was a young officer, Lieutenant Weir, the bearer of despatches from Colonel Gore. He was made prisoner and placed in the custody of some of the insurgents, who, regardless of mercy and decency, butchered him in barbarous fashion. While Weir was being hacked to pieces by Papineau's men, the rebel leader learned from the captured despatches that Gore and his soldiers were marching upon them. At St. Denis, therefore, they entrenched themselves, and for some hours held the post, keeping up a deadly fire upon the troops.

Fortunately for the English flag in Canada, there was an able man to defend it in the person of Sir John Colborne, one of the generals of the Duke of Wellington. He sent Colonel Wetherell to take the rebel post at St. Charles. Here a weak and foolish man from the United States, who called himself "General" Brown, abandoned his men almost at the first artillery discharge. Though they fought on for a time, none the worse for their leader's absence, they were soon dispersed by assault.

Colborne himself, with a force of regulars and militia, marched to the villages of St. Eustache and St. Benoit. The parish church at St. Eustache, built of stone, was turned into a fort, and here, in the sacred edifice, the rebels bade defiance to the soldiers of the Queen. Their fate was a terrible one. Flames shot through the roof and steeple, and the walls began to fall in. The rebels continuing to make a stand until escape was too late, almost the whole number of those who thus held St. Eustache were burned to ashes.

When Colborne marched his men on to St. Benoit, the rebels, now thoroughly frightened at their misdeeds, sued for peace. They surrendered ignominiously, but this did not prevent the British settlers, whose homes and harvests they had destroyed, from venting their anger upon them, so that this village and many houses round about fell a prey to their wrath. That night the countryside was lit up by a terrible glow.

On the morrow it was seen how few among the vast body of French Canadians were really disloyal to the Government that had given them political and religious liberty. In one of the districts that had been claimed by Papineau, fifteen hundred militiamen put themselves under the French Canadian Colonel de Hertel and declared themselves stanch in their allegiance and ready to help in quelling the rebellion.

Although Papineau's men had fled cravenly across the border at the first outbreak of trouble, others still continued to foment war and bloodshed. Two unhappy brothers named Nelson gained an unenviable notoriety; one of them boldly proclaimed the "Republic" of Canada; but all they gained for their pains was the melancholy pleasure of seeing their countrymen, of both French and English origin, in distress, and jails filled with their deluded followers, many of whom were afterward hanged for treason.

II

While this was happening in Lower Canada, and causing the young Queen and her ministers anxiety, in Upper Canada

William Lyon Mackenzie and his followers reveled in riot. Mackenzie fancied that he was another Washington; he wrote bombastic letters to his fellow-traitor Papineau, and busied himself with designing a flag for his new republic, on which were two stars, one for each province. At last Mackenzie considered that the time had come for war, and he and his friends decided to capture Toronto.

One bright, cold December day one thousand rebels were entrenched at their rendezvous, Montgomery's tavern, a few miles outside Toronto. An old soldier, Van Egmond, who had fought under Napoleon, undertook to drill them; Sam Lount, a beetle-browed blacksmith, was their commander-in-chief. To nip their schemes in the bud, against them marched the royal Governor, Sir Francis Head, with five hundred militia. The Governor called upon them to surrender and lay down their arms; they refused, and an exchange of fire took place.

Then the courage of the insurgents gave out, and they fled, the ringleader, Mackenzie, being among the first who took to their heels. He retired to a little spot in the middle of the Niagara River called Navy Island, and proceeded to establish what he called a provisional government. Overhead, greatly to his own satisfaction, floated the two-starred flag of the Canadian "Republic." Here Mackenzie impudently issued grants of land to all who would take up arms in his cause, and despatched them in a steamboat called the "Caroline." One dark night a dashing young British lieutenant seized the rebel "Caroline," which his American sympathizers had lent to "President" Mackenzie, set her on fire, and dropped her, a burning mass, over the Niagara Falls.

A time soon came when sympathizers across the border felt that they had gone too far, and the President of the United States issued a proclamation warning his people against attacking a friendly power. But in spite of this there were several filibustering expeditions from the United States before the enemies of England living there realized the hopelessness of endeavoring to seize Canada.

Mackenzie was arrested by the United States authorities and sentenced to eighteen months in jail. Had he been caught

in Canada, he would have suffered the fate of his companions and been hanged, as he richly deserved to be, for treason.

III

The disaffection all came to an end when Queen Victoria's Government, acting on the advice of Lord Durham, who had been sent to Canada to inquire into the disturbances, united Upper Canada and Lower Canada into one province, and granted the people the power to manage their own affairs in a Parliament of their own.

After a time, when the Canadian people could not agree upon a spot to be chosen for a capital town for their now united Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, they called upon Queen Victoria to select one for them. It so happened that there was on the banks of the Ottawa a little village named Bytown, not far from two beautiful falls, the Rideau and Chaudière. It was the scene of a prosperous lumbering camp, and several sawmills thrived there; it was far removed from the stress and the struggle of the French and English parties, and from bitter political feeling. So the young Queen, who had seen some sketches of the village, chose it for the meeting-place of Parliament and the residence of the Governor-General. All parties were pleased with her choice. Bytown was rechristened Ottawa, and in the course of a few years it became a place of magnificent buildings and beautiful homes.

Ottawa was destined to be still more important and famous as the capital of the entire Dominion of Canada. For as time went on all the British provinces, both of the east and the west—that begun by Poutraincourt two hundred and fifty years before in Acadia, and that founded by Selkirk on the Red River—all the colonies between the Atlantic and the Pacific north of the United States border, had grown and flourished and sought to be welded into a single nation under the British flag. Thirty years after Papineau's rebellion, the desired union took place, and in 1867 the Canadian Dominion, under Sir John Macdonald's leadership, began its career.

IV

The new order of things involved many changes. For one thing, it was time that in the Far West the power of the Hudson's Bay Company over the vast region of Rupert's Land should come to a close. No longer was it meet and proper that a body of fur-traders should be rulers over all this territory. Yet neither the Company nor its dependents, the voyageurs, trappers, and hunters, were eager for any change. The Métis or half-breeds had grown accustomed to the Company's rule. "If," said they, "the Company is no longer to govern us, then we should govern ourselves." When they saw the first advance guard of Canadians from the East coming in to take their land for farms, to lay out roads and townships, the half-breeds met in angry protest; they defied the Canadians to take their country without their consent. They were joined by immigrants from the United States who regarded any political trouble with pleasure as hastening the annexation of Canada to the Republic.

Again did a leader step quickly forth from their ranks. His name was Louis Riel. Half-educated, fanatical, this young man dreamed dreams of future power and glory. In person he was short and stout, with a large head, a high forehead, and an intelligent eye; above his brow a mass of long and thick black hair clustered. No sooner was it clear that the authority of the Hudson's Bay Company had been sold for Canadian gold, than Riel proclaimed himself dictator of the new province of Rupert's Land; he issued a bombastic proclamation to his people refusing to recognize the authority of Canada "coming to rule us with a rod of despotism," and declaring a provisional government, as so many agitators had done before him. A new flag, bearing the fleur-de-lis and a shamrock—the latter a compliment to the Irish Fenians—was hoisted over Fort Garry, a strong stone fortress which the Company had built on the Red River, not far from where the city of Winnipeg now stands.

When the Canadian Government heard of the trouble that

was brewing in its newly acquired territory of Rupert's Land, the greatest alarm was felt, for at that very moment Governor MacDougall was on his way to Fort Garry to take charge of the new territory. The Governor had just set foot across the border when he was met by Riel and three or four thousand followers at a barrier built across the roadway. Two courses were open to him: to fight or retreat. As he had no desire to shed blood, he returned quietly across the border.

Riel could not now keep his hot-headed followers in hand. Sixty prisoners, all who dared to oppose his schemes, were seized and locked up in the fort. A commissioner was sent from Canada—Donald Smith, afterward Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal—to allay the excitement, but his mission had no immediate effect, for Louis Riel was resolved to play a heroic part in the eyes of Indians and half-breeds. Several of the leading men of the Company were put in irons. So overwhelmed was the Company's governor, that he took to his bed and never recovered. While he lay in the shadow of death, the pitiless Riel stood over him heaping him with abuse. Not less brutal was his treatment of Donald Smith. "Shoot that man," said Riel to the commissioner's guard, "if he makes an attempt at escape or disobeys my orders." But Donald Smith survived the ordeal, living to be governor of the territory, and afterward to be known all over the Empire as one of the chief builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Among the prisoners who had dared to defy Riel's power was a resolute young Canadian named Thomas Scott. Scott had refused to bow the knee to the dictator, and Riel resolved that he should die. So on March 4, 1870, Scott was led outside the gate of the fort, with a white handkerchief bound across his brow; his coffin, with a white sheet thrown upon it, was carried with him; his eyes were then bandaged; he was allowed a few minutes for prayer, and then told to kneel in the snow. Six half-breeds, who had been plied heavily with drink, then raised their muskets; their shots rang out, and Scott fell back, pierced by three bullets. He had not been executed; he had been brutally murdered.

Like wildfire through the East flew the news of Scott's

death. Volunteers and regulars were hastily summoned. At that time there was in Canada an able colonel of the British Army, by name Garnet Wolseley. Very few knew his name then, but he afterward became world-famous. He instantly put himself at the head of the Red River brigade and pressed on to Fort Garry to punish the impudent traitor who had dared to set Canada at defiance. The Red River brigade moved forward over bad roads, through dense forests; they crossed lakes and turbulent rivers in leaky boats. Serious accidents occurred, and there were many narrow escapes from rock and rapid. But at last through the six hundred miles of wilderness Colonel Wolseley and his men of the brigade came to the neighborhood of the fort.

A line of skirmishers was thrown out in advance; it was not yet known what defense "the little Napoleon," as his adherents were fond of calling Riel, would offer. To Wolseley's surprise, no banner floated from the flagstaff and the gates of the fort were open. Through the portals the Colonel and his brigade marched, angry that they had been balked of their prey. Louis Riel's courage had failed him at the last moment, and he had fled across the Assiniboine River.

V

But Canada was not yet done with Louis Riel. Fifteen years passed away—years of stirring change. Thousands of colonists had poured into the new and fertile province now called Manitoba, and the city of Winnipeg arose near the site of Fort Garry. In sullenness the half-breeds still farther withdrew into the heart of the wilderness and settled on the banks of the Saskatchewan and in the far Saskatchewan Valley. Silently they nourished hate against the settlers, looking to their leader Riel, who lived in exile across the United States border, to come some day and avenge their wrongs.

Slowly but surely the farmers and ranchers pushed the half-breeds and hunters farther and farther until they felt the forest slip from them. When they could bear it no longer, they sent a message to Riel to free them from the tyranny of

the Canadian immigrants. Riel answered the call. He rejoiced this time in the title of "Liberator," for he told the Indians and half-breeds that he would liberate their lands from the harvesters and ranchmen. Gathering together not only the half-breeds, but many of the red men as well, the rebels advanced on the Canadian militia at Duck Lake and inflicted upon them a defeat.

Flushed with this triumph, Riel sought the chiefs of the Cree and Blackfeet tribes; he told them how the Canadians could be driven out of the country, and that the old happy, careless, prosperous days of the Indians would return. Among those who listened were Big Bear, chieftain of the Cree, Crow Foot, of the warlike Blackfeet, Poundmaker, and other chiefs. War and butchery ensued; helpless settlers were shot down without mercy. But Nemesis was at hand. Canada was pouring an army of redcoats into the turbulent Northwest, and the fate of Riel and his deluded half-breeds and redskin followers was sealed. He himself was seized, found guilty of treason, and hanged at last for his folly and his crimes.

LITERATURE OF PATRIOTISM AND HEROISM OF DUTY

PATRIOTISM AND CITIZENSHIP

By GEORGE F. HOAR

THESE words, so full of inspiration, have a meaning in a Republic which they have nowhere else. They appeal to the loftiest emotions of which humanity is capable—love, gratitude, and the sense of duty. The love of country is the highest and purest affection of the soul. Stronger than institutions, stronger than constitutions, it is the master passion of the loftiest natures. At its bidding young men and old men give their lives, mothers their sons, wives their husbands, and maidens their lovers. The man who is without it, or thinks himself above it, is a poor and useless creature.

The first element of patriotism and citizenship is personal character. I believe that the quality of that moral being we call the Republic is higher and better than the average quality of the individual citizen. France is something better than the individual Frenchman. Switzerland is something better than the individual Swiss. America is something far higher and nobler than the individual American. Yet the national will and desire are the result of the blending and fusing of the will and desires of millions upon millions of individual souls. In that mighty alchemy, the mean elements, the impure flux and dross, are eliminated and the pure gold or crystal remains. Yet personal quality and character largely affect and control the national quality and character. So the first great service the individual American can render to his country is the service of an honest, clean, industrious, and successful private life.

So far in our history there has been little need of spur, or stimulant, to obtain the devoted service of the citizen in war. When the country has been in peril in time of war the American youth has been ever ready, is, and ever will be ready, to respond to the call, even if the extremest sacrifice be demanded.

"When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can!"

In time of peace the duty is not so well done. Many men disdain to take a share in political affairs. They do not like the equality to which they must submit. Others take part in them only to promote their own ambitions, others even for purposes of money-making, or personal gain. But in general I believe the purposes of the American people are lofty and patriotic.

The good citizen, having contributed to his own country in his own person, an honest, industrious, frugal, unselfish, public-spirited character, must then take his share in the conduct of the state. This in general he can do only through the instrumentality of a party. A party is but an association of men who, agreeing in general as to what is best for the Republic, desire to secure it by combined effort, and, in order to commit the administration of the Republic to the men whom on the whole they think best fitted to secure it for those purposes which can be accomplished only by acting in concert, they must act in concert.

I am satisfied, on as thorough study of history and of this particular question as I have been able to make, that the best things which have been secured for liberty, good government, and the welfare of mankind, have been secured in free states by party government. The freer and nearer a pure Republic the state, the more necessary the organization of party. No man who ever left one of the great parties of this country or of any other, to become what is called Independent, ever accomplished anything considerable in the way of usefulness to his country after he did it. I may be mistaken in this opinion. But I think I can abundantly maintain it by historic examples.

I do not think I have been led to it by a blind attachment to party. It is an opinion formed on the most careful reflection with my eyes wide open, and with the aid of such intellectual vision as God has given me.

The good citizen, having determined with what party he will act at any particular time, must consult with his party associates, and must be present at the meetings when its policies are determined, and its candidates are chosen. If he neglects that duty, by reason of fastidiousness, or indolence, or false pride, he can have very little usefulness. Attendance upon the caucus is, in general, as important as voting at the polls. Then comes the question what the good citizen shall do in the way of holding political office. He ought never to urge his own desires upon other men, still less make claims or demands for office upon his fellow-citizens. He is the worst judge in the world of the question whether he is fit for office, or whether it will be better for the public interest that he, or that some other man, shall be selected. But if his fellow-citizens need his aid in any field of public service it must only be the superior demand and claim of his family, or those dependent upon him for support, which will justify him in disobeying the call.

The consideration just stated should be of equal weight with the man who inclines to refuse public office from modesty, or from indolence, or from fear of receiving blows which men in political life must take, or of being suspected by his neighbors of low personal ambitions. If any good man be inclined to disobey a call to public service because of his belief that he is not fit for it, let him remember, as I have just said, that his opinion on that question is of small value. If he accepts a public office, of two things at least he is sure: First, the office will be honestly and cleanly administered by an incumbent who desires to do his best for the people's service and whose objects are public and not personal; next, if the office be political, the measures which he thinks best for the public service are those which will be adopted so far as one official can control the matter, and he will secure the public against any attempt to accomplish in that office what he thinks hurtful. There is to me no more odious human character than the man who

flinches from the duties of citizenship in a Republic from the fastidious and disdainful spirit which scorns civic duties, or flinches from their rough contests and struggles. "That fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed," as Milton calls it, is the most pernicious vice.

The good citizen should cultivate the old Christian virtue of zeal. He may trust in general his righteous enthusiasms as safe guides. He should love his country with a passionate love and pursue the ends that he believes to be his Country's, his God's, and Truth's with all earnestness and manly fervor. Let him never refrain from indulging and expressing a righteous indignation against tyranny, or injustice or meanness, or corruption, in public places. But with all this, let him learn to judge kindly of men who differ from him. Let him remember that while God has given him his own conscience as the light which he is to follow, yet other men must follow the light that is given them. He must remember through what a blurred and imperfect intellectual glass the best and wisest man sees the duties of life, and especially those which relate to the conduct of political affairs.

MAGNA CHARTA

IN a room in the British Museum, where all may see, rests a manuscript, battered, torn, brown and shriveled with age, but dear to the heart not merely of every Englishman but of every lover of human freedom the world over—Magna Charta. From it still hangs the royal seal, token of the covenant wrung seven hundred years ago from the reluctant hands of the most cruel and treacherous of England's kings. It represents the first great victory of the English people over their sovereigns. It is the parent of all charters of human freedom. Because of it, and of what grew out of it in after years, all countries where the English tongue is spoken, and many besides, enjoy to-day the rights of free speech, free parliaments, justice, liberty, and equality.

You must not think that Magna Charta was easily won by the people of England. Kings in those days, and some even in much later times, thought that they were made of different clay from the people they governed; thought that their right to rule came directly from Heaven; that nothing they did could be wrong; and that the people had no right to complain even though they were treated like slaves. Those whom kings ruled over had become used to all this, and it was only because the English people were sturdy and independent and liberty-loving that at last they made up their minds to break the yoke of their tyrant. Far back in the days of King Alfred, who was a wise and just ruler, they had had a sort of parliament of their own, and were governed by laws that were fair and that protected them from injustice; but after England had been conquered by William of Normandy, the rights and liberties of the people were gradually taken away from them, until at last King John came to the throne and drove his subjects to rebellion by his cruelty and

oppression. When he found that they were becoming too strong for him, he promised to give them just laws, but he broke his promise so often that they would no longer trust him. The great barons, who were acting for the nation, forced King John to meet them at a place called Runnymede, and in the month of June, in the year 1215, he finally had his seal affixed to the Great Charter giving freedom to the people of England.

Let's pretend, as Alice said to the kitten before she stepped through into Looking-Glass-Land—let's pretend that we are back in the days of King John, and sailing up the Thames in a boat from London to Runnymede, to see the winning of the Great Charter. Seven hundred years ago, London did not look much like the huge city of to-day. It was a town of about forty thousand inhabitants, built along the north bank of the Thames, somewhat in the shape of a bow. The great wall that the Romans had raised about it, with seven double gates, was still standing, though rapidly falling into decay. The streets were very narrow, and the upper parts of the houses were built out over the lower stories, so that if you stood on the roof you could almost shake hands with your neighbor on the other side.

As we leave the old town behind us—for even in those remote days London was an ancient city—and turn our boat up the Thames, we see on every side the homes of the London merchants, with their gardens and orchards, and here and there the castle of one of the great nobles, surrounded by its splendid park. On the river itself, barges fly hither and thither, in search of business or pleasure; graceful swans glide along the banks, and here and there a fish leaps from the water and disappears again. As we make our way up-stream, the city and its suburbs are lost to sight, and the dense forest comes down to the water's edge. Presently we come to a small town, then to another. At last we see the buildings of Staines, on the north bank of the river. Here there is tremendous excitement, for this is the headquarters of the barons who are in league against the King. Nobles and knights, clad in armor and mounted on fiery chargers, are about to set out

for the place of meeting; squires and men-at-arms are running hither and thither, making preparations for the great event. It is Friday, June 15, 1215—a day forever to be remembered in English history.

Some miles beyond Staines, on the opposite side of the river, standing on the brow of a hill overlooking the Thames, we see presently the towers and turrets and battlements of the royal palace of Windsor, from the gates of which King John and his courtiers, with those nobles who have still remained true to his cause, are even now riding forth to meet the barons.

The meeting-place is a beautiful meadow on the margin of the river, known even to this day as Runnymede. It is about midway between Staines and Windsor. Long before the days of King John it had been celebrated as a place where the Saxon people were accustomed to meet together to talk over the affairs of the nation. A huge oak was still standing, under which King Alfred, it is said, used to sit when summoning his people to resist the invasion of the Danes, or to discuss with them other matters of great moment.

It was around this venerable oak that King John and the barons were now meeting; and here they were to give back to the people of England the liberties they had enjoyed under King Alfred, and that had been taken from them by William the Conqueror and those who succeeded him on the throne.

Let us get out of our boat and watch the wonderful scene. A throne has been set up for the King; near it is a gorgeous tent, above which flies the royal standard of England, and round about are the lesser tents of the nobles and courtiers. On the opposite side of the river is the camp of the barons, who are forcing King John to do that at which his haughty soul revolts. But he dares resist them no longer, for the whole nation is roused against him, and he must submit or lose his throne.

Presently the barons cross the river with their squires and men-at-arms, all armed in case the King should meditate any treachery. The King comes out of his tent and mounts the throne. He wears his royal robes, glistening with precious

stones, a golden, sparkling crown is on his head, and he makes a noble enough figure, although there is a cruel and crafty smile upon his lips that bodes ill for the rebellious barons if King John should ever again get the upper hand.

Beside the King stands the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, one of the wisest men in England, who has done more than any other to bring freedom to the English people. While the barons were fighting the King to gain their own ends, and relieve themselves from unjust taxation, it was Langton who stood up for the common people, and insisted that they too must be freed from injustice and oppression, whether on the part of the King, or of the great barons themselves. The King must not oppress the barons, neither must the barons oppress the people. The barons at first were not much inclined to look at the matter in this way; they did not care about doing unto others as they would themselves be done by; but in the end they saw that the only way they could hope to win justice and freedom from the King, was by making common cause with the people and insisting that every Englishman, high or low, rich or poor, must enjoy the rights of a free citizen. When we think of Magna Charta, we must not forget that the one man who did more than any other to bring about the granting of this great charter of liberty was Stephen Langton.

King John bore no love for Langton, and yet he knew that Langton was what he could never be—an upright, honest, and fearless man, who would as quickly support the King against his barons, if he believed his cause was just, as he would support the barons against the King. In all the long struggle, the one man who was respected by both sides was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

On the other side of King John stands Pandulph, the legate or ambassador of the Pope, with eight English bishops, and the Master of the Knights Templars, of whom you may have read in "The Talisman." Around him, too, stand a number of nobles who had remained loyal to the King, although many of them must have known that he had been cruel and unjust to his people. Here are the Earl of Pembroke, the

Earl of Salisbury, Earl Warenne, the Earl of Arundel, Hubert de Burgh, and all the others who had not thrown in their lot with the barons. Behind them are their squires and pages, with the other attendants, all richly dressed in honor of the great occasion.

The barons now stand before King John, led by Robert Fitzwalter, whom they had some time before elected as Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church. Each of the barons and knights is dressed in glittering chain-armor, and buckled to his side is his trusty sword. He is prepared to fight for the liberties of England if the King should be rash enough to refuse them.

The Great Charter is brought forth, and read to the King. It says first, that the English Church shall be free. Both the King and the Pope had for many years been interfering in every way with the Church of England, taxing and seizing her lands and property, forcing the election of bishops, and trying to take away her freedom. The King must now promise that this will cease.

Then the Charter deals with the liberties of the people of England. The King must promise to deal justly with all his subjects—not only with the great nobles and knights, but likewise with the merchants and farmers and all the freemen in the kingdom: He must no longer, as he had done, seize the property of earls, barons, or knights when they died, and keep it from their sons; nor must he deprive a widow of her dower—the portion of her husband's property that rightfully belonged to her after his death.

There had been a law or custom, called scutage, which the King had greatly abused. Under this law the knights and barons were obliged either to follow the King in his foreign wars, or, if they did not wish to do so, to pay him a tax that was known as scutage. A similar tax was imposed on the merchants of London. When the King needed money—and that was nearly always—he sent around his tax-gatherers to collect scutage from the nobles and merchants. Now the Charter provided that no tax of this kind should in future be imposed, except what was fair and reasonable. There must

be some taxes, to provide money to carry on the affairs of the kingdom, but the people should not be obliged to pay because the King chose to waste money on his own evil pleasures.

In order that the scutage tax should be fairly collected, and other matters arranged for the good of the people, the Charter provided that the King must call together a council or parliament, who would have authority to see that justice was done. This was very important, for hitherto the King had done just as he saw fit, forcing the people to give him their property and their money as he pleased, and asking advice of no one. Now he would have to ask the council, and if the council saw that the tax was not just, they would be able to prevent it.

There had been as little justice in the way the laws of the land were administered. The King appointed the judges and the sheriffs and all the other officers of the law, and they usually did just what they knew would please him, whether it was fair to the people or not. They would arrest a man who had committed some slight offense, or perhaps none at all, throw him into prison, and seize his property. The property would be sold, and part would go to the King and part to the judge or the sheriff.

Now all this injustice was to cease. The Charter said that no one, be he earl or baron, merchant or freeman, or simple laborer, should be punished except according to the law of the land. The Charter forced the King to promise: "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay, right or justice." And finally, all the property throughout the kingdom that the King had unjustly seized for his own profit must be restored to its rightful owners.

To make sure that this and the other provisions of the Charter should be carried out, the King was compelled to agree to the appointment of twenty-five barons who would represent the people, and whose duty it would be to decide all claims and see that the promises made in the Charter were carried out.

When the Charter had been read to King John, he made

the best of a bad bargain, and pretended that he was glad to approve it, thinking that he would find some way later of ignoring his promises. Having consented to it, he handed it to Hugh Neville, Keeper of the Great Seal, who attached to it the great seal of the realm. In that way it became the law of the land, and the people of England had gained the Great Charter of their liberties, for which they had so long been struggling. One can easily imagine what rejoicing there was throughout all England when it became known that King John had at last granted Magna Charta.

If you would like to see the full text of Magna Charta, you will find it in a book by Dr. Stubbs, called "Select Charters," but I am afraid you will find it very dry reading, and rather difficult to understand, because it was written seven hundred years ago, when everything was different, even the English language and the way it was written. You will also find a great deal about the Charter in Green's "History of the English People," which is not so hard to understand as Stubbs's book. But the most pleasant way to learn more about the Charter, and about the way people lived in the days of King John, is by reading Edgar's "Runnymede and Lincoln Fair, a Story of the Great Charter." If any of you have not read this delightful story, you had better get it at once from your public library.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

[In Congress, July 4, 1776.—The Unanimous Declaration of the
Thirteen United States of America.]

WHEN in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient



INDEPENDENCE HALL

sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the

tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harrass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws ; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation :

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us :

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States :

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world :

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent :

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury :

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences :

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies :

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments :

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign

Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and

the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

JOHN HANCOCK.

New Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay—Saml. Adams, John Adams, Robt. Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island—Step. Hopkins, William Ellery.

Connecticut—Roger Sherman, Sam'el Huntington, Wm. Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

New York—Wm. Floyd, Phil. Livingston, Frans. Lewis, Lewis Morris.

New Jersey—Richd. Stockton, Jno. Witherspoon, Fras. Hopkinson, John Hart, Abra. Clark.

Pennsylvania—Robt. Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja. Franklin, John Morton, Geo. Clymer, Jas. Smith, Geo. Taylor, James Wilson, Geo. Ross.

Delaware—Cæsar Rodney, Geo. Read, Tho. M'Kean.

Maryland—Samuel Chase, Wm. Paca, Thos. Stone, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Virginia—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Th. Jefferson, Benja. Harrison, Thos. Nelson jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton.

North Carolina—Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

South Carolina—Edward Rutledge, Thos. Heyward Junr., Thomas Lynch Junr., Arthur Middleton.

Georgia—Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, Geo. Walton.

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF CANADA

THE Magna Charta of Canada is what is known as the British North America Act, proclaimed on July 1, 1867. Canadians celebrate the day as their national holiday. What the Fourth of July is to Americans, the First of July is to the people of Canada. Both commemorate the securing of the right of the colonists to govern themselves; but in the case of the United States the people had to fight for their liberty, while in the case of Canada the Mother Country willingly recognized that right. The British North America Act is itself a dry, long-winded legal document, but between the lines may be read many things to stir the hearts of an ambitious and liberty-loving people. It molded into one nation a number of scattered colonies; gave them a Parliament made up of their own elected representatives, with power to manage the affairs of Canada without interference from England; and made it possible for Canadians to remain loyal subjects of the King and citizens of the British Empire, without surrendering their liberty or losing their self-respect. Had the English King George III. and his statesmen been as wise in 1776 as the good Queen Victoria and her ministers proved themselves to be in 1867, there might have been to-day one great English-speaking nation instead of two.

The British North America Act was framed by a group of patriotic Canadian statesmen who are lovingly remembered as the "Fathers of Confederation." One of them was Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who was born in Ireland, spent some years of his early manhood in the United States, and devoted the remainder of his life to the welfare of Canada, dying finally at the hands of an assassin who was unable to recognize the breadth of his patriotism. In a famous speech on the Union, he said:

"I have spoken without respect of persons, and with a single desire for the increase, prosperity, freedom and honor of this young Northern Nation. I call it a Northern Nation, for such it must become, if all of us do our duty to the last. I look to the future of my adopted country with hope, though not without anxiety. I see in the not remote distance one great nationality, bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of Ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse, and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the Western mountains and the crests of the Eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the fivefold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John, and the Basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining, in peace and in war, a constitution worthy of such a country."

HEROES OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE*

By GUSTAV KOBBE

THERE is one power that wages a ceaseless war against whomsoever ventures upon its domain—the sea. No enemy is more pitiless. Wind and snow and fog are its weapons. It neither asks nor gives quarter. Who shall say how many centuries man has sailed the main? But, also, who shall say how many ships and how many lives it has claimed as tribute? With a kind of savage sarcasm, it often calls in its very opposite, the land, to aid in its work of destruction, so that what should be the sailor's hope and haven becomes at times his source of greatest peril.

A few nations, having awakened to a sense of their responsibility toward humanity, have sought to lessen this last and most cruel peril, so far as lies in human power, and maintain each a little band of men whose duty it is to patrol the coast, watch out for stranded vessels, and go to the rescue of their crews.

In the United States these men belong to what is known as the Life-saving Service. Year after year they are called upon to brave dangers before which the stoutest heart might well quail, and brave them calmly and coolly, without the stimulus of excitement which in battle carries everything along, and often makes a fictitious hero of a natural coward.

There is nothing fictitious in the heroism of the life-savers. They are aware of the possible consequences of their every act. Desperate chances are taken, but they are known to be desperate. As a plain recital of some of the rescues they have made will show, they deliberately go forth to save the lives of

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others, knowing they are imperiling their own; and this, too, without the hope of any adequate reward in case they are successful. There can be no truer "heroes of peace" than they.

Keeper Silas H. Harding and his crew of the *Jerry's Point*, New Hampshire, station all received gold medals for a rescue the perils of which were almost unique. During a winter storm, with the thermometer below freezing-point, the schooner "*Oliver Dyer*" stranded on the ledges, a hundred and fifty yards from shore. As the life-savers were about to fire a life-line from the Lyle gun, a heavy sea caught the vessel on her broadside, and, lifting her bodily, threw her thirty or forty feet inshore, where the wash was so great that it would have been impossible to handle the line. The vessel now gradually worked shoreward to within about seventy-five feet of a large, flat, ice-covered, wave-swept rock.

Keeper Harding at once realized that it was from this rock the battle must be fought.

He and his crew succeeded in reaching it between seas. They had barely gained a footing when they saw a man struggling in the breakers. Surfman Hall sprang to his rescue, but as he dragged him out, a wave swept both off the rock. Fortunately, they were carried to the inshore side, and, clinging to its ragged edges, his hands and arms torn and bleeding, the surfman was able, as the sea receded a moment, to regain his footing and draw the sailor up after him. Meanwhile, Surfman Randall had saved another man just as he was being carried out a second time by the undertow. Keeper Harding now made a successful throw with the heaving-stick; and as the men leaped from the vessel, with the line under the armpits, they were hauled ashore, whither the life-savers had retreated after they had succeeded in throwing the line to the vessel.

In their exhausted state no information could be obtained from the men who were rescued as to the number that were aboard the wreck; and Keeper Harding, fearing, although no more signals for help came over the line, that there still might be sailors aboard too benumbed to adjust it, sent Surfmen Randall and Amazeen back to the rock to see if there were any more men on the wreck. A big wave carried both surf-



THE LIFE-SAVERS

men off their feet; but Amazeen seized Randall as the sea rolled back, and clung with him to the rock. The rest of the crew dashed out to their rescue; but they were saved only just in time, for they were almost exhausted when brought ashore.

The rescue of these shipwrecked sailors was surrounded by most perilous circumstances; for while Keeper Harding and his men were engaged in saving the crew of the "Dyer," they were, in turn, engaged in saving one another.

To no life-saving crew does the term "heroes of peace" more exactly apply than to that of the station at Evanston, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. With the exception of the keeper, it is composed of students of the Northwestern University, who, when not on duty at the station, are quietly pursuing their studies. It is a kind of college team that has the waves of Lake Michigan for a playground, human lives for a goal, and the elements for umpire.

One Thanksgiving morning these brave fellows received word that the life was being pounded out of a steamer and her crew off Fort Sheridan, twelve miles distant. With the life-boat they made their way to the scene of the disaster. From the bluff they could see the vessel in the breakers, about a thousand yards from shore. There was a living gale, the thermometer was below the freezing-point, and the air thick with snow and sleet.

A wild ravine—a roaring, ice-glazed crack in the bluff—led down to the shore. It would have been impossible even for this plucky crew to have taken the boat safely down through the steep ravine; but soldiers and civilians, armed with picks and shovels, hewed out steps from its side, and mowed a path through the brush. The beach was a mere strip, exposed to the full fury of the sheeting waves. Thrice, in hauling the boat to the windward point, from which Keeper Lawson decided to launch, it filled.

The bluff was lined with soldiers and others from the fort, and every one held his breath as the frail-looking boat, which seemed a mere cockleshell amid the writhing waters, left the beach. Once it nearly pitch-poled; once it filled to the thwart; and though the crew pulled with the strength of desperation,

it was driven to leeward, and had to be forced toward the wreck in the very teeth of the gale. The life-savers' clothing was frozen stiff; the vessel was shrouded with ice; her crew, half perished, huddled forward. At last the boat was forced under the steamer's lee, and six men were brought off and taken ashore. Three trips were made in all, and when the life-savers finally beached their boat, their condition was almost as pitiable as that of those they had saved. That was this college team's Thanksgiving game. They won it against fearful odds, a fact attested by the gold medals awarded to keeper and crew: Lawrence O. Lawson, George Crosby, William M. Ewing, Jacob Loining, Edson B. Fowler, William L. Wilson, and Frank M. Kindig.

To me the rescue of the crew of the British schooner "H. P. Kirkham," by the crew of the Coskata life-saving station, Nantucket Island, seems the most daring exploit ever performed within the scope of the service. Twenty-six hours elapsed between the time the life-boat was launched and its landing with the crew of the wrecked vessel—twenty-six hours of exposure in an open boat, amid the tide-rips and riotous cross-seas of the Nantucket Shoals.

An overcast sky, with occasional snow-squalls, the thermometer twenty degrees below the freezing-point, an icy norther whistling over the sand-dunes—such was the night preceding this rescue.

The Coskata patrols went over their dreary beats, returning to the station chilled and worn with their long trudge through the heavy snow and sand.

At daybreak wind and sea were still rising. Keeper Chase carefully swept with his long glass as much of the coast as he could bring within range; but no vessel was visible. Just then there was a ring at the station telephone, and the lighthouse-keeper at Sankaty Head reported that, just before dawn, he had seen torch-flashes off-shore, and thought he could discern the masts of a vessel on Bass Rip, ten miles out. Keeper Chase again made a careful search. There was no vessel in sight. She must be outside even of Bass Rip. The crew was quickly mustered, and Sankaty Head was called up.

"Is the vessel still there?"

"Yes; still there."

"All right. We will launch and go to her at once. Call up Vineyard Haven, and, if there's a tug in port, ask the master to run off toward Great Rip. Tell him a vessel somewhere beyond there may need a tug; that we've gone out to her; and that, if he can't render assistance to her, we'll probably need him to get back against wind and sea."

Not a man of the crew but knew what it meant to run before a gale on Nantucket Shoals. The gale must moderate, some vessel must pick them up, or seven more men would share the fate of those on the wreck. These descendants of old-time whalemens had no need to speak of this to one another. With the fathers it had been, "Dead whale, or stove boat"; with the sons it was, "Rescued crew, or drowned life-savers."

Sail was made, and Bass Rip reached in a comparatively short time. From there the vessel was first seen, five miles farther out. "On the Rose and Crown Shoal!" exclaimed Keeper Chase. This is the most dangerous of the numerous outlying shoals; but, nothing daunted, the keeper headed the boat for it. When the life-savers got near enough they could make out seven men clinging to the rigging of a three-masted schooner, the hull of which had already worked itself so deep into the treacherous shoal that only part of the port rail could be seen. The sea broke high over the bow, and swirled over deck and stern.

The life-boat was anchored, a hawser taken over the bow, and, carefully steadied by the oars and the long steering-sweep, the boat dropped down with the current toward the wreck, the life-savers intent upon the keeper's every command, whether by word or gesture. One misstroke might mean failure and death. Carefully working in between seas, it became at last possible to hurl a heaving-stick with a small line attached into the rigging. A heavier line was "bent" on to the stick by the schooner's crew, drawn aboard the life-boat, and made fast to the after-thwart; and then two of the boat's crew began to haul in carefully toward the wreck.

And now occurred one of the dramatic incidents of the res-

cue. The half-frenzied sailors, intent only upon saving their own lives, began hauling rapidly on their end of the line, at the imminent danger of swamping the life-boat.

"Make that line fast!" shouted Keeper Chase. But the schooner's crew was demoralized and undisciplined, and no attention was paid to the command.

Keeper Chase passed his knife to the stroke-oarsman. "I have charge here," he shouted. "Pull this boat another foot nearer that wreck, and the line shall be cut!"

Keeper Chase stands six feet four inches in his boots, and he has a six-foot-four-inch voice. He towered above the seas in the eyes of the shipwrecked crew, and his command rang in their ears above the storm; and there stood the stroke-oarsman, knife in hand, ready to sever the line. The little wave-tossed boat at the end of that line was their only hope of safety; and so they made fast, and the life-savers worked in as close to the wreck as caution would permit. One after another, the seven men were taken off the wreck, where for fifteen hours almost certain death had been staring them in the face.

Keeper Chase knew that the rescued men, hungry, cold, and exhausted with their long night struggle, drenched with icy seas, and pierced with the north wind, were worse than useless—mere dead weight in the boat. In fact, it would be little less than a miracle if they reached shore alive. So they were simply stowed away lengthwise in the bottom of the boat. From the deeply laden craft no land could be seen. Only the tall red-and-white tower on Sankaty, Nantucket's boldest headland, was now and then barely discernible as the boat rose on the crest of a high sea.

Mast and sail, useless now against a head wind and sea, were cast overboard. The anchor was lifted, and the boat headed shoreward. Wind and current combined to force it toward the breaking shoal, which was weathered only after three hours of the hardest pulling. It was impossible to make farther headway at that time, and the boat was again anchored, to await the turn of the tide, which might aid in reaching land.

At sunset, six hours after leaving the wreck (which had

split up an hour after the rescue), the boat had made only one mile of the fifteen toward shore. To be at anchor in such seas meant no rest. Rolling and pitching, the boat was shipping water with almost every wave, and the utmost exertion was required to keep it even comparatively free. The southern tide was due at nine o'clock, but the fierce norther had caused such a set that, after an hour's pull, the crew was obliged to anchor again. The rescued men weighted the boat and added to the danger of swamping; one of them was moaning piteously; and the bow-oarsman of the rescuing crew was also overcome for a while.

At last one of the life-savers, Perkins, or, as his boat-mates called him, "Perkie," said, "Captain, let me sleep ten minutes, and I'll be all right." So the members of the crew were allowed to sleep in turn, but only a few minutes at a time, for fear of freezing.

The boat had been launched at eight o'clock one morning; it was three o'clock of the next. At last the southern tide made up, wind and sea moderated somewhat, and with sunrise another pull was made for shore. At ten o'clock, twenty-six hours after the crew had left Coskata, they beached the boat at Siasconset, on the southeastern shore of Nantucket, some eight miles across the island from the station, to which they were too exhausted to return until the afternoon.

When the crew started from Coskata, they left behind them in the station a woman, Keeper Chase's wife. As hour after hour wore away, she watched and waited, hoping against hope. When the crew reached the station, she came out, stood up on tiptoe, drew the keeper's bearded face down to hers, and kissed him.

There are times when the tension upon the emotions is so great that the least giving way results in a total collapse; and perhaps this is the reason Keeper Chase—his voice a bit husky, it is true—merely turned to his crew and called out:

"Now, boys, stow away the boat, and get your suppers. It's 'most time for the sunset patrol to be out." And so the routine was quietly resumed.

From the time the life-boat left the wreck until at sunrise

the next morning the imperiled life-savers had kept a constant look out for any tug that might have put out to their aid from Vineyard Haven. Did a tug start in response to the message from Sankaty? Yes; it stood off-shore some five or six miles, and then, afraid to proceed farther in such seas and gale, ran for shelter!

The medals which were awarded to this valiant crew arrived too late for one of its members, the cheerful "Perkie." He had been weakened by an attack of pneumonia the previous winter, and the exposure of those terrible twenty-six hours brought on consumption. He knew the medals had been awarded; and when the keeper visited him shortly before his death, he asked, "Captain, haven't those stove-covers come yet?"

"Perkie" was the sole joy and support of an aged mother, and the medal which came too late for him is the only consolation of this poor sorrowing soul.

During the session of 1894-95 the New York legislature passed resolutions praising in the highest terms the heroism of several life-saving crews on Long Island, among them that of the Lone Hill station.

"Lone Hill!" What a dreary name, suggestive of a wind-swept sand-dune rising in desolate isolation from a sea-worn beach! No wonder the disaster, in spite of the heroism it called forth, has lineaments as terrible as storm and death can present. It combines with a marvelous exhibition of endurance and courage, not only on the part of the life-savers, but also on the part of one of the sailors of the ill-fated vessel, the most tragic aspects of shipwreck. After a forty-four-hours' fight for life, only two survivors of a crew of eight were brought ashore, and of these two, one died soon afterward. That he reached shore with a spark of life in him was due to the almost superhuman efforts of his shipmate, who, with death staring him in the face, and at a time when self-preservation would have been uppermost in the mind of almost any one, watched over this unfortunate with a care, tenderness, and devotion bordering on the miraculous. Yet he was only a common sailor; and when he himself had recovered from the effects of that winter

storm, quietly went his way, and is probably still before the mast.

It is needless to follow the three-masted schooner "Louis V. Place" through all the stress of winter weather which she encountered after she weighed from Baltimore on her last voyage. It converted the vessel into little more than a drifting iceberg. Her running-gear was frozen in the blocks, her sails were as stiff as boards, her decks sheeted with ice. On the morning that was to be her last, the captain, her whereabouts being wholly a matter of conjecture (he thought he was off Sandy Hook), tried to let go his anchors in hope of holding her off the lee shore which his soundings told him was near. But the crew, already subjected to four days and nights of bitter exposure, failed in their efforts to clear away the ice-bound anchors. Though the halyards were cut, the sails, rigid with ice, remained upright in their places, and the vessel's course landward was unchecked. When the shock came—the shock a vessel feels but once—all hands took to the mizzen-rigging.

The men of the Lone Hill station, eight miles east of Fire Island light, were returning from the rescue of a shipwrecked crew when they were notified that a vessel had just stranded near their station. They were soon abreast of her. She lay some four hundred yards out, swept from end to end by the waves. Frequent snow-squalls obscured the atmosphere; the surf was full of porridge ice, and great cakes of ice were piled up on the beach. To launch, let alone pull, a boat under such conditions was beyond human strength. While the Lyle gun was being made ready, two of the men in the rigging were seen to let go their hold and drop into the sea. This occurrence, so early in the catastrophe, was appalling evidence that the crew's vitality was at a low ebb, and that succor, to be of much avail, must be immediate.

It was only at intervals between the snow-gusts that the gun could be fired. The second shot landed the line over the rigging, almost within grasp of the shipwrecked sailors; but not one of them stirred to reach for it. By one o'clock in the afternoon four lines had been fired; but it was evident that the crew was too exhausted or too nearly dead to aid in its own rescue.

The weather now closed in so thick that the vessel was invisible for three hours. Then a glimpse of a few minutes disclosed only four instead of six figures in the rigging. Two had silently frozen and dropped into the sea. Twice more the gun was fired, but again without avail. Darkness now set in. It was a wild, pitiless night. The life-savers built a beacon fire, and watched the surf for any chance, however desperate, to launch their boat. None came, and with daybreak, almost twenty-four hours after the vessel had stranded, it was seen that of the four figures in the rigging only two showed signs of life.

It had been evident already the previous day, and became more so on this, that one of these, if he survived, would owe his life to his shipmate, who, during these awful hours, instead of concentrating his efforts upon his own preservation, made every endeavor to keep up the feeble vitality in the other, beating him with the end of a rope, and shaking and pounding him, in turn. The mizzenmast seemed to be growing insecure; and at low tide, when part of the vessel's deck was not awash, this man slowly and painfully made his way down to it and along it to the main rigging. But before going up he turned and looked at the man he had left in the mizzen. Tottering back, and groping his way up until he reached him again, he in some miraculous way brought him down to the deck, and, by shoving and dragging him, got him over to the main rigging and up it. That the two other figures on the wreck were only frozen corpses soon became apparent. When the sailor who would not desert his shipmate, evidently with the intention of lashing him fast, unwound some rope near these figures, they were suddenly loosened, and swung, one by the head, the other by the feet, to and fro in the gale, nearly knocking the two survivors out of the rigging.

The second day was now rapidly waning. The ninth and last shot was fired. It laid the line fair across the hull, between the main- and fore-mast. The watchers held their breath as the sailor who had shown such unexpected vitality slowly came out of the rigging. He bent over stiffly and painfully, picked up the line, made an effort as if to haul, staggered, fell, and crept

feebly back to the rigging. The tension among those ashore had been so great that, when this seemingly last hope of saving what little of life remained on the doomed ship failed, three of the men burst into tears.

During the waning hours of that second day, and even in the gathering darkness, desperate, almost frantic efforts were made to launch the surf-boat. Each time it was simply tossed back upon the ice-rimmed beach. Again a fire was built, and again the surf watched, as it rushed into the glare, for a favorable opportunity for action. At last, almost at midnight, more than forty hours after the vessel had stranded, the surf seemed a little less powerful and the ice less densely packed. This was the supreme moment. With a mighty rush, the boat was sent into the surf. Waves breasted her, ice pounded her ; but, driven on with all the strength her resolute crew could gather, she was at last laid alongside the storm-swept hulk, and the two perishing men were taken off. It was one o'clock on the morning of the third day when they were borne into the Lone Hill station. The heroic sailor, William Stevens, who had done all he could to save his shipmate, recovered. The latter's condition was so pitiable as to beggar description. His feet were frozen solid in his boots. Amputation became necessary, and he died at the hospital to which, at the earliest possible moment, he had been taken from the station.

This gallant rescue was accomplished by Keeper Baker of Lone Hill, Keeper Rorke of Blue Point, and five surfmen. As the resolution passed by the New York legislature says, "Such a service belongs to humanity, and deserves universal admiration." True ; but true also of William Stevens of the fo'c'sle.

HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRE*

By JACOB RIIS

THIRTEEN years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it had happened yesterday—the clanging of the fire-bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and terror of the streets; then the great hush that fell upon the crowd; the sea of upturned faces, with the fire-glow upon it; and up there, against the background of black smoke that poured from roof and attic, the boy clinging to the narrow ledge, so far up that it seemed humanly impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the truck-company were laboring with the heavy extension-ladder that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles with cross-bars, iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then mounted a story higher. Again the crash of glass, and again the dizzy ascent. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like human flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single span separated the foremost from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the fireman stood upon the step with the rescued lad in his arms, just as the pent-up flame burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with impotent fury for its prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks, and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one

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another on the back, with glistening faces, shook hands, and behaved generally like men gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the street. The driver of a car stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutching the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop, and drove away yelling like a Comanche, to relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without any one knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity, and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, terror, and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Fireman John Binns was made captain of his crew, and the Bennett medal was pinned on his coat on the next parade-day. The burning of the St. George Flats was the first opportunity New York had of witnessing a rescue with the scaling-ladders that form such an essential part of the equipment of the fire-fighters to-day. Since then there have been many such. In the company in which John Binns was a private of the second grade, two others to-day bear the medal for brave deeds: the foreman, Daniel J. Meagher, and Private Martin M. Coleman, whose name has been seven times inscribed on the roll of honor for twice that number of rescues, any one of which stamped him as a man among men, a real hero. And Hook and Ladder No. 3 is not specially distinguished among the fire-crews of the metropolis for daring and courage. New Yorkers are justly proud of their firemen. Take it all in all, there is not, I think, to be found anywhere a body of men as fearless, as brave, and as efficient as the fire brigade of New York. I have known it well for twenty years, and I speak from a personal acquaintance with very many of its men, and from a professional knowledge of more daring feats, more hairbreadth escapes, and more brilliant work, than could well be recorded between the covers of this volume.

Indeed, it is hard, in recording any, to make a choice, and to avoid giving the impression that recklessness is a chief quality in the fireman's make-up. That would not be true. His life is too full of real peril for him to expose it recklessly—that is to say, needlessly. From the time when he leaves his quarters in answer to an alarm until he returns, he takes a risk that

may at any moment set him face to face with death in its most cruel form. He needs nothing so much as a clear head; and nothing is prized so highly, nothing puts him so surely in the line of promotion; for as he advances in rank and responsibility, the lives of others, as well as his own, come to depend on his judgment. The act of conspicuous daring which the world applauds is oftenest to the fireman a matter of simple duty that had to be done in that way because there was no other. Nor is it always, or even usually, the hardest duty, as he sees it. It came easy to him because he is an athlete trained to do just such things, and because once for all it is easier to risk one's life in the open, in the sight of one's fellows, than to face death alone, caught like a rat in a trap. That is the real peril which he knows too well; but of that the public hears only when he has fought his last fight, and lost.

In the chief's quarters of the Fourteenth Battalion up in Wakefield there sits to-day a man, still young in years, who in his maimed body but unbroken spirit bears testimony to the quality of New York's fire-fighters. Thomas J. Ahearn led his company as captain to a fire in the Consolidated Gas Works on the East Side. He found one of the buildings ablaze. Far toward the rear, at the end of a narrow lane, around which the fire swirled and arched itself, white and wicked, lay the body of a man—dead, said the panic-stricken crowd. His sufferings had been brief. A worse fate threatened all unless the fire was quickly put out. There were underground reservoirs of naphtha—the ground was honeycombed with them—that might explode at any moment with the fire raging overhead. The peril was instant and great. Captain Ahearn looked at the body, and saw it stir. The watch-chain upon the man's vest rose and fell as if he were breathing.

"He is not dead," he said. "I am going to get that man out." And he crept down the lane of fire, unmindful of the hidden dangers, seeing only the man who was perishing. The flames scorched him; they blocked his way; but he came through alive, and brought out his man, so badly hurt, however, that he died in the hospital that day. The Board of Fire Commissioners gave Ahearn the medal for bravery, and made

him chief. Within a year he all but lost his life in a gallant attempt to save the life of a child that was supposed to be penned in a burning Rivington Street tenement. Chief Ahearn's quarters were near by, and he was first on the ground. A desperate man confronted him in the hallway. "My child! my child!" he cried, and wrung his hands. "Save him! He is in there." He pointed to the back room. It was black with smoke. In the front room the fire was raging. Crawling on hands and feet, the chief made his way into the room the man had pointed out. He groped under the bed, and in it, but found no child there. Satisfied that it had escaped, he started to return. The smoke had grown so thick that breathing was no longer possible, even at the floor. The chief drew his coat over his head, and made a dash for the hall door. He reached it only to find that the spring-lock had snapped shut. The door-knob burned his hand. The fire burst through from the front room, and seared his face. With a last effort, he kicked the lower panel out of the door, and put his head through. And then he knew no more.

His men found him lying so when they came looking for him. The coat was burned off his back, and of his hat only the wire rim remained. He lay ten months in the hospital, and came out deaf and wrecked physically. At the age of forty-five the board retired him to the quiet of the country district, with this formal resolution, that did the board more credit than it could do him. It is the only one of its kind upon the department books:

Resolved, That in assigning Battalion Chief Thomas J. Ahearn to command the Fourteenth Battalion, in the newly annexed district, the Board deems it proper to express the sense of obligation felt by the Board and all good citizens for the brilliant and meritorious services of Chief Ahearn in the discharge of duty which will always serve as an example and an inspiration to our uniformed force, and to express the hope that his future years of service at a less arduous post may be as comfortable and pleasant as his former years have been brilliant and honorable.

No one but an athlete with muscles and nerves of steel could have performed the feat that made Dennis Ryer, of the crew of Engine No. 36, famous some years ago. That was on Seventh Avenue at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street. A

flat was on fire, and the tenants had fled; but one, a woman, bethought herself of her parrot, and went back for it, to find escape by the stairs cut off when she again attempted to reach the street. With the parrot-cage, she appeared at the top-floor window, framed in smoke, calling for help. Again there was no ladder to reach. There were neighbors on the roof with a rope, but the woman was too frightened to use it herself. Dennis Ryer made it fast about his own waist, and bade the others let him down, and hold on for life. He drew the woman out, but she was heavy, and it was all they could do above to hold them. To pull them over the cornice was out of the question. Upon the highest step of the ladder, many feet below, stood Ryer's father, himself a fireman of another company, and saw his boy's peril.

"Hold fast, Dennis!" he shouted. "If you fall I will catch you." Had they let go, all three would have been killed. The young fireman saw the danger, and the one door of escape, with a glance. The window before which he swung, half smothered by the smoke that belched from it, was the last in the house. Just beyond, in the window of the adjoining house, was safety, if he could but reach it. Putting out a foot, he kicked the wall, and made himself swing toward it, once, twice, bending his body to add to the motion. The third time he all but passed it, and took a mighty grip on the affrighted woman, shouting into her ear to loose her own hold at the same time. As they passed the window on the fourth trip he thrust her through sash and all with a supreme effort, and himself followed on the next rebound, while the street, that was black with a surging multitude, rang with a mighty cheer. Old Washington Ryer, on his ladder, threw his cap in the air, and cheered louder than all the rest. But the parrot was dead—frightened to death, very likely, or smothered.

I once asked Fireman Martin M. Coleman, after one of those exhibitions of coolness and courage that thrust him constantly upon the notice of the newspaper man, what he thought of when he stood upon the ladder, with this thing before him to do that might mean life or death the next moment. He looked at me in some perplexity.

"Think?" he said slowly. "Why, I don't think. There ain't any time to. If I'd stopped to think, them five people would 'a' been burnt. No; I don't think of danger. If it is anything, it is that—up there—I am boss. The rest are not in it. Only I wish," he added, rubbing his arm ruefully at the recollection, "that she hadn't fainted. It's hard when they faint. They're just so much dead weight. We get no help at all from them heavy women."

Firemen dread cellar fires more than any other kind, and with reason. It is difficult to make a vent for the smoke, and the danger of drowning is added to that of being smothered when they get fairly to work. If a man is lost to sight or touch of his fellows there for ever so brief a while, there are five chances to one that he will not again be seen alive. Then there ensues such a fight as the city witnessed a few years ago at the burning of a Chambers Street paper-warehouse. It was fought out deep underground, with fire and flood, freezing cold and poisonous gases, leagued against Chief Bonner's forces. Next door was a cold-storage house, whence the cold. Something that was burning—I do not know that it was ever found out just what—gave forth the smothering fumes before which the firemen went down in squads. File after file staggered out into the street, blackened and gasping, to drop there. The near engine-house was made into a hospital, where the senseless men were laid on straw hastily spread. Ambulance surgeons worked over them. As fast as they were brought to, they went back to bear a hand in the work of rescue. In delirium they fought to return. Down in the depths one of their number was lying helpless.

There is nothing finer in the records of glorious war than the story of the struggle these brave fellows kept up for hours against tremendous odds for the rescue of their comrade. Time after time they went down into the pit of deadly smoke, only to fail. Lieutenant Banta tried twice and failed. Fireman King was pulled up senseless, and having been brought round, went down once more. Fireman Sheridan returned empty-handed, more dead than alive. John O'Connell, of Truck No. 1, at length succeeded in reaching his comrade and tying a rope

about him, while from above they drenched both with water to keep them from roasting. They drew up a dying man; but John G. Reinhardt dead is more potent than a whole crew of firemen alive. The story of the fight for his life will long be told in the engine-houses of New York, and will nerve the Kings and the Sheridans and the O'Connells of another day to like deeds.

While I am writing this, the morning paper that is left at my door tells the story of a fireman who, laid up with a broken ankle in an up-town hospital, jumped out of bed, forgetting his injury, when the alarm-gong rang his signal, and tried to go to the fire. The fire-alarms are rung in the hospitals for the information of the ambulance corps. The crippled fireman heard the signal at the dead of night, and, only half awake, jumped out of bed, groped about for the sliding-pole, and, getting hold of the bedpost, tried to slide down that. The plaster cast about his ankle was broken, the old injury reopened, and he was seriously hurt.

"Like a cry of fire in the night" appeals to the dullest imagination with a sense of sudden fear. There have been nights in this city when the cry swelled into such a clamor of terror and despair as to make the stoutest heart quake—when it seemed to those who had to do with putting out fires as if the end of all things was at hand. Such a night promised to be the one when the Manhattan Bank and the State Bank across the street on the other Broadway corner, with three or four other buildings, were burned, and when the ominous "two nines" were rung, calling nine-tenths of the whole force below Central Park to the threatened quarter. But, happily, the promise was not fully kept. The supposed fire-proof bank was crumbling in the withering blast like so much paper; the cry went up that whole companies of firemen were perishing within it; and the alarm had reached Police Headquarters in the next block, where they were counting the election returns. Thirteen firemen, including the deputy department chief, a battalion chief, and two captains, limped or were carried from the burning bank, more or less injured. The stone steps of the fire-proof stairs had fallen with them or

upon them. Their imperiled comrades, whose escape was cut off, slid down hose and scaling-ladders. The last, the crew of Engine Company No. 3, had reached the street, and all were thought to be out, when the assistant foreman, Daniel Fitzmaurice, appeared at a fifth-story window. The fire beating against it drove him away, but he found footing at another, next adjoining the building on the north. To reach him from below, with the whole building ablaze, was impossible. Other escape there was none, save a cornice ledge extending half-way to his window; but it was too narrow to afford foothold.

Then an extraordinary scene was enacted in the sight of thousands. In the other building were a number of fire-insurance patrolmen, covering goods to protect them against water damage. One of these—Patrolman John Rush—stepped out on the ledge, and edged his way toward a spur of stone that projected from the bank building. Behind followed Patrolman Barnett, steadying him and pressing him close against the wall. Behind him was another, with still another holding on within the room, where the living chain was anchored by all the rest. Rush, at the end of the ledge, leaned over and gave Fitzmaurice his hand. The fireman grasped it, and edged out upon the spur. Barnett, holding his rescuer fast, gave him what he needed—something to cling to. Once he was on the ledge, the chain wound itself up as it had unwound itself. Slowly, inch by inch, it crept back, each man pushing the next flat against the wall with might and main, while the multitudes in the street held their breath, and the very engines stopped panting, until all were safe.

No account of heroic life-saving at fires, even as fragmentary as this, could pass by the marvelous feat, or feats, of Sergeant (now Captain) John R. Vaughan on that February morning, when the Hotel Royal was burned. The alarm rang in patrol station No. 3 at 3:20 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found the whole five-story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible. Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from

a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building. Darting up into the next house, and leaning out of the window with his whole body, while one of the crew hung on to one leg, he took a half-hitch with the other in some electric-light wires that ran up the wall, trusting to his rubber boots to protect him from the current, and made of his body a living bridge for the safe passage from the last window of the burning hotel of three men and a woman whom death stared in the face, steadying them as they went with his free hand. As the last passed over, ladders were being thrown up against the wall, and what could be done there was done.

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window-sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow—they were five, all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It's no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I couldn't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work—"I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

"Now jump—quick!" he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could *swing him up!* A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then.

He had returned to his work, and finished it ; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.

Thus a fireman's life. That the very horses that are their friends in quarters, their comrades at the fire, sharing with them what comes of good and evil, catch the spirit of it, is not strange. It would be strange if they did not. With human intelligence, and more than human affection, the splendid animals follow the fortunes of their masters, doing their share in whatever is demanded of them. In the final showing that in thirty years, while with the growing population the number of fires has steadily increased, the average loss per fire has as steadily decreased, they have their full share, also, of the credit. In 1866 there were seven hundred and ninety-six fires in New York, with an average loss of \$8,075.38 per fire. In 1876, with 1,382 fires, the loss was but \$2,786.70 at each. In 1896, 3,890 fires averaged only \$878.81. It means that every year more fires are headed off than run down—smothered at the start, as a fire should be. When to the verdict of "faithful unto death" that record is added, nothing remains to be said. The firemen know how much of that is the doing of their four-legged comrades. It is the one blot on the fair picture that the city which owes these horses so much has not seen fit, in gratitude, to provide comfort for their worn old age. When a fireman grows old, he is retired on half-pay for the rest of his days. When a horse that has run with the heavy engines to fires by night and by day for perhaps ten or fifteen years is worn out, it is—sold, to a huckster, perhaps, or a contractor, to slave for him until it is fit only for the bone-yard ! The city receives a paltry two or three thousand dollars a year for this rank treachery, and pockets the blood-money without a protest. There is room next, in New York, for a movement that shall secure to the fireman's faithful friend the grateful reward of a quiet farm, a full crib, and a green pasture to the end of its days, when it is no longer young enough and strong enough to "run with the machine."

SOME HEROES OF THE UNITED STATES

ISRAEL PUTNAM

ONE of the most wholesome characters in American history is that of Israel Putnam, the farmer-general of Revolutionary days, and the boys' hero for all time.

It is pleasant to think of his cheerfulness, his sturdiness, his quick-witted foresight, his practical ability—for Israel Putnam was born in an atmosphere of morbid superstition and Puritanism that was not likely to foster the characteristics that Nature gave him.

In one of the old colonial houses at the foot of Hathorne Hill, in what was once known as Salem Village, Massachusetts, but has since been incorporated as the town of Danvers, was born on January 7, 1718, a son to Joseph and Elizabeth (Porter) Putnam. This infant son was the twelfth child in the Putnam family, and though the parents were in fairly comfortable circumstances, there were no very bright prospects ahead for this last of a dozen youngsters, all of whom must be clothed and shod and fed and brought up decently and in order according to Puritan rule and doctrine.

When the child was a month old he was taken to the meetinghouse on Watch House Hill, and baptized by the Reverend Peter Clark, who christened him Israel in honor of his mother's father, Israel Porter.

Salem Village was in early colonial days a group of plantations or farms in the immediate vicinity of the town of Salem, but in later years this suburb of the historic old city was called Danvers. The dark shadow of the old witchcraft

terror still hung heavily over Salem and Salem Village at the time of little Israel Putnam's birth. The tragedy of 1690 had been played out to its terrible end only twenty-eight years before, and the gruesome tales of that strange time were whispered around firesides on winter nights, when the wailing of wind from the sea, and even the moving shadows on the fire-lit walls, made the grown-up story-tellers pause and turn pale sometimes as the children cowered about their knees.

It is a pleasant thought that Israel's father, Joseph Putnam, was one of the few who were wise enough and brave enough openly to oppose the foolish and cruel fanaticisms of the Reverend Samuel Parris and many other prominent citizens of Salem who took a part in prosecuting and persecuting helpless old women in the days of the witchcraft delusion. So fearless and honest was Joseph Putnam, that even those of his near blood, Sergeant Thomas and Deacon Edward Putnam, his half-brothers, censured and distrusted him, while the disfavor of his kinsfolk vented itself in such bitter prejudice that his life was imperiled. For six months he lived in daily danger of being accused of being in league with the "witches," and he kept his firelock ready for use and his best horse saddled, so that in case of attempted arrest he might be prepared for defense or flight.

Israel Putnam was descended on his father's side from the ancient family of Putnam, or Puttenham, in England, his ancestor John emigrating from Astum Abbots, Buckinghamshire, in 1641. On his maternal side he came down from William Hathorne, or Hawthorne, who came from Wiltshire, England, in 1630, and became a soldier, legislator, and judge in the New World. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, another direct descendant of this progenitor, has left a description of their common ancestor that almost brings the stern old Puritan back to life again, as the "grave, bearded, sable-cloaked, steeple-crowned progenitor, who came so early with his Bible and his sword, and trod the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure as a man of war and peace."

With all these surroundings, with the shadows of early Puritan fanaticism hanging like a chill mist that no sunshine

could lift from the somewhat isolated seaport settlement, it seems strange that little Israel should have escaped the taint of a morbid fancy or the gloom of superstitious tradition. But there was a strong, brave, cheerful spirit in the lad, and a healthy body and sound mind are the best antidotes to superstition and melancholy. Nature had given these two best gifts to the boy, who, though a very poor student, learned all that Nature could teach boys, and was at an early age the champion in every sort of outdoor sport.

One of his biographers (Livingston) tells an interesting story of his fearless daring. When Israel was climbing out on the limb of a tree, while after birds' nests one day, the limb broke, and as he came tumbling down he was caught by a lower branch, where he hung by his clothes, head downward, while his frightened companions stood gazing up at him, fascinated by the danger of the situation. The branch upon which he hung in mid-air was too high up to be reached by any of his companions. Israel's quick wit found a way out of his dilemma that was itself decidedly risky. One of the boys had a gun, and to him the swinging Israel shouted: "Shoot the branch and break it." The boy hesitated, and young Putnam was growing more impatient every moment. "Shoot!" he insisted. "I'll take the risk." And so he was liberated at last, coming down without any broken bones, but with many bruises, which, however, did not keep him from climbing the same tree the next day.

Now this is not the kind of story that members of the Audubon Society would consider exactly proper, for robbing birds' nests, we all know, is a sport that deserves punishment; but the truth must be told, and Israel, we are informed, not only escaped a well-earned punishment, but finally got the bird's nest. Later on, however, the chivalrous side of his nature showed itself, and there is a pretty story of his defense of a neighbor's daughter, who was sneered at by a big burly boy twice his size, because her parents were known to be very poor. The taste for bird's-nesting, we may be sure, was gone by this time.

Farming was just the life best suited to this vigorous,

healthy youth, and many a story is still told in Salem Village (now Danvers) of his strength and daring in taming a vicious bull that was a terror in the neighborhood, and of feats of strength that were remarkable for one of his years. Before he was of age he really had charge of the farm left by his father, and in 1738 he received his definite share of the estate. Here, in a field near his birthplace, he built a house for himself, to which he brought his bride, Hannah Pope, whom he married when he was twenty-one years old. In the rough farmhouse the young husband and wife began their married life, and here their first child, named Israel for his father, was born in 1740.

In the same year Putnam, who had heard a great deal about the rich lands of Connecticut, moved with his wife and child to that region, where in partnership with his brother-in-law, Joseph Pope, he established himself. These two young men were really pioneers in this locality, for "Mortlake," the region in which they settled and which in 1752 was annexed to the town of Pomfret, was wild and unsettled at this time.

The sale of land to the young men was made under Governor Belcher of Boston, and the amount due, nearly \$30,000, was made payable in bills of credit on the Province of Massachusetts. Within two years Putnam had bought Pope's share of the land and had paid the whole indebtedness to Governor Belcher.

The Connecticut farm soon began to repay him for his labor, and the young farmer not only planted crops, put up stone walls, sawed timber for farm-buildings, and cared for the beasts of burden on the place, but also planted and grafted a number of fruit-trees, introducing, among some new varieties, a very delicious winter apple called the "Roxbury Russet," which he had brought from his old home in Salem Village. Many of the country people, who knew very little about his military career, were always loud in their praise of Putnam's "Russet," which they may have regarded as his chief title to remembrance among his apple-growing, cider-making neighbors.

It was here, too, that his name became famous as the hero

of the great wolf-hunt of 1742, in which the Connecticut farmers for many miles around joined, and the tradition of which is still one of the favorite winter-night fireside tales in the region of Pomfret. The farmers of the neighborhood had for two or three winters suffered heavy losses among their flocks from the visits of a very sly but bold she-wolf, and were quite at their wits' end as to what to do, for every effort to catch her had failed. Israel Putnam had lost seventy of his sheep and goats, and a great many lambs and kids had been wounded. A few nights before her most successful raid, she had nearly been caught, barely escaping from a steel trap in which she had been forced to leave the claws of one foot. A slight snow had fallen, and in returning to her lair she had left tracks that led to her capture, for all along the trail one paw-print was shorter than the other three. This showed her route and proved her identity. Israel Putnam and the other farmers determined to pursue her, agreeing to hunt alternately in pairs. On reaching the Connecticut River the hunters were annoyed to find that she had turned in the opposite direction, so they had to turn back and follow the trail toward Pomfret. All night long they followed the clawless footprint, until they arrived within three miles of the Putnam farmhouse, where her den was discovered.

The news spread like wildfire, and a great many men, armed with rifles and carrying materials for smoking her out of her hiding-place, hastened to her lair, which was among the crags and boulders of a steep hill. Here for twelve hours vain attempts were made to dislodge Mistress Wolf, who had evidently penetrated to a safe distance and did not mind smoke. Putnam's own bloodhound was sent in, but came out frightened and wounded, and could not be induced to risk a second encounter.

It was now ten o'clock at night, and Israel Putnam declared that he would go into the den and kill the wolf and bring her out himself. The other hunters begged him not to undertake such a perilous venture, but Putnam was not in the habit of changing his mind. He calmly took off his coat and waistcoat, tied a rope around his legs so that he might

be pulled back when he gave the signal, which was to be a kick, lighted some strips of birch-bark for a torch, and without a gun crawled into the mouth of the hillside cave.

The opening was only two feet square, and the surface of the stones was coated with ice, which made progress within these narrow limits very difficult. The roof of overhanging rock came down so low that Putnam was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees, at the same time keeping hold of the torch. In its flaring light he presently distinguished two fiery eyes staring at him. The gnashing of the wolf's teeth and her savage growls grew louder and louder as he approached, and seeing that it would be folly to risk an encounter without a gun, he gave a vigorous kick. The hunters, hearing the fierce growls, thought he had been attacked, and forthwith jerked the rope back so violently that his shirt was dragged over his head and his back badly scratched. He had been face to face with the foe and was eager for the fray; so, arming himself with a gun loaded with buckshot, he again entered the beast's den. Just as she was about to spring on him he fired, gave the "kick" signal, and was pulled out. Waiting for the smoke to clear away, he for the third time entered the rocky passage. All was now still. He touched the prostrate creature with the torch and found her dead. Grasping her by the ears, he signaled to be drawn out, and in a little while emerged from the cave, dragging the dead wolf with him.

This was really a very wonderful feat of strength as well as of courage, and from that hour Israel Putnam was a local hero. The dead wolf was dragged to a house about a mile distant, and down that icy hillside, through the dark woodland, the little procession made a sort of jubilee of that midnight torch-lighted journey.

In after years, when he became a hero in the French and Indian War, and a famous general in the American Revolution, the story of the wolf-hunt in the Connecticut woods was told around camp-fires, as enthusiastic soldiers affectionately rehearsed the exploits of their beloved "Old Wolf Putnam," a name he carried throughout his military career, a

name that stirs a throb of pride in the heart of any boy reader of American history.

It seems a singular coincidence that the crest of the Putnam or Puttenham coat of arms is a wolf's head. It would be interesting to trace some wolf-story back to the first of the name and race that took that animal's head for a heraldic device.

After this episode the even tenor of farm life, with its sowing and reaping, its springtide and harvest, was uninterrupted till the year 1755, which was to turn the current of Putnam's life toward new experiences and a definite end.

In the year 1755 the conflict between England and France, known in history as the Seven Years' War, brought new dangers upon New England farmers, who until that time had scarcely realized the situation in which they were placed. The Seven Years' War was the fourth that had been waged between England and France, and the warfare that took place in the American colonies was called the French and Indian War, though really a phase of the European conflict called the Seven Years' War. Each country—England and France—was jealous of her supremacy in the colonies, and the French in Canada had won the revengeful Indians as allies against England. This enmity of the wild and savage tribes so nearly within their borders was a source of the greatest danger to the farm settlements throughout New England. When the hostilities between England and France at last culminated in a declaration of war in 1755, there was a call to arms. Israel Putnam joined the band of Connecticut volunteers who started on the long and difficult march to Albany, where they were to meet the other colonial forces which were to assemble at that point.

The commander-in-chief in that campaign, General Edward Braddock, had planned four expeditions. One was against Fort Duquesne, one against the French in Acadia, one against Fort Niagara, and one against Crown Point. It was toward Crown Point that the Connecticut volunteers were advancing. At Albany the Indian allies under Hendrick, the brave Mohawk chief, joined the provincial soldiers, for Will-

iam Johnson, who negotiated all the affairs between that tribe and the royal government in England, was in command of the Crown Point expedition, and he was both loved and trusted by the Mohawks, who readily followed him as leader.

The Connecticut farmers, with their homespun clothes, their firelocks, hatchets, belts, cartridge-boxes and blankets, made up in courage and daring what they lacked in military experience, and very soon proved to the contemptuous English that a "mob of countrymen," as they were sneeringly described, might be a very formidable foe. While waiting at Fort Lyman's, afterward called Fort Edward, General Johnson heard from his Mohawk scouts that the French were advancing to Crown Point; so he decided, after a council of war, to ask the different colonies for reinforcements, for he knew it would require a much larger force than he then had to resist an attack from the trained soldiery of the French. In response to his appeal the General Assembly of Connecticut convened in special session, and it was resolved that that colony should send fifteen hundred more men, who were to be formed into two regiments, known as the Third and Fourth, of nine companies each, and Israel Putnam was commissioned second lieutenant of the Sixth Company in the Third Regiment.

Perhaps Governor Fitch and the members of the Assembly had heard the wolf-story, and thought that a man who would go alone three times into the den of a vicious animal would be the right sort of a fighter; at any rate, the appointment was made, though Putnam did not receive the commission till after the battle of Lake George had been fought, in which he saved the regiment from annihilation by Baron Dieskau's French and Indians. Putnam and the gallant Lieutenant Nathan Whiting made a retreat, but were able to send a murderous fire at the enemy even while they retreated. Dieskau halted, and Johnson ordered the Americans to throw up a barricade of wagons, trunks of trees, everything, in short, that they could pile up, and from this rude intrenchment the battle was continued. A complete rout of the French followed, and so the battle of Lake George, which had threatened

defeat, ended in a victory for the "mob of countrymen." The disgusted French returned to Ticonderoga.

Soon afterward the Assembly's regiments arrived, and with them a remarkable man in the person of Robert Rogers. An immediate friendship sprang up between Putnam, now second lieutenant in the Third, and Rogers. The latter was sent by Johnson to reconnoiter Crown Point. This was the first of many expeditions of the sort, and Putnam was one of the daring men that followed Rogers, who was soon after made commander of the Provincial Rangers, whose duty it was to serve in a corps independent of the main army. The Rangers had very dangerous work assigned them, and were selected for certain qualities, among which daring, judgment, coolness, a quick wit, and a knowledge of woodcraft were essential. Israel Putnam, who "heard quickly, saw to an immense distance," and whose voice was "strong and commanding," was especially fitted for warfare in which a wily savage foe was to be fought; so it was very natural that he should become one of "Rogers's Rangers." In that capacity he rendered distinguished service.

It was during the unfortunate march toward Ticonderoga, which General Abercrombie had unwisely ordered, that the most exciting incident of our hero's life occurred. This was in the year 1758, and Putnam had been promoted to the rank of major by the General Assembly at Hartford. Lord Howe, at that time brigadier-general, was the favorite of American Provincials and British Regulars, and a strong friendship had been established between the gallant young nobleman and the blunt, fearless, honest Connecticut Ranger who had so often proved both his valor and his discretion.

On July 15, 1758, an army of fifteen thousand men set out for Ticonderoga. On the route the brave young Howe was killed. A body of French, unexpectedly encountered, caused confusion among the ranks. When firing began, Lord Howe turned and said: "Putnam, what means that firing?" "I do not know, but with your lordship's leave will go and see," replied Putnam. "I will accompany you," rejoined the gallant young nobleman. In vain did Major Putnam attempt

to dissuade him. "My lord, if I am killed, the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to this army." The only answer was: "Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me. I am determined to go."

The two officers made a rapid movement forward, and although the skirmish ended in victory for the English, there was gloom over all, for the brave young Howe was the first to fall in the hot encounter.

The next day the march toward Ticonderoga was resumed. Montcalm's defenses were skillfully built, and it was a mistake to attack such a stronghold at that particular time; but Abercrombie had been deceived, and so the unfortunate attack was made. "The scene was frightful," says Parkman in his "Montcalm and Wolfe." "Masses of unfortunates who could not go forward and would not go back; straining for an enemy they could not reach, and firing on an enemy they could not see; caught in the entanglement of fallen trees; tripped by briars, stumbling over logs, tearing through boughs; shouting, yelling, cursing, and pelted all the while with bullets that killed them by scores, stretched them on the ground or hung them on jagged branches in strange attitudes of death." And through this dreadful carnage Putnam's daring stimulated the Provincials to renewed heroism, some of them actually forcing their way to the foot of the wooden wall. But heroism could not prevail against the overwhelming odds, nor break down the fortifications made doubly strong by Nature and by art. After nearly two thousand of their soldiers lay dead, the English were obliged to retreat, and this was the disastrous end of General Abercrombie's attack on Ticonderoga.

Major Putnam was now again in the ranging service, from which he had been temporarily transferred. It was at this time that he was captured by the Indians through the carelessness of Rogers himself, who, believing that there were no traces of the enemy about, indulged in firing at a mark on a wager. A little more and Putnam's life had been the cost of this amusement. The reports of the fowling-pieces were heard by a party of ambushed French and Indians numbering

more than four hundred. In the conflict that followed, Caughnawaga, a powerful chief, sprang upon Putnam, who led the front column of the Rangers, and the two engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Putnam's gun had missed fire, and Caughnawaga, brandishing his hatchet over him, forced him to surrender. Dragging his victim into the forest, where he lashed him to a tree, the chief then returned to the battle. The tree to which Putnam was tied stood between the English and the enemy, and it was almost a marvel that he escaped the rain of bullets that crossed each other there. Balls struck the tree, and some even passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat, yet not one pierced the body of the brave Ranger.

Sometimes a young Indian would come to the captive and amuse himself by throwing his tomahawk at his head; and once a petty French officer leveled a fusee at his heart; the thing missed fire, and his cowardly tormentor struck him a terrible blow in the jaw with the butt end of his gun and then left him.

The English were too strong to be forced, and the enemy retreated. Putnam's captors then untied him, loaded him with luggage, stripped him of coat, vest, shoes and stockings, and marched him in this cruel fashion over many a painful mile till they halted for a rest. After some consultation the prisoner was led into the depths of the forest and bound to a tree. He fully realized what this meant, for he knew Indian methods too well to doubt that his captors intended to roast him alive. As they piled dry brush and fuel round him, chanting what was meant for a funeral dirge, he prayed for strength to die bravely, and made a mute farewell to all he loved on earth. The fires were kindled, and, although a sudden shower quenched the flames, they were soon rekindled by cruel hands.

At this moment, when Putnam's fate seemed sealed, a French officer rushed through the crowd of shrieking, gesticulating savages, and making a path through the flaming brands, unbound the prisoner. It was the commanding officer of the allies, who had heard through an Indian that Putnam was to be burned. Through the horror of this dark story this

Indian's friendliness is the one gleam of humanity, and it is pleasant to think that he who bore the tidings to Molang was a chief who had once been a prisoner of Putnam's, and had received from his captor kind and generous treatment. Gratitude, the redeeming trait of the savage character, touched the chief's heart, and at all hazards he determined to save the American's life.

When Major Putnam was sent with other English and colonial prisoners to Montreal, he received special kindness through the influence of another prisoner, Colonel Peter Schuyler of New York, for whom the French had great respect on account of his wealth and military rank. Two weeks later Putnam was exchanged on Colonel Schuyler's request that the "old man who could do no good here or anywhere else" should be allowed to go home with him.

If the French officials had known that this "old man" was only forty years of age and one of the most distinguished soldiers of the American forces, they would probably have held him prisoner till the end of the war, but luck and Colonel Peter Schuyler worked together for his liberation.

Colonel Schuyler placed in Major Putnam's care a Mrs. Howe and her children, who had been prisoners and sold to a French officer by the name of Saccabee. It is very pleasant to read how Putnam led the little ones by the hand, and carried them in his arms over the swampy grounds and streams of water; how he divided his food with the widowed and the fatherless, his strong, gentle nature delighting in aiding and protecting the weak and helpless.

One can easily imagine what joy there must have been in the Connecticut home at Pomfret when the released prisoner, the scarred veteran, the loving husband and father, at last rejoined his family. A new baby stretched out its tiny hands to welcome the parent she had never seen; four young daughters and a sturdy son hung upon the words of the hero-father who had come back almost as one from the dead.

But there was one shadow that darkened the happiness of reunion, for Daniel, the older son, had died on the very day that his father was rescued from the stake by Molang,

August 8, 1758, a date of twofold memory thenceforth in the family calendar.

The year 1759 saw plans for a triple campaign matured, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Quebec—the last expedition under General James Wolfe—being the points of attack decided on. Success attended each of these ventures. Ticonderoga was taken at last, and Crown Point had been abandoned before the glorious victory at Quebec, which cost the lives of the heroic Wolfe and the dauntless Montcalm.

By water as well as by land, the English continued to win victory after victory, and it was Putnam's daring and wit that helped to achieve success on more than one occasion. It was he who really took a warship in the *St. Lawrence* when the English were in great anxiety, their armed vessels being behind. Putnam, who saw that General Amherst, the English commander, was in great distress of mind, went up to him and said, "General, that ship must be taken."

"Aye," replied Amherst, "I would give the world if she were taken."

"I'll take her," said Putnam. This remark from a land officer must have sounded very strange.

Amherst smiled. "How?" he asked.

"Give me some wedges, a beetle, and a few men of my own choice," said Putnam.

Amherst complied with this modest demand, though very probably he thought it a most foolish undertaking. That night Putnam and his chosen men went in a boat under the vessel's stern, and it was but a moment's work to drive the wedges into the little crack between the rudder and the ship. Then he and his men rowed back through the darkness.

Next morning the vessel was adrift, her sails fluttering helplessly about. Very soon she was blown ashore, where she was easily taken the next day by a thousand men, who in fifty bateaux moved rapidly forward to board her. On the same day another warship of the French, the "*Ottawa*," was also taken.

Montreal finally capitulated, and half of the continent changed from French to English ownership. Canada was

conquered. George III. was now (1762) at war with Spain. Charles III. of Spain and Louis XV. of France had joined forces to stop the growing power of England, which had lately gained much territory in America. This agreement between Charles and Louis was called the "Family Compact," because both kings belonged to the house of Bourbon. After conquering Canada, the English attacked and captured the island of Martinique, and then other West India islands, and the next step toward the possession of the entire New World was an attack upon Havana, which belonged to Spain, an ally of France. In March, 1762, a fleet of two hundred vessels sailed from England, and it reached the east end of Cuba in June. Forty of these vessels were armed ships of war. Besides the fleet, the Earl of Albemarle commanded eleven thousand soldiers. Reinforcements were expected from the North American colonies, but these were not yet arrived.

Connecticut responded to Great Britain's call for recruits, and agreed to furnish twenty-three hundred able-bodied and effective men. Phineas Lyman was appointed by the Assembly major-general of the forces. Next to Lyman's name on the list is that of "Israel Putnam, lieutenant-colonel of the First Regiment." On August 11 Havana surrendered.

Colonel Israel Putnam brought back with him from the conquered city an Orderly Book, in which was inscribed a daily record from August 28 to October 16, 1762, of all that was required of the American troops in Havana after the surrender. One entry is of special interest, for it shows that these Puritan Provincials were ordered to pay respect to the religion of the inhabitants.

When Colonel Putnam returned home he brought with him a negro slave whom he had rescued from a cruel Spanish master. The Spaniard was beating poor Dick most unmercifully with a bamboo cane, when the Yankee colonel rushed forward and wrested it from his hand. Putnam was obliged to escape as quickly as possible to one of the English ships at the wharf, for an angry mob had gathered to wreak vengeance upon the foreigner for his rash interference. Dick followed his deliverer, and begged so piteously to go aboard

that Putnam consented, and the negro became his faithful servant for life. At Putnam's death the bamboo cane was bequeathed to Dick, who, for many years after his master had gone to his last reward, used to hobble about the streets of Brooklyn, Connecticut, leaning proudly on "Massa's cane."

The next eighteen months Putnam passed peacefully on his farm, but in the legislative records of Connecticut, under date of March, 1764, one may read: "This Assembly doth appoint Israel Putnam, Esq., to be Major of the forces here ordered to be raised in this Colony for his Majesty's service against the Indian natives, who have been guilty of perfidious and cruel massacres of the English."

When there was fighting on hand, Israel Putnam was always one of the first to be called to the front. Pontiac, the powerful chief of the Ottawas, had sent war-belts to the Indian tribes far and near, and had made allies of nearly all the tribes between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River, also with the Senecas, one of the Six Nations. Atrocities followed, and in General Bradstreet's expedition against these enemies Putnam and other Connecticut soldiers served. This was his last military service until the outbreak of the American Revolution. The war against Pontiac ended in 1764.

During the years that followed, from 1764 to 1772, the soldier-farmer led a peaceful and prosperous life, though the shadow of death had twice darkened his household. A daughter died within two months of his last home-coming, and in the following spring he lost his dearly loved wife, Hannah, who left an infant of three months. This latter affliction, it is said, caused him to become deeply religious, and six weeks after his wife's death he became a member of the Congregational Church.

Putnam had always been somewhat democratic in principles, so that when the question of the Stamp Act was raised he joined in a memorial sent to England stating "Why the British Colonies in America should not be charged with 'Internal Taxes.'" Foolish George III. and his unwise advisers, in spite of the signs of discontent, went obstinately on in

their course of unjust interference and imposition, and the hated Stamp Act was passed by Parliament and received the assent of the King. When the news of its enactment reached America there was a storm of wrath.

While north and south the voices of the people were raised in protest, Putnam, who had joined a secret society of workingmen called the "Sons of Liberty," was taking a leading part in Connecticut. In the papers of the New York Historical Society is a letter from a British officer, who wrote: "By advices from Connecticut, matters are arrived at greater lengths than in any other province, having already provided themselves with a magazine for arms, ammunition, etcetera, and 10,000 men at the shortest warning for opposing the Stamp Act, all under the command of a Connecticut man called Colonel Putnam, one that has received his Majesty's money, having been employed during the war as a British colonel." When the Stamp Act was repealed, there was general rejoicing that the breaches between crown and colony had been healed.

In 1767 Colonel Putnam married Deborah Lothrop Gardiner, the widow of John Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, New York, and thereby he gained new social dignity. He himself was so popular, and his new wife so attractive, that their hospitality was overtaxed, so much so, that with Yankee thrift he moved his establishment to Brooklyn Green and hung out a sign: "Public Entertainment." The sign, which bore the figure of General Wolfe in full uniform, is to-day one of the most interesting relics in the rooms of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford. Besides being host of the village inn, Colonel Putnam was further honored by being voted bell-ringer of the Meeting, at "the price of three pounds." A curious bit of history this seems in the light of our present ideas of social distinctions, but life in 1772 was a more simple affair, we may infer.

The relations between the colonies and England were of course very much strained after the "Boston Tea-party" and the Port Bill. General Gage, under whose command Putnam had fought in the French and Indian War, was now military

governor, and twenty ships of the line and twenty regiments were being held by Great Britain in readiness to send across the sea if submission was not very soon made.

All the colonies did what they could to show their sympathy with the Bostonians, and Colonel Putnam came up from Connecticut with a flock of one hundred and twenty sheep for the citizens in case things came to such extremities that they suffered for food. On the Common, where the British headquarters were, the bluff American officer met Lord Percy, General Gage, and many officers with whom he had been a brother at arms.

The Britishers warmly welcomed their old comrade, and joked him about coming down to fight. One officer asked him if he did not believe that an army of five thousand British veterans could march through the whole continent of America. "No doubt, no doubt," replied Putnam, "if they behaved civilly and paid well for everything they wanted; but if they should attempt it in a hostile manner (though the American men were out of the question), the women with their ladles and broomsticks would knock them all on the head before they got half through."

Under all this jesting there was serious meaning, and the English soon found that the Connecticut farmer and soldier was not far wrong. Putnam and his son Daniel were plowing in a field when a messenger brought the Colonel word that the British had fired on the militia at Lexington, killing eight men, and were on their march into the country.

Israel Putnam did not stop to unyoke his team, but mounted a horse and started out to give the alarm. He was ordered by Governor Trumbull to go straightway to Boston. Eighteen hours later he was in Concord, having ridden in that time a hundred miles.

On his return to Connecticut, the Assembly appointed him second brigadier-general, only two officers ranking him.

From this moment began an uninterrupted term of signal service to his country. Washington recognized in him a bold leader, and the younger officers looked up to the veteran of the French and Indian War with respect and admiration.

At the battle of Bunker Hill, the death of Warren, who ranked Putnam but had declined the command, left Putnam the ranking officer; but regarding the actual command in that engagement endless controversy has been waged.

Amid the din and agony of that fierce battle were here and there instances of remembered love and comradeship between those now engaged in conflict. Major Small, a British officer, was alone and surrounded by a body of American soldiers who were leveling their guns at him, when Putnam rushed in and, striking up the muzzles of their guns with his sword, called out: "For God's sake, my lads, don't fire at that man. I love him as I do my brother!" And General Abercrombie, while being borne from the field mortally wounded, gasped: "If you take Putnam alive, don't hang him, for he's a brave man!"

Washington, who formed a strong and lasting friendship for Putnam, used frequently to consult with him. One day Putnam, who was inclined to be rather fidgety, kept walking back and forth, looking out of the window.

"Pray, General Putnam," said the commander-in-chief at last, "pray be seated. We wish your advice in regard to this plan."

"Oh, go ahead and plan your battle," was the reply. "*I will fight it!*"

"Old Put," as he was affectionately called by his men, could not spell as well as a first-grade public school boy to-day. He used to write official letters beginning, "Dear Majir," and "Ginral," but those to whom these epistles were addressed knew that every word, no matter how it was spelled, was to be trusted, for bravery, honesty, and exactness were the three chief traits of this man's character.

On May 19, 1790, General Putnam was seized with an illness that ended his life two days later at Pomfret (now Brooklyn), Connecticut, where he lies buried beneath a tablet slab.

He had lived to see peace established and the independence of his country assured. He had tasted the fruits of a useful

life and had enjoyed the respect, affection, and admiration of a nation.

Though Massachusetts can claim Putnam as a son of her soil, Connecticut has an equal claim to him, for his character, his services, his deeds of daring enriched her annals and added fame to her roll of patriots.

Dauntless in courage, true in spirit, upright in living, simple in manner, loyal in friendship, he will live in his country's history as one of her immortal heroes of national liberty.

SAM HOUSTON

IN the village of Timber Ridge Church, Rockbridge County, Virginia, and within a few miles of the aristocratic little town of Lexington, was born, March 2, 1793, Sam Houston, future president of the Republic of Texas.

Born of Scotch-Irish stock, he possessed the shrewdness and strength of the Scotch, together with the enthusiasm, the fiery eloquence, the dramatic intensity of the Irish race; and his magnificent physique, his slow but sure command of language, combined to produce in him one of the most picturesque figures of American history. The Houston family, at different times, in the Lowlands of Scotland, had held places of provincial importance, and was of sufficient rank to have a coat of arms.

John Houston, the founder of the family in America, emigrated to this country in 1689, the year of the siege of Londonderry; and among the signers of the loyal address to King William by the defenders of that city the name of James Houston may be found. He was a man of considerable means in the city of Philadelphia, to which place he had led an emigrant colony from his native shores.

His grandson Robert Houston moved from Philadelphia to Virginia, establishing himself on an extensive tract of land in Rockbridge County. Robert Houston married a lady of Scottish parentage. He left his large Virginia estate to his son Samuel, who married a Miss Paxton, whose progenitors, together with his own, had emigrated from Ireland.

The Houston family in America belonged to that class of wealthy farmers of interior Virginia who lived in a sort of rough abundance, chiefly by their own labor, and formed a substantial yeomanry, quite distinct from the gentry of the seaboard and the Cavalier farmers of the Eastern river valleys, where living was more luxurious, more refined, and more like that of their English ancestors.

Samuel Houston, father of the subject of this sketch, served in General Daniel Morgan's brigade of riflemen during the Revolutionary War, receiving at its close the appointment of major and inspector-general of the frontier troops. He died in 1806, while on a tour of duty in the Alleghany Mountains, leaving a widow and nine children.

Little Sam Houston was now a boy of thirteen, sturdy and strong for his years, and giving promise of the tremendous physical and mental energy, inherited from both parents, that was characteristic of him to the day of his death. After Major Houston's death, Mrs. Houston decided to move her family to the new settlements in Tennessee, where, perhaps, she thought there would be a better opportunity to increase her worldly possessions. We must remember that this was the pioneer age, and that the far-famed fertility of the Tennessee soil offered brilliant prospects to ambitious and energetic young farmers.

Nothing daunted by the long journey before her, Elizabeth Paxton Houston, with her six sons and three daughters, set out for the distant bourn in Tennessee, which lay on the other side of the Alleghany Mountains. The band of Virginia emigrants settled in Blount County, about eight miles from the Tennessee River, which was at that time the boundary line between the Cherokee Indians and the white settlers. A cabin was built here, and the Houston family lived the healthful but toilsome life of pioneers.

In this region there were few opportunities for education. Little Sam Houston used to run from his work in the fields to take his place in the spelling-class in the "Old Field School," where only the very simplest rudiments of an education could be acquired. But he had an active mind and a very vivid imagination.

Crowded away in chest-corners and pack-saddles, a few old books had made the long journey over the Alleghanies from Virginia along with pots and pans, homespun clothes, and farming tools, and among them was a bethumbed copy of Pope's translation of the "Iliad." This was little Sam's treasure, and night after night he would sit by the pine-knot

fire and in the bright red glare of its flames read over and over again the story of Troy and Ulysses. It was all very real to him—the heroes, the fights, the camp-fires, the walls of Troy—as real perhaps as the lowering mountains, the dense woods, the fields of waving grain that he saw every day before him; for imagination is the most powerful magician in the world.

It may be that all these fancies helped to kindle in the boy the military ardor that was a distinguishing trait of the man.

He had not been long in Tennessee when his older brothers, who no doubt thought that regular discipline was better than so much reading of books, placed him as a clerk in a trader's store. The drudgery of this sort of life was not to be borne by the lad who had always lived a free, open-air existence, and who had, moreover, a natural taste for freedom and adventure. One day he was found missing from his place among the boxes and barrels. He had gone across the river and taken up his abode among the friendly Cherokees.

The Indians received him among them as a friend and brother. He adopted their dress and manners and speech, and the repeated visits of his brothers could not prevail on him to return to the counter.

The Cherokees, it is said, were among the most civilized of the North American Indians. They lived in cabins, cultivated the fields, and had a written language of their own. But in spite of the fact that their life was not far removed from that of their pioneer neighbors, in nature and heart they were savages.

Sam found them congenial, however, and whenever any attempt was made to induce him to return to his home, he said that he would "rather measure deer-tracks than measure tape," and that they might leave him in the woods. He lived with the Indians till his eighteenth year, from time to time visiting the white settlements in order to get necessary supplies for himself and his forest friends.

At last, however, he found himself in debt to the Cherokees for trinkets and ammunition that he had bought from

them, so he decided to return to civilization and earn some money.

It seems a curious thing that the ignorant boy should have attempted to teach school, but that is just what he did, and he actually succeeded so well that he raised the price of tuition from six to eight dollars a year, "one third payable in corn, one third in cash, and one third in variegated cotton goods." He paid his debts very soon, but how long he continued to improve the minds of the Blount County children history does not tell us. His efforts in educating others had taught him his own deficiencies in that line; so after giving up his little school young Houston attended the Maryville Academy, where he completed his educational outfit so far as schools were concerned.

The war between the United States and Great Britain had broken out, and in 1813 a recruiting party visited Maryville. Sam Houston, who inherited his father's passion for military life, enlisted at once, replying to his friends' remonstrances that he would "rather honor the ranks than disgrace an appointment"; and he added, with quite a dramatic flourish, "You shall hear of me!" Mrs. Houston handed him his musket as he started off, saying:

"Go; and remember, too, that while the door of my cabin is open to brave men, it is eternally shut to cowards."

Evidently Sam Houston had inherited his somewhat sensational, though entirely sincere, manner of speech from his mother.

Houston was made sergeant on the same day that he put on a uniform and marched to join the Thirty-ninth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. While at Knoxville he received, through the application of his friends, the appointment of ensign from President Madison.

The Creek War was now on. The tribe had been aroused by the eloquence of Tecumseh and his brother, the "Prophet," and they had determined to make a desperate fight for their lands and homes. On August 10, 1813, they attacked the whites at Fort Mims, Alabama, and a frightful massacre followed.

General Jackson and General Coffee defeated them at Talladega and Talluschattee, but the spirit of revenge had not been broken, and frequent raids were made upon outlying settlements, and all sorts of outrages committed.

General Jackson and General Coffee soon decided upon an exterminating campaign, and the volunteers were called out. Sam Houston's regiment joined the army and marched to To-ho-pe-ka, or Horseshoe Bend, where the Creeks had rallied for a last stand. Here, on a bend in the Tallapoosa River in Alabama, seven hundred warriors had collected to fight for what was really their just cause.

Jackson's army, numbering two thousand men, arrived here on August 27, and one of the most desperate battles ever fought between a civilized and disciplined army and an untrained but dauntless savage race ensued. Desperation and barbaric valor could not prevail against civilized warfare.

Sam Houston, who was in the extreme right of his regiment, dashed forward in front of the line as it charged upon the breastworks. With a leap and a scramble, he gained the summit of the palisade, from which, just a moment before, Major Montgomery had fallen with a rifle-ball in his brain. As he stood on the palisade, a barbed point whizzed through the air and planted itself deep in his thigh. He sprang down and, at the head of the men who followed, drove the Indians back. Pausing for a moment, he called to the lieutenant to pull out the arrow. Twice the young officer tried to draw the weapon from the wound, but it was so deeply imbedded in the flesh that he could not. In an agony of pain the wounded man held his sword over the head of the officer and cried: "Pull it out! pull it out, or I'll kill you!" The uplifted sword added strength to the lieutenant's arm, and the next pull withdrew the arrow. Houston made light of the wound, and disobeying Jackson's command to retire to the rear, he renewed the attack on the breastworks and began fighting again.

Soon after, Jackson called for volunteers to storm a certain ravine, and Sam Houston dashed forward, calling to the men: "Follow me! follow me!" but without looking back to

see if they were following. When he got within a few yards of the entrance to the ravine two bullets lodged in his shoulder, and the upper part of his right arm was shattered. He looked around as his musket fell to the ground. Not a man had followed him, and he was obliged to draw back out of the deadly range of the enemy's fire.

He received little attention, as his wounds were supposed to be fatal, but his magnificent constitution saved him. Nearly two months after the battle, he reached his mother's cabin in Tennessee, so emaciated that she did not recognize him. The news of his daring had gone ahead of him. He had kept his promise—"You shall hear of me!" For his gallantry at To-ho-pe-ka he was promoted lieutenant in the regular army, and after the war he was ordered to report at New Orleans.

In 1817 he was appointed subagent of the Cherokees, at the request of General Jackson, who from that day at To-ho-pe-ka was his lifelong friend, and Houston was instrumental in establishing a friendly feeling between his old comrades, the Cherokees, and the whites. His influence among them was powerful and effective always. While serving the country in this capacity he made enemies of those outlaws in the Indian country who were smuggling stores from Spanish Florida. These desperadoes in turn brought charges against him, from which he cleared himself before the President and Mr. Calhoun (between whom and himself there was always enmity), but his proud and sensitive spirit was wounded and he resigned from the army May 18, 1818, after five years' service. After leaving the army he studied law and when admitted to the bar settled in Lebanon, Tennessee, where his shrewdness, his eloquence, and his popular manners gained for him an excellent practice. Removing from Lebanon to Nashville, he continued in practice, and in 1821 was elected major-general of the Tennessee Militia, a political and honorary office, but adding nothing to his income except in the way of influence and prestige.

In 1823, at thirty years of age, he was elected a representative to Congress from the Ninth District of Tennessee, which he served for four years, occasionally taking part in

the debates, and always as a member of the Jackson wing of the Democratic party. These two men, Houston and Jackson, had a strong attachment for each other, Jackson's stern character dominating the enthusiastic temperament of the younger man, and both were on the Committee on Military Affairs.

Whatever may have been Sam Houston's eccentricities, and however bombastic and theatrical his manner and diction may have been, when dealing with serious questions of state he knew how to be powerful and dignified, and he carried weight when he appealed to the legislative bodies of the government or to the popular feelings of the people.

During his second term in Congress he fought with General White his first and only serious duel. This duel was fought on September 23, 1826, at a dueling ground in Simpson County, Kentucky, called Linkumpinch, just across the Tennessee line.

White was supposed to be mortally hurt (he afterward entirely recovered from his wound), and an indictment was brought against Houston, the governor of Kentucky making a requisition upon the governor of Tennessee for his surrender. The terms were not complied with, and strange as it seems to us now, Houston's popularity was increased by this duel. It shows, too, what strength of character he possessed, when it is remembered that from that day to the end of his life he was opposed to dueling, and that even among those who believed it a point of honor to accept fight in this way, he firmly and repeatedly declined to accept challenges. To political inferiors he would always say: "I never fight downhill." On one occasion he was charged with having been very abusive by a man, to whom he replied: "Why, I thought you were my friend." "Why, so I was," said the aggrieved party, "but I don't propose to be abused by you or anybody else." With the peculiar humor that he sometimes flashed out, Houston replied: "Well, I should like to know if a man can't abuse his friends, who the devil can he abuse?" The whole affair ended in a laugh.

In 1827 he was elected governor of Tennessee by a major-

ity of 12,000 votes over Cannon and "Willie" Blount, the old "War Governor," as he was called. This election was probably due to the fact that he was the representative of the Andrew Jackson party.

There must have been an almost hypnotic influence in this man's power over men, for anybody else who dressed as he did would have been ridiculous. On the day of his election, August 2, 1827, he appeared at the polls unannounced, mounted on a magnificent dapple-gray horse. He wore a tall bell-crowned beaver hat; a shining black patent-leather stock, or military cravat, incasing a standing collar; a ruffled shirt, black satin vest, shining black silk trousers, gathered at the waistband and very full about the ankles; a gorgeous parti-colored Indian hunting-shirt, fastened in at the waist with a bead-embroidered red silk sash, which was clasped by large silver buckles; embroidered silk stockings, and pumps, as the long shoes were then called, ornamented with brilliant silver shoe-buckles.

In this very fantastic and absurd costume the new governor made his theatrical entrée into his great political office; yet in spite of all the sensationalism that no other man could have carried off, he made his power felt, and from start to finish his administration was successful and satisfactory.

Houston probably would have been elected to a second term had not the misfortune of his life now occurred. On January 16, 1829, he married Eliza Allen, the daughter of a political friend. Three months later Mrs. Houston left her husband and returned to her father's house. The affair remained a mystery till the lady's death. Houston sent in his resignation, and again buried himself with his old friends, the Cherokees. With a chivalry that only a brave man ever shows, he had simply said: "Eliza stands acquitted by me"; and then, like a wounded animal, he hid himself from those who knew him. Oo-loo-tee-kah, or Jolly, the under chief of the Cherokees, who had received Houston as a boy into his tribe, now joyfully reclaimed his old friend, though he wisely advised him "to go back to the white people." The counsel was not accepted, and the former governor of Tennessee

adopted the habits, manners, and dress of the Indians, and was formally received under the name of Co-lon-neh, or the Raven, as the son of Oo-loo-tee-kah.

On state occasions Houston, or Co-lon-neh, the Raven, appeared in the blanket, buckskin hunting-shirt, leggings, moccasins, and turkey-feathers of the Indian brave, and took part in the councils.

During this voluntary exile he was not forgotten. Reports were circulated that he was about to invade a province of Mexico at the head of an Indian army, with the intention of becoming the emperor of Texas. General Jackson was so disturbed by these rumors that he wrote to him: "Indeed, my dear sir, I cannot believe you have any such chimerical and visionary scheme in view. Your pledge of honor to the country is a sufficient guarantee that you will never engage in any enterprise injurious to your country, or that would tarnish your fame."

In 1832 Houston was again in Washington, and it was at this time that he administered a caning to William Stanberry, a member of Congress, who had had him denounced in the papers.

The affair caused a great stir in Washington circles. Houston was arrested by the sergeant-at-arms and brought to the bar of the House. After a powerful defense made by Francis Scott Key and the prisoner himself, he was discharged from the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and although he was reprimanded and fined, the fine of \$500 was remitted by President Jackson, who was "moved thereto by divers good and sufficient reasons." Nothing could prove more conclusively how society felt in those days about such matters. Houston had really behaved badly, not to say brutally, yet Jackson had remarked that a few more such affairs would teach representatives "to keep civil tongues in their heads." One can easily imagine the dramatic way in which Houston on the occasion of his defense quoted the lines:

"I ask no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted. They have torn me and I bleed."

The sympathies he did not ask or need were freely given by those who remembered his valor at Horseshoe Bend. It scarcely speaks well for the code of the day when one reads that his attack upon Stanberry really made him more popular than ever.

Mrs. Houston having secured a divorce from her husband on the plea of abandonment, Houston contracted an Indian marriage with a half-breed woman by the name of Tyania Rodgers, the descendant of an English officer, and a woman of great physical beauty.

At this time he had fallen into dissipated habits, and would go on terrible debauches. The Cherokees contemptuously changed his name from Co-lon-neh, the Raven, to a word that meant "Big Drunk." But beneath this apparent weakness lay great strength, and from this low and degraded state he was soon to be called upon to play a noble part in a noble strife, and to redeem his name and achieve a lasting fame in the pages of American history.

At this time Texas, which belonged to Mexico, was a vast area of unpopulated wilderness. In the 268,684 square miles of this territory there were only a few small towns in the interior—San Antonio, Nacogdoches, Goliad, and others dating from the period of Spanish colonization—and a few villages that had grown up around the missions of the Franciscan friars. There were also a few seaports like Galveston, Brazoria, and Velasco. Colonies had been founded by grants from the Mexican government, given to contractors. Austin's, De Witt's, De Leon's, and the Irish colony of McMullen and McGlorie were the most important of such settlements.

Beyond the Sabine River and between the boundaries of the United States and Mexico was what was called the "Neutral Ground," which was really a refuge for criminals of both countries. Here thieves, escaped murderers, and all sorts of outlaws found an asylum; and Williams, in his "Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas," tells us that it was quite the custom for fraudulent debtors to chalk on the shutter the cabalistic letters "G. T. T." (Gone to Texas), which was a defiant declaration that they were safe from the arm of

the law. This "Neutral Ground" was very injurious to the American colonies that under the legal grants were established in the Mexican Province of Texas.

Stephen F. Austin, whom Houston called the "Father of Texas," was born in Austinville, Virginia, in 1793, and was a remarkable man. In 1820 his father, Moses Austin, set out for Texas and obtained from Governor Martinez, of San Antonio, authority to settle an American colony in Texas. He died, however, before his plan was carried out, but left the dying injunction to his son Stephen to consummate his project, which under great difficulties the son accomplished. In the meantime Mexico had revolted from Spain and the Emperor Iturbide sat upon the Mexican throne. This monarch renewed the grant to Austin, but another revolution, headed by Santa Anna, deposed Iturbide, and Austin had to appeal for a further renewal from the Mexican Cortes. In 1823 he was at last able to establish the colony that was destined to play so considerable a part in history.

Austin's colonists were of a high type of mankind, and under their leader's control order, discipline, and an archaic sort of honesty were established. People left their doors unfastened without fear of robbers, and there was scarcely any disorderly conduct. Major Hutter, the United States paymaster sent to settle the claims of Texas soldiers in 1840, traveled the country, unescorted, with a half-million dollars in gold in his ambulance, and was never molested, though his rank as well as his business was known, and his halting-places were usually twenty miles apart, so lonely were the roads. Men did not give or take notes, verbal promises of payment being deemed sufficient. Such was the state of things in Austin's colony before the war for Texan independence.

Mexico finally grew jealous of the Americans within her provinces. By the constitution of 1824 Mexico was made a republic, and the two provinces of Texas and Coahuila were united under the title of the "State of Coahuila and Texas." The United States had proposed to purchase the territory of Texas, which still further aroused Mexico's jealousy.

In 1830 there was another revolution in Mexico, and

Bastamente, now in power, issued decrees forbidding further immigration from the United States, prohibiting the introduction of slaves, and establishing custom-houses for the collection of imports upon trade. He also began sending a thousand soldiers, most of whom were criminals and convicts, to stations in the country, which was virtually making Texas a penal colony. All these things disturbed and angered the Americans greatly.

From this time the Americans began to oppose the infringement of the rights given them in their grant, and gradually the hostilities grew into a war with Mexico. Santa Anna was now heading another revolutionary movement, and Texas promised to support him in exchange for a restoration of the liberal constitution of 1824, and it was hoped that Texas might enjoy the privilege of self-government as one of the states of the Mexican republic.

In 1832 Sam Houston went to Texas with a commission from President Jackson to arrange treaties with the Comanche and other Indian tribes for the protection of American settlers on the border; but it is most likely that it was understood between the President and his emissary that Houston was to look into the state of affairs, and report as to the power of the people in case they should try to throw off the Mexican yoke.

Major Elias Rector, a native of Virginia, but for many years a noted character in the Southwest, and known throughout that country as the "Fine Arkansas Gentleman," was a fellow-traveler with Houston on his journey to Texas, and used to tell an interesting anecdote of his traveling companion. When they parted at a certain spot the Major handed Houston a razor as a sort of farewell token of regard. Houston accepted the gift, and turning toward his friend, said impressively: "Major Rector, good-by! God bless you. When next you see this razor it shall be shaving the president of a republic." How the prophecy was fulfilled may be found in the history of the war for independence in Texas.

The action that directly brought about the revolution in Texas was the passage of the decree reducing the number of

militia to one for every five hundred persons, and ordering the rest of the inhabitants to give up their arms. Arms were necessary to the Texans at that time, not only as a means of existence, for they depended to a great extent upon their guns for their food, but also as a protection to their lives and property.

Anarchy soon reigned in certain parts of the province. William B. Travis, who was to win deathless fame in his heroic death at the Alamo, together with many other Virginians, South Carolinians, Georgians, and Alabamians, was eager to resist this arbitrary edict, and before long fighting had begun between the two factions.

Stephen Austin, who had been detained in Mexico by Santa Anna on one pretext and another for two years, finally returned to find affairs in very bad condition.

At a meeting at San Augustine, October 5, 1834, it was declared that Texas would no longer submit to the destruction of its rights and liberties by the central government of Mexico. A company of volunteers was raised, and Sam Houston was elected commander-in-chief of the forces in eastern Texas, and at once began to organize and forward volunteers. Austin, who had been elected commander-in-chief of the western forces, begged Houston to become the sole head of the army, but this he refused to do.

It was decided, against Houston's advice, to make an attempt to capture San Antonio, the oldest as well as the most important Spanish settlement. San Antonio stood in the lovely valley of the head waters of the San Pedro Creek and the San Antonio River. Around it rolled the prairie, while groves of lofty pecan-trees shaded the river that wound through the little city and the many springs that abounded in the neighborhood. Southward stretched for ten miles the stations of the stone churches of the missions, each surrounded by a stone wall for a protection from the Indians.

Across the river from San Antonio stood the mission of the Alamo—which means the “cottonwood-tree”—the very name of which recalls a scene of fiendish treachery on the one hand and heroic devotion on the other.

General Austin intended attacking San Antonio at once, but before this was accomplished the contending forces had met at Concepcion, where the Mexicans were defeated and withdrew to San Antonio. Austin now settled down to a sort of blockade of the town. Houston was sent to San Felipe to organize a civil government, and Austin, who had been elected a commissioner to solicit aid in the United States, resigned from the army, his place being filled by General Edward Burleson.

On December 3, Colonel Milam begged General Burleson to attack San Antonio. Stepping out in front of the General's tent, he waved his hat and shouted to the disorganized men: "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

An impetuous crowd answered the cry, and at dawn the next morning the attacking force moved forward toward the Spanish town. The Mexicans finally retreated into the Alamo, and the next day General Cos sent a flag of truce to General Burleson and terms of capitulation were agreed upon.

General Burleson went home December 15, leaving Colonel Johnson to hold the Alamo. Meantime, while the Texas soldiers were winning victories the consultation at San Felipe was also doing good work, and Houston in his Indian blanket and buckskin clothes was preparing a decree of provincial independence under the constitutional government of Mexico. (When somebody made a slighting remark about General Houston's style of costume, President Jackson replied: "Thank God there is one man, at least, in Texas, whom the Almighty had the making of, and not the tailor.")

The United States failed to take any very deep interest in the troubles of her citizens in Mexico, and except in individual cases there was not much help given them. Complications and internal dissensions arose, and finally Houston virtually gave up command of the army, though he rendered the greatest services to the colonists by keeping the Indians in good order.

Austin had negotiated loans for the Texas army, and enough supplies were purchased to keep the soldiers together after a fashion.

While things were in a weakened and confused state in Texas, Santa Anna had consolidated his power in Mexico. He determined to attack the Texas garrison in the Alamo.

The Americans, or Texans, were taken by surprise February 22, 1836; and now followed one of the most heroic deeds ever chronicled. The commander in the mission now was Lieutenant-Colonel William Barrett Travis, a North Carolinian, twenty-eight years of age. The second officer was Colonel James Bowie, the inventor of the terrible bowie-knife; and among the garrison was the famous David Crockett.

Travis must have known that with his handful of men—about one hundred and eighty-five—shut up in the mission buildings of the Alamo he had almost no chance against Santa Anna's two thousand veterans.

There is an antique heroism, almost archaic in its simplicity, in the appeal the young commander sent out for help. It was dated February 24, 1836, and addressed: "To the people of Texas and all Americans in the world."

"FELLOW-CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS:

"I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continued bombardment for twenty-four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon-shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. . . . Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!

"W. BARRETT TRAVIS,

"Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding."

Colonel Fannin started on the 28th to relieve the beleaguered garrison, but his ammunition-wagon broke down and it was impossible to go on. March 3 Travis sent his last message for the help that never came.

On Sunday morning, March 6, the Mexican bands struck up the air "Deguelo," "Cut-throat," which meant "no quarter," and the final assault was made.

The Americans fought like heroes, but their little force

was no match for the hordes that scaled the wall and carried the redoubt, forcing the Texans back into the convent and hospital.

The adobe wall gave way beneath the cannon-shot, and the Mexicans stormed the breach. The Americans fought from room to room and the last struggle was made in the church. In that sanctuary of the Prince of Peace was perpetrated a horrible butchery of helpless men. Crockett, with his long rifle "Betsy" in his hand and his coonskin cap on his head, fell at the entrance. Bowie and Travis were among the first to fall. Bowie was killed while lying partly disabled on a cot, firing his pistols to the last. The Americans had agreed to blow up the magazine rather than be butchered by the Mexicans, for they knew Santa Anna's barbarity; but just as Major Evans started to fire it he was shot down.

At nine o'clock the Alamo had fallen. Five persons who had hidden were brought out and shot, although the Mexican officers begged for their lives. After the slaughter was over—and not one of the brave defenders was left alive—Santa Anna had the bodies piled together and burned.

The fall of the Alamo made a profound impression in the United States, and the spirit of vengeance began now to animate the Texans. Years after the tragic event a lofty granite shaft was erected in the Capitol building in Austin in memory of the heroes of the Alamo.

An eloquent line tells the story:

"Thermopylæ had its messenger of woe—
The Alamo had none."

The execution of the prisoners of Goliad on Palm Sunday, March 26, inflamed the feeling to a full climax of hatred and fury, and it was the cry "Remember the Alamo; remember La Bahia!" that led the Americans to victory at the battle of San Jacinto which really established Texas as a republic.

Sam Houston, commander-in-chief, and the hero of San Jacinto, was immediately elected president of the new republic, and Major Rector was reminded of the razor and prophecy. Santa Anna was now prisoner, and notwithstand-

ing the threats of the populace, President Houston was wise enough to treat him with consideration and finally release him, as he did not wish to prolong hostile feeling with Mexico.

"Old San Jacinto," as he was now called, was not for some time in favor of annexation. Several times the new republic sought to unite herself with the United States, and several times the Union declined with thanks. Finally, however, it became a party issue, and on December 29, 1845, Texas ceased to be a republic and became the "Lone Star" State in the Union.

It was unselfish in Houston to oppose annexation, for personally it meant more honors for him. He had filled two terms as president, and by the constitution could not hold that office again. Texas as a State would give him the best gifts in her power to bestow. With him, Texas was first. He loved the land he had saved from ruin. His marriage with Miss Margaret Moffette Lea, of Alabama, had been the greatest blessing, for under the influence of his wife he gave up his dissipated habits, and in his old age a happy family of sons and daughters were gathered about him.

When the Civil War broke out, Houston, who had been for several terms United States senator and had been governor of Texas, was entirely in favor of preserving the Union. In consequence he was deposed as governor and overwhelmed with abuse by the secessionists. When the State of Texas seceded he refused to take oath to the Confederate government. This was a brave thing for a Southern man to do.

Houston, however, was strong to the last in his conviction that the Union should be preserved, although he, like all Southerners, felt it proper to fight for the rights they believed to be theirs under the Constitution.

His son, Lieutenant Sam Houston, was one of the Confederate soldiers wounded and taken prisoner at Vicksburg July 4, 1863. About three weeks later, July 26, Sam Houston died, aged seventy years. His last words, before uttering the name of his wife, were "Texas! Texas!"

A plain white slab in Huntsville, Texas, where he died,

marks the last resting-place of one whose earthly life was full of turmoil and strife.

Houston had many strong prejudices, and aroused violent antagonism, but with all his faults he possessed splendid virtues. His reverence for women was beautiful, and he always addressed them with the title "Lady"—which was no idle word on his lips. His first wife on her deathbed revealed the fact that she had told him soon after their marriage that her love was given to another man, and with his intense chivalry (and wounded pride, perhaps) he had felt it his duty to part from her, unwilling to try to force affection or loyalty. Such was the mystery of his early life, about which venomous tongues whispered much evil report of a noble and chivalrous gentleman. He was hated as much as he was loved, but he was unquestionably a patriot and a hero, and typified a romantic period of the nation's history.

THE STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

THIS is a story of photographs. If only it could have a phonographic attachment, so that you could both see and hear the man whom I wish to show you—"the most wilful, the most despotic, the most interesting of all our Presidents," as one of the latest of American historians denominates Andrew Jackson of Tennessee—the vividness, as well as the interest, would be increased. For the Jackson voice was a part of the Jackson character.

But if we can reproduce his manner, we may imagine the voice. The first picture is that of a boy of the hills.

In a low, rough house of logs among the hills, where the red soil of the Waxhaw Settlement, in North Carolina, seemed almost typical of the blood and ruin that had fallen upon all that region in the merciless work of "Tarleton's quarter," a boy, hot with anger, stands openly defying his captor. He was born at the Waxhaw Settlement, March 15, 1767, and is now a tall, raw-boned, red-haired, freckle-faced lad of fourteen, big for his years, perhaps, with the prophecy in his lean but sinewy form of the future hardy and athletic frontiersman of that rough and rolling hill-country of the Carolinas. The man is a British officer, haughty, arrogant, overbearing, a type of that conquering race in whom contact with the conquered always bred contempt, while superiority of intelligence and refinement expressed itself in cruelty rather than in courtesy.

In this case the brutalizing spirit of conquest was very evident. As one who had part in the massacre at the Waxhaw Settlement, and the slaughter at Hanging Rock, this English gentleman had been hardened into the pitiless soldier and the contemptuous master.

"These peasants," he declared, referring to the conquered

colonists of the Carolina highlands, "have no rights. They must be taught their place as low-bred scum and dirty traitors. Here, boy! clean this beastly red mud of yours from my boots. And hark ye, do it quick! I'm in haste."

And he flung the long military boots, well besmeared with the red Waxhaw clay, at the boy whom the fortunes of war, or the tyranny of treachery, had made a captive to the hated troopers of Tarleton.

But though captive, this boy of fourteen was by no means cowed.

"Clean your own boots! I'm no nigger slave," he cried passionately. "I am a prisoner of war. Because you've got us down, you needn't think you can jump on us"; and stung to anger by the British officer's demand, he kicked the boots back so vindictively that they caromed on the Englishman's pet corns and literally made him "hopping mad."

He whipped out his sword and springing upon his plucky and defiant captive struck viciously at the boy, unmindful of consequences or of that "fair play" which is so thoroughly an English trait. But surprise and anger had killed all courtesy in the big dragoon officer.

"You miserable little rebel! You cur! You blackguard!" he shouted. "How dare you? Take that for your impudence—and that—and that!"

Thwack! thwack! the British sword came down upon the Carolina boy with lunge and cut. It laid the supple wrist open to the bone; under the shock of thick red hair it left a cut from which streamed the still redder blood.

Then the sense of unfairness which had led him to strike an unarmed boy roused the Englishman's drowsy conscience, and he regretted what he had done.

"It was your own fault," was all he said, however, as he kicked the muddy boots from his path, and left their cleaning to his servant. So, after all, the big dragoon did not have his way. The boy from the Waxhaws did not clean those boots.

But the scars made by the sword of the brutal British officer remained with the boy through all his long and active

life, and as he never forgot so he never forgave that contemptuous and cruel attack, and he took good payment for it from England's arrogant power, all in good time, and with interest. For that fourteen-year-old Carolina boy was Andrew Jackson.

He was born in poverty, cradled in adversity, and reared in ignorance; but he had the strong and sturdy Scotch-Irish blood running in his veins—the blood that has given so much in brain and sinew to America.

Andrew Jackson never knew a father; he saw his mother and brothers die as the victims of British cruelty and neglect. Left thus, without home or family at fifteen—an orphan of the Revolution—it is not to be wondered at that a hatred of all things British became almost a part of the reckless, mischievous, resolute, sturdy, and vindictive boy.

Somehow, he raised himself from ignorance to intelligence. He migrated into the new lands beyond the mountains, and "grew up with the country" in Tennessee. Farmer, merchant, lawyer, public prosecutor, district attorney, member of Congress, senator, judge—thus he rose to eminence in the new State of Tennessee, where he was respected as able, honest, fearless, ready to give and take blows—traits that in new sections have ever been necessary to popularity and standing.

Jackson soon became an acknowledged leader, not only in his own State and neighborhood, but in the whole section; so, when war with Great Britain broke out in 1812, Andrew Jackson, major-general of Tennessee's volunteer militia, became major-general and commander of the forces of the United States in the Southwest.

These forces were not very great, but Andrew Jackson advanced to the command by vigorous measures and signal victories that overthrew and completely shattered the Indian rising of 1814, known as the Creek War, and broke the combined Spanish and British power in Florida. He never neglected an opportunity to "chastise" the British power by which his boyhood had been made miserable; and when at last, in January, 1815, he found himself face to face with the British

army before New Orleans, he felt that the day of reckoning was at hand, and determined to win or die.

When that time came, when the British army invaded the South, the hour brought the man. "Andrew Jackson," says Maurice Thompson, "was a fighter who fought to kill and who would brook no interference with his methods, no inquiries into his plans, no suggestions as to the extent of his authority. It chanced that he was the right man for the emergency; no other man could have saved New Orleans."

In the beautiful January weather, when that fair sub-tropical land of Southern Louisiana lay bright and glorious in the rioting sunshine, there was gathered behind a shaky and uncertain breastwork of mud and dirt and useless cotton-bales a motley army of barely six thousand men—regulars, volunteer militia, new levies, creoles, Yankee sailors, Baratarian pirates, hunters, sharpshooters, frontiersmen—as curious a mixture of old men, young men, veterans, and recruits as one could well imagine, armed with a laughable assortment of weapons from blunderbusses to backwoods rifles, and marshaled under an indomitable, determined, redcoat-hating general. Facing them, behind and about a flimsy fortification of mud ramparts and sugar-hogsheads, was marshaled a strong and splendidly disciplined British army of fifteen thousand veterans of the Napoleonic wars.

So they stood awhile—the invaders and the defenders. Then out from behind their defenses, straight on through the open, over the oozy swamp-land and across the half-filled ditches, came marching a solid red-coated column of British soldiers, perfectly drilled and valiantly led.

The Americans are silent, but ready. Four deep, the lines of picked riflemen and musketeers, with weapons ready, wait to get the range. It comes speedily as nearer and nearer moves that gleaming, unbroken column of red, its commander, General Pakenham himself, leading it on.

Suddenly, from the breastwork of mud and cotton-bales, the rifles crack, the muskets bang, the supporting batteries boom and crash. The riflemen have the range. Staggered by the withering fire, the British column shivers and sways, almost

broken by its deadly reception; it wavers, then reforms, sweeps forward with a sudden rush, recoils and breaks as a second volley flashes from the American line and mows its way through those veteran ranks.

"What, veterans of the Peninsula, conquerors of Napoleon! will you break before raw militia led by a blustering bush-fighter? Form again! Form again! One rush all together and you'll tumble their crazy mud walls about their ears. Turn again, men; turn and at 'em!"

With commands and entreaties the desperate British leader reforms his panic-stricken column and once more leads it against the American earthworks.

Again the deadly rifles speak; again the withering fire rakes the English line. But it stands firm. Then Pakenham, waving his hat above his head, urges his men to one supreme charge.

"Over the works or die!" he cries; and then, struck in arm and thigh and breast by those merciless bullets of the border men, the brave British leader sways in his saddle and dies before the works are reached.

Still the advance continues. But now all the American guns are in action, from the overcharged 32-pounders in the battery to the old horse-pistol in the hand of some green recruit. In one terrible, fearful fire, as fearful as ever burst from a repelling line, the guns of border State men, creoles, and pirates pour their hail of death into the British columns, while up and down the American line marches the grim, relentless, cool, and commanding leader, avenging the death of his mother and his brothers, wiping out in blood the disgrace that had fallen upon his boyhood in that Carolina hill hut thirty years before.

"Give it to 'em, boys! Blow 'em up, boys! Show the redcoats how an American fights," he shouts. And the redcoats learned. Their marshaled columns break, shattered under that terrible fire, and at last, with fully two thousand dead and wounded strewing the ground, with their leaders killed, their officers picked off by rifleman and sharpshooter, the British turn in flight, the South is saved, and Andrew Jackson

has made his name forever famous as the victor of New Orleans—victor, with but eight men killed and thirteen wounded.

It is well to add: While it does not dim the military glory of Jackson and his men, the fact that peace had already been agreed upon, and that neither side knew it, must ever cast a shadow of sympathetic regret over the admiration justly bestowed upon American skill and valor.

The Creek War and the battle of New Orleans made Andrew Jackson President of the United States. Although a dozen years passed between the victory at New Orleans and the Presidential election of 1828 the fame of Andrew Jackson grew stronger through the years. He was very nearly elected in 1824, and when, four years later, a Presidential campaign was again fought Jackson was elected President over John Quincy Adams by an electoral vote of 178 to 83—more than two to one. He was a popular hero.

One or two other pictures of the man between those years of indignity and revenge I should like to show you.

One is on the battle-field of Talluschattee, where Jackson broke the power of the Creeks. Disaster and death had overtaken the hostile Indians. Hundreds of dead and dying lay upon the field; throngs of disconsolate prisoners were forced into the white man's camp. From the arms of a dead Indian mother a little child was taken, and as Jackson inspected the prisoners, he saw the Indian baby, and, humane in victory, tried to save it.

But no Creek mother would take the baby. "Why save him?" they replied to the General's command. "His people are dead; his wigwam is empty; his father was a brave and died with his face to the foe. Let him die too. Kill the warrior's son now; it is best."

Then the General swore a mighty oath.

"That boy shall live," he said, "even if I have to tend him myself. Take him to my tent."

The camp was bare of supplies. Lack of rations—a terror in every war, and the foeman's greatest ally—had almost

caused a famine, and the General's larder was as lean as the rest. But a little brown sugar was discovered, and with this, mixed with water, Jackson kept the Indian baby alive till he could send it to the settlements. There it was cared for at his expense till his return to his home—the Hermitage, near Nashville—where Mrs. Jackson, good motherly soul, took it in at once. She and the General “raised” Linconyer, as they called their Indian “son,” educating him, loving him, and caring for him till his death from consumption when he was seventeen years old. The boy was very dear to the General and “Aunt Rachel.”

Another photograph is of the harsh but loving soldier as he leaves the Hermitage—the home he had built for his dearly loved Rachel—to enter the White House as President of the United States. Alas! he is to go alone. For kindly “Aunt Rachel” is dead. She whom the General had defended from slander, rescued from ill-treatment, loved, married, and fought for, had died just as the husband of whom she was so proud had reached the pinnacle of ambition and of fame. She died on the very day set by the people of Nashville for a jubilee over the General's election. The jubilee was changed to mourning, and Andrew Jackson never recovered from the loss of his dearly loved wife. It saddened all the rest of his life, which ended at the Hermitage June 8, 1845.

You will find, I think, a peculiar interest in the picture I shall now present you in the words of old Alfred, Jackson's last surviving slave. Standing beside the temple-like mausoleum in the garden of the Hermitage, within which lies the dust of Andrew Jackson and his faithful wife, and calling the attention of some Northern visitors to the willows that shaded the Jackson tomb, old Alfred said:

“Dese yer willows wuz planted by Gin'ral Jackson. Ole Mis' she jes' done buried an' de trunks wuz all packed fer to go to Washin'ton, an' Gin'ral Jackson he went right off yander beyand de quarters an' cut four willow switches. Den he come down yer, an' he tuk his knife an' made a hole an' stuck one on 'em at each corner, jes' as you see 'em, an' dey growed, eb'ry one on 'em 'cept dat ar' one yander what was struck

by lightnin'; an' dere dey is now. Den, when he done planted dem willow switches, de ole Gin'ral went back to de house to get in his carriage, fer to go to Washin'ton. An' he look down yer to old Mis' grabe, an' he look at de house jes' like good-by, an' he done tuk off his hat to de house, jes' like it was a lady; an' den he dribe away."

You all know what a dramatic, stormy administration those eight years of President Andrew Jackson made. No man was more devotedly followed; none was ever more cordially hated. Absolutely fearless, vigorous in methods, quick in action, emphatic in speech, if Andrew Jackson thought that a thing should be done he did it, careless of consequences.

Let me show you one other picture—this is of President Andrew Jackson.

In a little room on the second floor of the White House at Washington, the tall, gaunt, grizzled, lonely old man of sixty-six sat smoking his corn-cob pipe—something that even the dignity of the Presidency could not induce him to give up. The old soldier's face was troubled, for disturbing news had come to him from that most disturbing section, South Carolina. The hot little State, inflamed over certain obnoxious tariff laws, had declared that the acts of Congress imposing them were null and void, and expressed its determination to resist their enforcement. As the President sat in his little room, smoking and thinking, a messenger entered with the latest tidings. The legislature of South Carolina had met; it had passed laws contrary to, and subversive of, those of Congress. The governor was authorized to call out the militia, equip and arm them, strengthen the defenses of the State, and prepare to resist the authority of the Federal government and the President of the United States.

When Andrew Jackson read this defiance of South Carolina, all the patriotism and all the passion in his nature burst into action. He sprang to his feet; he dashed his corn-cob pipe to the floor.

"By the Eternal," he said, "the Union must and shall be preserved! Send for General Scott."

Swiftly the preparations were made. General Scott was

at once despatched to Charleston; soldiers and sailors were disposed so as to be ready for instant action.

Then Jackson went again to his little room, seized the big steel pen that was his favorite aid in writing, and dashed off page after page of a proclamation to South Carolina, the words of which are ringing yet as a challenge to treason and a plea for peace.

So rapidly did he write, that a new page would be completed before the ink was dry on the page that preceded it. He threw into this writing the glow of his patriotism, the intensity of his passion, the fervor of his determination to keep the Union intact; and when one of his advisers suggested a change or toning down of a passage, the General refused.

"No, sir!" he said decidedly. "Those are my views and I will not change them nor strike them out."

That proclamation and the President's prompt action crushed the rebellious attempts of the "Nullifiers," as the South Carolina hotheads were called. The country approved; South Carolina receded; and the Union was preserved by "Old Hickory," as the General was called from the tough and unbending nature of his imperious will.

"I have had a laborious task," said the wearied but determined old man, after that historic episode was over, "but nullification is dead, and its actors and courtiers will only be remembered by the people to be execrated for their wicked designs to sever and destroy the only good government on the globe. . . . The free people of the United States have spoken and consigned these demagogues to their proper doom. Take care of the Nullifiers you have among you. Let them meet the indignant frowns of every man who loves his country."

Just such prompt and vigorous measures, too, did he bring to whatever needed instant attention. With the same sternness with which he crushed nullification he demolished the institution called the United States Bank, in which he did not believe, and which he considered a menace to the republic. He brought England to terms; he made France pay a just but delayed indebtedness; he settled disputes of long standing with

Spain and Denmark; he forced Europe to recognize and admit the strength and importance of the United States as a nation.

He was impulsive; he was hot-headed; he was obstinate. He was the soldier in office, knowing no master save his own will, which, however, he declared, was the will of the people. It did appear to be so; for the majority of the people believed so thoroughly in Andrew Jackson that his two terms as President were among the most popular, as they were certainly among the most effective, of Presidential administrations.

Despotic, unyielding, masterful, but honest, loving, and sincere, he was loyal to his friends and vindictive to his foes; and yet, on his deathbed, he freely forgave all his enemies—"excepting those," he specified, "who slandered my Rachel"; and Rachel had been dead for fully twenty years.

Andrew Jackson's life was a continuous progress from small beginnings to a great future. Farmer boy, soldier boy, saddler's apprentice, law-student, horse-trainer, lawyer, frontiersman, prosecuting attorney, land-speculator, State constitution-maker, congressman, judge, storekeeper, farmer, boat-builder, wholesale merchant, cotton-planter, stock-raiser, militia officer, general, conqueror of Indians, Spaniards, and British, governor of Florida, United States senator, Presidential candidate, and twice President of the United States—this was the life-record of Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, hero by popular acclaim. It was a record of steady progress through a long and busy life, marked, again and again, by those dramatic incidents and fiery outbursts that made him at once a terror and a triumph.

An energetic soldier and statesman of our own day, Theodore Roosevelt, says: "To a restless and untiring energy Jackson united sleepless vigilance and genuine military genius."

"It was," says Edward Channing, "a most important day for the United States and the American people when, under Andrew Jackson's lead, the forces of Democracy adopted the idea of the sovereignty of the people of the United States."

It helped then, as it helped in an even more trying time, to save the Union that Andrew Jackson so passionately loved; and it is well for young Americans to remember that it was

because Andrew Jackson was so brave, outspoken, determined, and resolute that he silenced all opposition and triumphed over all enemies. Let them also remember that along with a tender heart he possessed a stern and inflexible honesty that rose almost to greatness, and made him for all time a typical and historic American.

THE STORY OF PATRICK HENRY

“**A** KING, by annulling or disallowing acts of so salutary a measure, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all right to his subjects’ obedience.”

The young lawyer paused for an instant; but in that instant men had sprung to their feet. “Treason! Treason!” came the cry from different parts of the crowded court-room, and Lyons, the opposing counsel, appealed hotly to the bench where sat the young lawyer’s own father as presiding justice. “Treason; the gentleman has spoken treason,” he cried. “Will your worships listen to that without showing your disapproval?”

Their worships said nothing. Instead, they sat mute and spellbound under the surprising flow of eloquence from the lips of one whom they had considered neither orator, pleader, nor lawyer, but who now, at one bound and by a sudden burst of eloquence, sprang into popularity, fame, and leadership.

The place was the stuffy little court-house in the county-seat of Hanover, in the Colony of Virginia; the time was the first day of December, 1763; the man was Patrick Henry. He was born at Studley, Virginia, in 1736, and was now twenty-seven years of age.

He was arguing on the wrong side of an important case, in which both law and precedent were against him. It was a case of taxes, in which the council of the King of England had deliberately and contemptuously set aside a law made by the colony. In this case the King’s council was right as to judgment, but wrong as to action. The law it “disallowed” was an unjust one; but the high-handed manner in which King and council overruled and annulled it was not to be borne by the liberty- and justice-loving colonists who had enacted it.

That was the way in which the matter appeared to Patrick Henry when, as a forlorn hope, he took up a case that other lawyers would not touch. "The King of England has no right to meddle in the law-making of this colony. Virginia can look out for herself," he said; and in this spirit he defended a losing case and by his eloquence, earnestness, and argument overruled the judgment of the court, turned a defeat into victory, and won the case he had championed for his clients—the people.

This celebrated case—known in American history as "the Parson's Cause"—made the name and established the fame of Patrick Henry as a resistless pleader and an impassioned orator. Up to that date he had not been a success. The son of a Virginia gentleman of small means, young Henry was left to himself for amusement and education, obtaining a good deal more of the first than of the second. He was a careless, happy-go-lucky country boy of the pleasant region of middle Virginia, loving hunting and fishing more than study, and loafing more than books, never succeeding at anything, and sticking to nothing long. He failed as a farmer, failed in business, married a tavern-keeper's daughter when he had nothing on which to support her, and, failing at everything else, hastily concluded to try the law. He failed even in his examinations for that, and was only admitted to the bar through the good nature of one of the examining lawyers and because of his own success at arguing the other out of a careless indifference.

Such a man does not seem fitted to champion a great cause or teach new ideas to an energetic people. But something above the opportunity that lay beneath the Parson's Cause inspired and held young Henry; it gave him an earnestness that surprised and an eloquence that electrified his hearers; and those who hung their heads for shame when Patrick Henry began to speak, lifted him from the floor as he proceeded, and bore him out on their shoulders when he had concluded.

From that day success and fame were his. He sprang into instant popularity as "the people's champion." Practice as a lawyer flowed in upon him; he gained advancement in his own colony, and power as a politician. He turned over

a new leaf. He was no longer shiftless or unsteady. Popularity brought him business, and business brought him money; as a result he became an influential country gentleman with an estate of his own, with admirers and supporters throughout Virginia, and with the ability to gratify his leanings toward political preferment that speedily gave him position and importance. He was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, or legislature; he became a political leader in Virginia, was sent as a delegate to the first and second Continental Congresses, was the first commander of Virginia's Revolutionary army, and was three times governor of Virginia.

His fame spread throughout the land, and any office in the gift of the new nation might have been his had he cared to accept it. But he wished for no office. He declined to serve as member of the Constitutional Convention, as United States senator, as secretary of state, as governor of Virginia for the fourth time, as chief justice of the United States, as ambassador to France, and as Vice-President of the United States. He declined, you see, even more than he accepted office.

You know what gave him his greatest fame and led the people of the United States to know, to honor, and to respect him. It was his famous oration in old St. John's Church in Richmond, an oration that has not yet ceased ringing in the ears of Americans. In certain of its impetuous utterances it has become a part of the proverbs of the republic.

Let me try to draw for you the picture of that remarkable speech, in which he urged the arming of the Virginia militia in resistance to the British authorities; for, as Moses Coit Tyler says, "it is chiefly the tradition of that one speech which to-day keeps alive, in millions of American homes, the name of Patrick Henry, and which lifts him, in the popular faith, almost to the rank of some mythical hero of romance."

The church is a plain and unpretending little building to-day. It stands almost on the summit of one of beautiful Richmond's sightly hills—Church Hill, it is called—at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fourth street. Small as it is, the church is to-day much larger than it was on that day in 1775—Thursday, March 23—when, rising to his feet, in the

pew still shown to visitors and marked by a memorial tablet, Patrick Henry threw down the gauntlet to King George and declared war on the haughty prerogative of Great Britain.

The second Revolutionary convention of Virginia was assembled in that old church on the hill in Richmond. The first convention had met at Williamsburg the year before and had sent to the Continental Congress such representative Virginians as George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, and Patrick Henry, with others of equal ability, if of less prominence. There Patrick Henry, as pronounced an advocate of open resistance and organized protest as Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, had advocated a union of all the colonies for mutual protection and defense against the aggressions of England, with equal representation and equal interests for all, saying grandly, as he plead for unity: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American!"

And now the second Revolutionary convention of Virginia had met to debate upon the question whether Virginia should declare for peace or war. Everywhere, throughout the colonies, the people were restless; everywhere there was talk of resistance, and from Massachusetts Bay to Charleston harbor the local military companies were being organized for possible emergencies, and drilled to the use of arms. But prudence was keeping men back from act or speech that might be deemed aggressive; prudence was still holding men loyal to the King.

So, when the question of arming the militia of Virginia came up in the colonial convention, and Patrick Henry introduced a resolution "that this colony be immediately put into a posture of defense and a committee be appointed to prepare a plan for embodying, arming, and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose," prudence interfered to prevent so menacing a move.

"The resolution is premature," objected some of the more conservative members. "War with Great Britain may come," they said; "but it may be prevented."

"May come?" exclaimed Patrick Henry; "may come? It has come!" And then, rising in his place, in that narrow pew in old St. John's, he broke out into that famous speech which now, as Professor Tyler remarks, "fills so great a space in the traditions of Revolutionary eloquence."

Tall and thin in figure, with stooping shoulders and sallow face, carelessly dressed in his suit of "parson's gray," Patrick Henry faced the president of the convention, who sat in the chancel of the church, and began calmly, courteously, and with dignity.

"No man, Mr. President," he said, "thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism as well as the abilities of the very honorable gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and therefore I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I should speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve."

Then he flung aside courtesy and calmness.

"This is no time for ceremony," he told them hotly. "The question before the house is one of awful moment to the country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. . . .

"Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself," he declared impressively, "as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty to the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings."

Then he began his argument with that sentence which is still as a household word in the mouths of men: "Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope"; and, showing how in existing circumstances hope was but a false beacon, and experience the only safe guide, he called attention to the armament of England, and demanded: "I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission?"

Impressively he showed them that England's display of might was meant for America, "sent over to bind and rivet

upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging."

He demanded how his associates intended to oppose this British tyranny. Argument had failed, entreaty and supplication were of no avail, compromise was exhausted; petitions and remonstrances, supplications and prostrations, were alike disregarded—"we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne," he said.

"There is no longer," he declared, "any room for hope. If we wish to be free, . . . if we wish not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged"—he paused, and then, as one of his hearers said, "with all the calm dignity of Cato addressing the senate; like a voice from heaven uttering the doom of fate," he added solemnly but decisively—"we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left to us."

Then, his calmness all gone, his voice deepening and his slender form swayed with the passion of his own determination, he flung himself into that fervent appeal for union in resistance that we all know so well:

"Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. . . . It is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat now but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come. I repeat it, sir—let it come!"

Can you not almost hear that wonderful voice as it makes that terrible invitation with all the force of confident faith and repressed enthusiasm? Can you not almost see that swaying form, those forcible gestures, that face stern with purpose? Old men there were, years after its utterance, who could not forget that tremendous speech, nor how, with their eyes riveted on the speaker, they sat, as one of them expressed it, "sick with excitement."

And then came that ending—one of the immortal bursts of eloquence, a fitting climax to what had gone before:

“It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace, but there is no peace! ‘The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!’”

That wonderful speech has lived in men’s memories and hearts for far over a hundred years. For other hundreds it will live as one of the trumpet-calls leading men to fight for freedom or to die free men. To stand in that very pew in old St. John’s, as I have done, and to recall that wonderful speech, thrills and inspires any true American. That speech has made Patrick Henry live forever as America’s impassioned orator; but better still, it turned Virginia, as in a flash, for independence, and made her stand side by side with Massachusetts and with all her coworkers in the great fight for American liberty.

How ready Patrick Henry was to live up to his grand principles of liberty or death we may discover in his story. From the convention he went speedily to the field. He was made commander-in-chief of Virginia’s Revolutionary army, as George Washington was of the Continental forces, and almost the first overt act of the war in Virginia, so Thomas Jefferson declared, was committed by Patrick Henry. With five thousand hurriedly gathered minute-men he marched upon the King’s governor, Lord Dunmore, at Williamsburg and demanded the stolen powder of the province or reparation for its loss; and the King’s governor wisely judged discretion to be the better part of valor and sent his receiver-general with three hundred and thirty pounds to pay for the stolen powder. Then he issued a proclamation declaring “a certain Patrick Henry” an outlaw and rebel; but the people of Vir-

ginia hailed the "outlaw" as their leader, and heaped him with honors in the way of thanks and addresses.

There are many points of resemblance in the careers of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. Both were "architects of ruin," opponents of prerogative, foes to kingly authority. Both led the attack of the people upon British tyranny and by their matchless labors, with voice or pen, organized revolt, set on foot revolution, and showed the way to liberty and independence. Then, their higher mission accomplished, their work fell into other hands, and they, who had been leaders, became onlookers and critics. Each was governor of his native State, and each felt alike the sun of popularity and the gloom of misrepresentation and defeat. Both enjoyed a well-merited old age, though Adams outlived his colleague alike in years and honors.

I have told you that Patrick Henry declined more honors than he accepted. One reason was, not that he could not march with the republic, but that he suffered continued ill health, which so often dulls the edge of energy, makes a man critical, and keeps him dissatisfied. Alike the friend and critic of Washington, Patrick Henry was also friend and critic of the republic he had helped to found, loving it for its liberty, but despairing sometimes of its future because things were not done as he would like to see them.

He retired from public life largely because of criticism; for, you see, there was a great deal of criticism in the air in those early days of the republic, and criticism of his acts was one thing that Patrick Henry could not stand. Impetuous as James Otis, determined as Samuel Adams, like both those fervent patriots Patrick Henry chafed under restraint and hated to have his motives called in question. There are, after all, very few such superbly patient, self-governed men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

But impetuosity is sometimes inspiration. This, at least, was one source of Patrick Henry's eloquence. As an orator he had remarkable powers; but as a leader he was often uncertain and sometimes headstrong, to his own detriment and his country's peril.

But after all, it is as one who moves men by the magic of his words that Patrick Henry is most entitled to remembrance as a historic American. Above everything else he was an orator; and it is as the orator of resistance, of liberty, and of patriotism that he has our loving and grateful reverence and will be remembered by America forever.

His later years were spent in peaceful pursuits upon his beautiful farm at Red Hill near historic Appomattox; and there he died on June 6, 1799, surrounded by loving friends and mourned by America as its chief and most effective orator in the stormy days of protest and revolution.

CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES

ON a stormy afternoon in the year 1759 the villagers of the little fishing-hamlet of Arbigland, on the north coast of Solway Firth, Scotland, were gathered together in anxious groups along the shore to watch the progress of a small fishing-boat that was bravely struggling to get into the shelter of the harbor.

As the frail craft came nearer, her crew, which was made up of two—a man and a boy—was distinctly visible. The man was doing what sailors call “trimming the boat” by sitting on the weather-rail. The boy was making the fight, steering, handling the sheets, and commanding.

Among the watchers was one person who appeared to be especially interested in the boy in the boat. This gentleman was a shipowning merchant from Whitehaven, at the time the principal seaport on the Cumberland coast of England, and he had come to Arbigland to pick up seamen for his new brig, the “Friendship,” which was ready to sail to the coast of Virginia in the colonies. His name was James Younger, and he was a Lowland Scotchman by birth.

As the northeast gale grew fiercer and the little boat tossed about in the teeth of the wind, the shipowner shook his head.

“She can’t weather it,” he said, as he turned away. An old fisherman standing by heard the remark.

“That’s my boy John conning the boat, Mr. Younger; he’ll fetch her in.”

It was old John Paul that spoke—the gardener of the Honorable Robert Craik, a county squire of the neighborhood; and his judgment in such matters was well known, for besides tending Mr. Craik’s garden, the old man had been for many years a successful fisherman.

When, a little while after, the boat drew up alongside and was fastened, the Whitehaven merchant made haste to compliment the young sailor on his coolness and skill, and to the surprise of both father and son he then and there offered to send little John Paul as master's apprentice in the fine new vessel just about to sail for Virginia.

Old John was flattered and young John was wild with delight at the prospect, so it was soon settled between them that Mr. Younger's offer was to be accepted.

A few days later the "Friendship" sailed from Whitehaven with little John Paul aboard as a master's apprentice. Thirty-two days afterward she anchored in the Rappahannock River, near the present site of the town of Urbanna in Virginia.

So it happened that the son of a humble Scotch gardener started upon a career that was to be one of the most wonderful in the naval history of the world. So it happened that the twelve-year-old boy—he was born at Kirkbean, Scotland, July 6, 1747—began his seafaring life on the blue water that was to be the stage of conflict and victory for the future hero of the ocean.

Being a sailor is not an easy thing now, but in 1759 it was a very hard thing indeed. Few boys of twelve years who go to school and live in comfortable homes can have any idea of the hardship of a sailor-boy's life—a life of struggle with the winds and tides, a life of strict discipline, stern command and prompt obedience, rough work and coarse food—a hard life, but the sailor-boys loved it then and they love it now.

One of John Paul's elder brothers, a long time before this, had emigrated to Virginia and had there been adopted by a Scotchman named William Jones. It chanced that when the "Friendship" dropped anchor in the Rappahannock she landed a very short distance below the plantation of this William Jones, so that little Paul found his brother, whom he had never seen before, almost immediately on his arrival in the new, strange country. William Jones took so great a liking to the master's apprentice that he offered to adopt him also. But sturdy John Paul, the sailor-boy, showed now the

same determination and steadfastness of purpose that was in later life one of his chief traits of character. It was very pleasant to roam over the great plantation and exchange yarns, perhaps, with the negro slave-children; pleasant to cruise about the Rappahannock in the plantation sloop; pleasant to ride across country with his elder brother, and go possum-hunting and coon-hunting with the "hands" at night when the work was done; but Paul did not forget his resolve. He had made up his mind to follow the sea, and he could not be tempted to change his purpose. He thanked Mr. Jones, but declined the offer of adoption, and when the "Friendship" sailed off little John Paul sailed with her.

For the next ten years the young seaman continued in the merchant service, each year gaining greater skill and experience.

He was now in his twenty-seventh year, and it is not only a remarkable fact, but a lesson to every boy who has ambition, that this humbly born sailor-lad, who had had no schooling, no teacher, and indeed very little child-life, was at this time as well versed in naval history and tactical theories as any naval officer of his age in the British navy. He was also proficient in French and Spanish, and had a natural grace of manner that made him the peer of young gentlemen who had enjoyed the advantages of a college education and whose lives had been passed in court circles.

William Jones had died in 1760, leaving the Virginia estate to John Paul, if his brother died without children, on condition that he should take the name of Jones. The brother was now dead, and by the terms of the will, to which the young heir consented, John Paul, now a captain in the merchant service, became John Paul Jones, Esquire, a Virginia planter. This happened in 1773. For two years Captain Jones lived the pleasant, free life of a colonial planter, leaving old Duncan McDean, the Scotch head farmer, or overseer, to attend to the business of the tobacco crops and other plantation affairs.

His tastes had always led him to prefer the society of cultured men and women rather than to be among the sea-

faring men who were to be found at the tavern and the coffee-house, and John Paul Jones, by his indefatigable study, had fitted himself to take a place in such society.

The clouds from which the "lightning of Bunker Hill" was to flash were gathering thick and fast. Early in the spring Captain Jones, with his two slave-boys, Scipio and Cato, went to New York in the plantation sloop, and while there he heard the news of the battle of Lexington. This occurred on April 19, 1775.

Under date of April 27, 1775, Jones wrote a letter to his friend Mr. Hewes, copies of which were sent to Jefferson, Morris, and Livingston, in which he suggested the wisdom of "armament by land and by sea," and in which he offered his services should Congress make "provision for a naval force."

The second Continental Congress met on June 10, and a naval commission was at once appointed. Ten days later this commission was authorized "to invite John Paul Jones, Esquire, Gent., of Virginia, Master Mariner," to give his service in the matter. From this moment John Paul Jones became the leading spirit of the commission and by his foresight, his practical work in preparing for the conflict, as well as by the naval tactics he afterward employed, he earned and deserved the title of "Founder of the American Navy."

But there were many disappointments before him. In the first national navy list, John Paul Jones was placed as first lieutenant. After his important services this seems unjust, and many of his friends openly said he should be captain. "Let it go," said Lieutenant Jones. "Time will make all things even." And time certainly did.

On December 22, 1775, John Paul Jones, who was sixth on the list, was first to receive his commission. He was ordered to take command of the "Alfred." Obeying this order, he flung out the first American flag on a man-of-war. This was the "Pine-tree and Rattlesnake" emblem, not the Stars and Stripes. With him were Scipio and Cato, the two negro boys, and an Indian boy by the name of Jeremiah, known on board the ship as "Red Cherry."

For two years Captain Jones was active in the naval serv-

ice, and during this time took so many prizes that his name was already well known to the enemy as well as to the patriots of the country and the cause he was fighting for—America and Independence.

On June 14, 1777, Congress passed two resolutions: "That the Flag of the United States of America be Thirteen Stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be Thirteen Stars in a blue field; representing a new constellation." Also "That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship 'Ranger.'"

Paul Jones, as people became accustomed to calling him, saw a meaning in this event. "That flag and I are twins," he said. "We cannot be parted in life or death; so long as we can float, we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

It is a pretty story that is told of how the first American flag, the "Ranger's" flag, was made. In old Portsmouth, where the "Ranger" was launched, a party of girls gave a "quilting-party" for the purpose of making a flag for Captain Jones, for which he had given them very particular directions. The stars were cut from the wedding-dress of Helen Seavey, who had just married a young officer of the New Hampshire Line, and the other girls cut slices off their best silk gowns for the field and stripes of the pennant which was to win a renown that would reflect honor upon the fair hands that fashioned it. Helen Seavey, Mary Langdon, Caroline Chandler, Augusta Pierce, and Dorothy Hall (niece of the "Ranger's" second lieutenant) are the only names left to us of the historical "quilting-party." What girl to-day would not be proud to trace back to one of those maidens for a far-off grandmother!

The "Ranger" was ordered to take the news of Burgoyne's surrender to France, where our American commission was sitting with the object of gaining the aid of the French. If our French friends had not given us their help, we might not have whipped the English when and as we did. With hard work, trying duty, and terrible gales to fight, the crew of the "Ranger" found time for amusement, and Charlie Hill,

the youngest midshipman, made up a song that was sung in the forecastle long after Revolutionary times:

“So now we had him hard and fast,
Burgoyne laid down his arms at last,
And that is why we brave the blast,
To carry the news to London.
Heigh-ho! Car-r-y the news!
Go! Carry the news to London!
Tell old King George he’s undone.
Heigh-ho! Carry the news!”

The most important part of the “Ranger’s” career was her exploits on the west coast of England, where she completely destroyed the shipping of the British at Whitehaven. On the day after the descent upon the place, Captain Jones, with the “Ranger,” stood across the Irish Channel. Hearing that the English ship “Drake,” the guard-ship at Carrickfergus, was out after him, Jones determined to wait for her. The world knows the story of his famous victory, and how in reply to the “Drake’s” challenge: “What ship is that?” the “Ranger’s” captain said: “The American Continental ship ‘Ranger.’ Come on! We are waiting for you.” Scipio and Cato and “Red Cherry” were in this first great victory of the new sea-power, the American navy.

The young commander now tried to get a larger ship, but had to ask this of King Louis XVI. of France—always America’s friend. The favor was granted, the King giving him the ship “Duras,” whose name was changed to “Bonhomme Richard,” in compliment to Benjamin Franklin, who wrote under the name of “Goodman Richard.”

The “Bonhomme Richard” gained one of the most remarkable victories known in history. She and her squadron took the English ship “Serapis” and her consort with a force very much inferior to the enemy’s. A curious thing happened in this bloody fight. The “Bonhomme Richard” took fire from the “Serapis” and was sunk by the ship she conquered. So fierce was the struggle that at one time the English commander, Pearson, asked through the storm of shot and shell if Jones had struck. Back came the answer that has become famous all over the world: “I haven’t begun to fight yet.”

That was the spirit of Paul Jones, and his crew was with him, though Landais of the French ship "Alliance" behaved treacherously. Never was there a more gallant fight on both sides. Once an English officer asked of Pearson, "Has she struck?" "No," was the reply, "but we have." Brave Dick Dale, Jones's first lieutenant, was the first man over the rail of the doomed "Serapis." The fight was over, but the "Bon-homme Richard" was sinking fast, and Captain Jones had to move his men into the conquered ship. The flag made by the Portsmouth "quilting-party" went down flying at the mast of the brave ship—the only ship on record that went down a conqueror!

The Duchess of Chartres, the richest lady in France, had given to the young American captain the watch of her grandfather, the Duke of Toulouse, and with that grace that was born in him, Jones had said: "I will consult your watch to time my victories, your Grace."

After the battle, he wrote to the Duchess: "The enemy surrendered at ten forty-five. I looked at your watch to fix the moment of victory." Paul Jones was a courtier as well as a hero.

After the war with England was over the Empress of Russia made him vice-admiral of her empire. Before that, Louis XVI. had made him Chevalier of France, the only foreigner ever so honored in that country; so that in spite of many early disappointments and the jealousy of many of his brother officers, Paul Jones reaped a glorious reward for his labors.

Broken down in the prime of life, he resigned from the Russian service and went to Paris, where he died of lung trouble, July 18, 1792, at the age of forty-five. He was found lying with his face downward and holding in his hand the watch given by America's friend, the Duchess of Chartres.

For more than a century his body remained entombed in Paris. In 1905, escorted by warships of the navy whose beginnings owed so much to him, it was brought home to the United States and laid, with great honors, in one of the buildings of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Paul Jones had many faults, but he was a faithful friend and a true patriot. Had he lived, he would have been Admiral of France, for he was much beloved by the French people. He died in his boots and struggling. A sailor at twelve years of age, vice-admiral of an empire's navy at forty-three, Chevalier of France, patriot of America, he will live always as the ocean-hero of the world, the champion of freedom, the "Founder of the American Navy."

PATRIOTISM AND CITIZENSHIP

OBLIGATIONS OF CITIZENSHIP

By WILMOT H. GOODALE

I DESIRE to consider our civic obligations, not from the "spoils" standpoint of the mere politician, nor yet from the careless or indifferent standpoint of the average voter, but rather from the solemn and appreciative point of view of the Christian citizen. Surely arguments are not needed to convince any that this is the proper standpoint from which to consider the subject.

Our civic obligations, which are but a part of our social obligations, viewed from the standpoint of Christian philosophy, are not obligations imposed upon us from without by the behest of some higher power, but rather obligations arising from within ourselves, growing out of the very necessities of our own rational being, self-imposed by the very law which asserts and requires us to maintain the dignity of our own manhood.

It is only in a government by the people that the full realization of this idea is possible. Under a government of force the truth remains dormant. The subjects of a despot obey because of the command and the penalty; the reasoning faculty, the sense of duty, the moral obligations to be obedient unto rulers, are rarely and but imperfectly appealed to. There is no thought of personal responsibility in the law or in the command, while under a government republican in form, every individual has responsibility in every law, since law is but the outgrowth of a public sentiment, to which he has contributed his share.

The next question seems to be, Who is a citizen? We

answer in the words of the Constitution: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof." These are citizens both of the United States and of the State wherein they reside.

I suspect that there are some who are in the habit of placing upon the term "citizen" a more restricted meaning than this: certain young men who are not wont to consider themselves "citizens," because of youth and inexperience; certain women who hold themselves exempt from the responsibilities of citizenship because they have not been charged with the special duty of suffrage. To all such I wish to say, if "born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof," you are citizens, fully charged with the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, both "of the United States and of the State wherein you reside." The tiniest infant, when he first opens his shrinking eyes upon the light of day anywhere within this great Republic, is a citizen, just as much a citizen as the highest dignitary in the land. We are too apt to confound electors with citizens, and to look upon the duty of suffrage as expressing, if not the whole, at least the greater part of the duties of citizenship. It is essential to the proper comprehension of our civic duties that we rid our minds of this popular error. The duty of suffrage is but a single duty imposed by the entire mass of citizens upon certain individuals chosen by them from their own number—whether wisely or not we will not at this moment consider—but chosen because they are supposed to be especially qualified for the exercise of this important duty. We risk nothing in asserting that there never was a community in which the entire mass of citizens, regardless of all qualifications whatsoever, were allowed to vote. Always and everywhere some qualification has been imposed—either age, or sex, or education, or property—there has always been a restriction along some line to a selected class. Now we have to deal with the duties not of the selected but of the selecting class—if we speak of the other at all, it will be for the reason that they are a part of this greater whole—and we are glad that a proper analysis of our subject has placed this duty before us. We are glad to be able to say to those who feel that

they are exempt from responsibility, because not charged with the special duty of suffrage, that the real rulers of this country are not those who cast its ballots, but those who create that public sentiment which determines who shall cast them. If there are sovereigns who make our laws, then "twice-crowned" are they at whose behest the laws are made.

What are the obligations of citizenship? In the first place, let it be noticed that these obligations are reciprocal. The organic unity which we call the state owes certain duties to the citizen. And the citizen, on the other hand, owes certain duties to the state.

The most imperative need of organized society, especially under a free government, is character, high moral standards accepted by the masses and wrought into the very bone and tissue of their lives. Gladstone has said: "The civilized world is asking, not what kind of producer, but what kind of man the American citizen of the future will become." It becomes the duty, therefore, of every citizen—a duty which appeals with especial emphasis to the young—not only from a personal but also from a purely civic standpoint—to secure for himself the fullest possible development along all the lines of the most exalted conception of manhood. There is no possible way in which he can benefit the state so much as by making a real, true man of himself. Of course, we use the term "man" here in its generic sense, without distinction of sex.

What the state needs more than armies or navies, more than cities or mines of gold and silver, is high-toned, honorable, well-rounded citizens—men and women of exalted ideals and blameless lives, who will contribute to that public sentiment which ever determines both the law and its enforcement by the irresistible strength of their own personalities. "These constitute the state." We say, therefore, to every young man and young woman, to every boy and girl, to every person, in fact, to whom this message does not come too late, that if they have not found in themselves a sufficient stimulus to growth and high development, the state calls upon them to secure it for her sake. She needs them. At home, upon the street, in the school, the social circle, in the marts of trade or in stations

which men deem more exalted—wherever the busy shuttles are flying in the looms on which is being woven that public opinion which is the imperial power in a republic, there she needs their contribution to the pure thought, the lofty sentiment, the noble aspiration which constitute the nation's life.

Our civic obligations are positive and not merely negative. It is not sufficient that the citizen should keep—that is, not break—the law. His duties are positive. He must impress his own personality upon society and make himself felt in the community and age in which he lives. The assertion of this obligation is rendered the more important from the retiring nature of those very qualities of which society stands most in need. It is not always those men who have the most self-assertion who contribute most to the general welfare. Many a man is willing, for a consideration, to serve his country whose services the country could well dispense with. There is no scarcity of persons willing to hold office. What is needed is men and women, boys and girls, citizens, in short, who are willing to work up that public sentiment which will force the wrong men out of office and put the right men in. It is very seldom that a community is misrepresented in its legislative halls or in its elective offices. As a rule, the person elected represents the average public sentiment of the masses who elect him. Elevate the moral tone of any community, increase the ardor of its patriotism, widen its breadth of view, and you will find these increments expressing themselves in the quality of the men elected to represent that community.

As a step toward securing a healthy public sentiment, an uncompromising war should be waged against all popular sayings and maxims that tend to lower our moral standards and wrest the true relation between the citizen and the state. That saying of Senator Marcy, "To the victors belong the spoils," has rightly been characterized by Mr. Fiske as "one of the most shameful remarks recorded in history." Mr. Marcy, in speaking before the United States Senate, in 1831, in defense of the course of President Jackson in removing a large number of his political opponents from office, had occasion to refer to the politicians of his own State. "They," said

he, when contending for victory, "avow the intention of enjoying the fruits of it. They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy." Now, the "shamefulness" of this remark consists mainly in its point of view, and the harm which it has done, and is still doing, is due largely to a confusion in the metaphor contained in it. If the offices and patronage of the government "belong" to any one, it is surely to the people as a whole and not to the defeated party referred to as "the enemy," from whom they are to be taken as "spoils" in this unholy war. And then for the character of the war itself, we are referred by this highly metaphorical expression beyond the days of civilized warfare to those barbarous times in which the property of the enemy was looked upon as "spoils," to be divided among the savage victors. The absurdity of drawing anything like an argument from such a comparison is sufficiently apparent, and yet it is not easy to compute the evil growing out of this mischievous statement, even at the present day. Prominent men use it as an indisputable maxim drawn from the gospel of politics; public journals of recognized standing and great influence quote it as axiomatic, and unblushingly assert their adherence to it as a principle of action. It is accepted without question by the thoughtless "many," and crystallizes into conduct merely because the thinking few fail at times to challenge it. Its adoption as a rule of conduct long since passed the limits of the party in which it originated, and upon it as a chief corner-stone has been raised that monstrous system of fraud and corruption known as the "spoils system." And yet all that is needed to rid the country of this great source of evil is a proper public sentiment. Much has, indeed, been done in this direction by the civil service reform movement, but much yet remains to be done, and even this movement depends for its efficiency upon that public sentiment which it is our duty as citizens to create and to sustain.

Again, there is a popular feeling that is full of evil that the political life is not exactly real life, but a sort of theater, from which really good men would better absent themselves, or perhaps a stage on which a very good man may, and sometimes

must, play a very questionable part without loss either of character or of reputation. Public sentiment should render both misconceptions impossible. The latter is far the more subtle and dangerous. It is easy to understand why men "of the baser sort" would like to make a monopoly of the "spoils," but there is a speciousness akin to argument in the latter way of presenting the matter that makes it really dangerous. "Politics," they say, "is a trade which only those who have special aptitude for it should follow, a game in which only the most astute can hope to win, and, as success is what we want, we would better turn the whole business over to them. At any rate, it is better not to scrutinize their conduct too closely, for public men, you know, must do certain things which men who do not know all the circumstances are hardly qualified to sit in judgment upon, and then 'the end,' you know, 'will justify the means.' " We believe there are some persons who think that this expression, "the end justifies the means," comes out of the Bible.

We need to have it distinctly understood that a man cannot be a good politician and a bad man at one and the same time; that men cannot steal elections without becoming thieves; that they cannot violate their oaths of office or of citizenship without becoming perjurers; that they cannot buy or sell votes or otherwise degrade the sacred trust imposed upon them by their fellow citizens in charging them with the high duties of electors under the law without becoming themselves political prostitutes and utterly degraded in the eyes of all good men. We need to get rid of all euphemistic expressions that tend to obscure the truth or put a gloss upon vice, and call things by their right names, whether they be good or whether they be evil. It is your high prerogative, as citizens, to create that public sentiment which, with a power like that of the cathode ray, will penetrate all the wrappings under which the skeleton evil seeks to hide itself, and show it to the world in all its hideous deformity.

Another of the obligations of citizenship, so general as to contain a host within itself, is that of cultivating the spirit of patriotism in ourselves and in others. We do not mean that

narrow sentiment more properly called provincialism that sometimes masquerades under the name of patriotism, but that broader sentiment worthy of the name which is based upon the minutest knowledge of details and a generous conception of their relations to each other. We have now enough men ready to get a post-office established at their own cross-roads, or a building erected in their own town at the expense of the public, regardless of the question whether or not such post-office or building is needed there; but there is still room in our halls of legislation, both national and State, for a few more men whose broad statesmanship will take in the wants of the entire country, and the lack is due, not to the inability to find the men, but to the want of that spirit of discriminating patriotism of which we are now speaking. It is even charged as a fault upon our public men that they reflect too closely the sentiment that dominates among their constituents. However this may be, the fact remains that the duty of creating this dominating sentiment and of keeping it active devolves upon you and upon me—upon all of us who come under the designation “citizens of the United States and of the State wherein we reside.” There is much more danger in our failing to supply the sentiment than in our failing to secure proper representation.

We are too apt to regard the cultivation of the feeling of love for country merely as a duty, as something which we owe to the state, entirely ignoring its subjective effect. “A man without a country” or, what amounts to the same thing, a man without an appreciative love for his country, lacks an essential element of true manhood. Filial love; conjugal love; parental love; love of home! Each brings out some new and latent quality in the heart and adds its increment to the development of the full, well-rounded character. And each of these contributes its choicest treasures to the furnishing of the heart for its supreme effort, next to love for God—that grandest expression of them all—the love for country. There is nothing in the entire catalogue of acquisitions to supply its place. It admits of no substitute. As well might you offer to the lungs a substitute for vital air, or to the alimentary organs a substitute for food. As well might you offer to a mother whose

heart has once quickened with love for her first-born a substitute for her cooing, prattling babe, as seek to supply with other sentiment in the heart of man the love of country. He may have wealth like that of "Ormus and of Ind," his mind may be richly stored with knowledge, fame may have placed her choicest garlands upon his brow, honor may have laid her rarest treasures at his feet, but if his heart has never responded with pride at his country's praise, or his pulses quickened with resentment at a slight put upon her fair name, despite all that wealth and fame and honor can bestow without the love of country in his heart, he is "wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." He is like a plant reared in the dark, into whose growth the genial sunshine hath not entered; he is like a boy who has never known a mother's love or a father's tender care. There is something lacking in his make-up, an important something, without which, as a center and a support, many another important virtue dies or shrinks into feeble growth.

Patriotism begins at home and is based upon knowledge. Its fires are kindled upon the home altar. There is much to inspire the feeling in every locality that searching will bring to light. If the history of our own town or parish has never been written, we should either write it ourselves or get some one to write it who can do it better. Much good is already being done by societies of patriotic men and women, and by the observance of such days as "Arbor day" and "May day," and more can yet be done. We need to keep constantly before our own minds, and ever flashing before the public eye and ringing in the public ear, the fact that we have a country to be proud of, a public honor to maintain. This sentiment zealously cultivated will tend to exalt our standard and lift our people upon a higher plane.

Again, it is one of the obligations of citizenship, one of its most important obligations, in fact, to place the suffrage of the people upon an honest and intelligent basis. This, too, is the work of that proper public sentiment which it is our duty as citizens to maintain.

Our ideas need clearing upon this subject. We need to get

rid of all such notions as that suffrage is a natural and inalienable right. Suffrage is the right only of electors, that is, as the term implies, of persons chosen for its exercise. The only general right in the premises is that the basis of qualification should be made uniform. It would be well for the country if we heard less about the "right" and more about the duty of suffrage.

It is not a personal, but purely a representative act, exercised, even as now constituted, by only about one fifth of the entire mass of citizens as representatives of them all. This very election, etc., raises the franchise above a mere question of privilege and places it upon the more exalted plane of duty. When called upon to vote, the elector has before him not a mere question of personal preference that he can waive at his pleasure or exercise in accordance with a fleeting whim of fancy, but a question of duty to the community, which he is under a strict moral obligation to perform in accordance with the best lights before him. Every elector should feel when he casts a ballot that he is under oath. He should feel that he is performing a solemn, we might almost say a religious, act. His vote should be a votive offering placed before the shrine of liberty, a vow or pledge that he has given to the state, without selfishness or fear of man, in the vote then cast, the result of the best knowledge and judgment upon the issues involved that he has or can secure. What a profanation is it, then, of the ballot to entrust its exercise to the ignorant and the profligate! Through its exercise the state seeks for an opinion either as to men or to measures. What a mockery to ask such opinion of those incapable of forming one, or whose views at best merely reflect the opinions of others! To confer the right of suffrage upon a man merely because he is twenty-one years of age is as absurd as it would be to give it to him because he weighs a certain number of pounds, or measures a certain number of inches in height. The proper restriction of the ballot to those qualified for its exercise, as the result of that enlightened public sentiment which it is our duty as citizens to create, would go very far toward securing the freedom and purity of elections by making them what they should ever be, an expression of the virtue and intelligence of the people.

THE NEW CITIZEN

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE good citizen must in the first place recognize what he owes his fellow citizens. If he is worthy to live in a free republic, he must keep before his eyes his duty to the nation of which he forms a part. He must keep himself informed and must think for himself on the great questions of his day, and he must know how to express his thoughts. He must possess an intelligent opinion upon the issues that arise; for in a government like ours the fool is only less harmful than the knave. Above all, he must be, in the truest sense of the word, deeply and broadly patriotic. There must be nothing narrow in his patriotism. The welfare of the whole country must be dear to him; and he will have but a poor soul if he can ever see the flag without feeling a thrill at the thought of all that the flag implies.

But patriotism should be to each man more than mere feeling. He must not merely think and talk; he must act, he must work. He is bound in honor to act disinterestedly and uprightly; he is bound to do his full share of the civic work of his community. If public men do their work ill, then he is responsible if he does not try to see that they do their work better; and if they do their work well, then he must try to hold up their hands, so long as they persevere in well-doing.

He must combine with his fellows in order to make the weight of his influence felt, and yet he must never so sink his individuality as to fear to stand up for what he deems to be right and just, whether the bulk of his fellow citizens stand with him or against him. He must work for the whole people, and yet he must not hesitate to go against the people if he is convinced they are wrong. He must aim to be a well-rounded man. He must cultivate the qualities which tell for success

no less than those which tell for the general welfare. He must be brave and strong, as well as truthful and unselfish. He must preach and enforce the doctrine of obedience to the law. He must remember that in the last resort it will be his plain duty, if the emergency arises, to take arms in defense of the law, in defense of the country. The weakling and the coward have no place in our public life or in our private life; it is the duty of every decent man not only to stand up valiantly for the right, but to war mercilessly upon the wrong.

In political life, whether a man acts without or within party lines is not of very great moment, if only he always acts honestly, fearlessly, and effectively; but remember that it is necessary to be both efficient and upright, too. Parties are necessary. Without association and organization, and the necessary partial subordination of individual preferences, no great work can be done; but on the other hand, no man has a right to condone crime, to excuse moral shortcomings of any kind because of alleged party necessity.

The young American, now entering upon his duties of citizenship, holds in his hands the fate of the coming years. With him it rests to decide the failure or success of the tremendous experiment begun by Washington. He must work out the future of our country; he must carry on the government planned by the wisdom of great statesmen, founded and saved by the valor of great soldiers. No material prosperity, important though material prosperity be, will by itself avail if as a nation we lose the virile, fighting virtues, or that regard for character and honor and probity which alone can keep a race mighty.

The young American must as a citizen be an American indeed, in spirit, purpose, and hope; he must "prove by his endeavor" that he is a man able to hold his own in the rough work of the world, fearless on behalf of the right, resolute never to flinch before the forces of evil; and, finally, by his life he must show his conviction that all else is useless if he does not build on the foundation of those basic virtues which lie deep in the character of every nation that really deserves to be called great.

THE YOUNG MAN IN POLITICS

By GROVER CLEVELAND

POLITICS in their best and highest meaning may be defined as the science and practice of government, having for its functions and purposes the promotion of the peace and safety of a state or nation, and the promotion of its welfare.

It is proposed, however, at this time to give to the term another signification, and, to the American mind, one more familiar. It will best suit our purpose to deal with politics as constituting such an interest and activity in public affairs on the part of our citizens as result in efforts to guide and influence, through party organization, the action and policy of our government, in such a manner as will, in the judgment of the members of the organization, conduce to the welfare of our people and the prosperity of our country. Of course this effort must include the diligent persuasion of voters to party support, and the earnest presentation of every honest and legitimate inducement to labor for party supremacy. It may readily be conceded that there are those connected with every party who value most in politics the individual benefits they receive, or hope to receive, from partisan victories; but as a general rule these do not dominate party action. No political organization is worth considering that is not based upon certain governmental and fundamental doctrines and beliefs; and no party can be useful or enduring unless it is controlled by those of its members who are disinterested and patriotic. It may also be conceded that in these latter days the heat of party strife has given birth within party lines to harmful intrigue and demoralizing trickery; but these evils are not necessarily related to party organization; they are less influential than they are sometimes supposed to be, and they are largely chargeable to indifference and neglect of civic duty on the part of those



GROVER CLEVELAND

who boast of their respectability and plume themselves on their freedom from political contamination.

Whatever undesirable conditions may attach themselves to party organizations, and however plausibly sham respectability and careless citizenship may attempt to excuse their abstention from political activity, two things are absolutely certain: first, that such abstention promotes and strengthens party evils, by giving more room and better opportunity in public affairs to those whose activity is selfish and whose methods are odious; and second, that the failure of any body of our citizens effectively to interest themselves in politics, directly tends to a dangerous perversion of the theory of our government—which devolves all the functions of governmental power upon the entire body of our people. These considerations plainly lead to the suggestion that not only is it in all circumstances the duty of every citizen to participate in political action, but that if evils have crept into party organizations, and selfish men have obtained a dangerous share of control, so much more is it the duty of citizens whose motives are disinterested and whose purposes are patriotic to come to the rescue.

Thus the interposition of our people in public affairs, which is essential to our national health, should be universal and constant. It should also be studious and intelligent—to the end that as new conditions and exigencies arise in our progressive and restless national life, they may be wisely treated and deliberately judged, in the light of the fundamental principles which we have adopted as the law of our existence as a free and self-governing people.

THE GRAVE CONDITIONS CONFRONTING US

We have never been free from questions vital to our country's welfare that pressed for decision and settlement before the high tribunal of popular suffrage. It may, however, be truthfully said that the problems now presented to our thoughtful citizenship are of more serious import and involve more stupendous and far-reaching consequences than any that have before arisen in our history. They encroach upon all conserva-

tive ideas of the mission and purpose of the American nation. They confront us with a startling interpretation of American growth and development, and ask us to look with toleration, if not admiration, upon the "hateful mien" of American conquest.

Those who love our country as our fathers planned it are sadly fearing that, even though its stanch framework may withstand the winds and waves of the present storm, it will never be the same again. Our country's anticipated aggrandizement is set against our national morality; and good men are afflicted by the doubtful balance of right and wrong. Other questions which are also of vast importance are crowding upon us for solution. What is the effect upon the general welfare of the trusts and combinations in business enterprises which have lately so tremendously increased among us? With a balance of evil standing against them, how shall they be extirpated or restrained? Has the time come, or can it ever come, when our government can be justified in appropriating money exacted from all the people to upbuild certain branches of business for the benefit of a few beneficiaries? Still other subjects belonging to the field of politics are pending which deeply concern the welfare of our countrymen. Without especially enumerating these, it is perfectly clear that at this time we stand in urgent need of the kind of citizenship that not only apprehends the importance of present national problems, but is willing to devote time and effort to their proper solution.

Though none should avoid this duty, the young men of our country ought especially to be active in its discharge. The future of the nation is with them; and, as long as the country lasts, its growth and advance must make our future more and more solemn and impressive. The new conditions that now confront us for weal or woe must yield their harvest for the generation just entering upon the scene of citizenship. Their hopes and their aspirations are interwoven with the treatment now accorded to these conditions; and manifestly they are concerned more than all others in their safe adjustment and settlement. On their own account, therefore, they should not leave this to others whose interest in the country is less enduring. Thus, for general reasons based upon obligations of citi-

zenship, and for special reasons related to their stake in the future of American free institutions, our young men should identify themselves with political movements.

Their participation, however, should be intelligent, and its direction should be determined by the exercise of the most careful individual judgment. Frequently—perhaps as often as otherwise—young men merely drift in their political action, and without thought or examination adopt the political beliefs of their fathers and follow the same party association. This is not the kind of identification with political movements which young men should accord to their interests in the future national situation, or to their country's well-being. The day should come to every young man when he soberly realizes the necessity of settling for himself and by the exercise of his own intelligent judgment, as a prerogative of citizenship, the political beliefs and the general rules for the conduct of public affairs which he will advocate and support.

Of course his duty is not done when he arrives at a conclusion on this subject; for his identification with politics is by no means useful or complete when he merely contemplates with satisfaction the beliefs he has adopted, and congratulates himself upon the assertion of his political manhood. It remains for him to animate these beliefs with force and power, to the end that they may become effective in the accomplishment of political results. The obvious way by which this can be effected is through association with others holding like beliefs, or in other words, through party membership. But neither the holding of distinct political beliefs nor the mere attachment to a party organization is sufficient to fill the measure of our young voter's political duty, and absolve him from further effort. He should labor for the propagation of his beliefs by actively taking part in the operations of the organization to which he belongs, and by aiding in the maintenance of its strength and vigor.

The idea much too commonly prevails that it is no impeachment of respectability to belong to a party while standing aloof from the details of party management, but that real participation in such management tends to personal discredit and de-

moralization. This is a great mistake. If it is true that our young men should become seriously interested in political affairs for the good of their country, and for their own benefit as the future occupants of our land, it is perfectly plain that the more practically and energetically this interest is manifested the better will political duty be discharged. Besides, there is no disrepute attached to any legitimate phase of party organization work; and any young man who cannot better appreciate this work than to suppose it to consist of systematic trickery and dishonest intrigue, will do a service to political decency and to his country by forswearing party activity and becoming a political drone. A more general participation in politics on the part of our young men is not desirable for the purpose of adding to the shrewd manipulation and questionable methods of party operation; but rather that these may be corrected by a greater infusion of devotion to party principles for the sake of their usefulness, by a more intelligent and outspoken advocacy of party, and by a clean, earnest strife for party supremacy as a means of national prosperity.

THE NECESSITY FOR WORK ON PARTISAN LINES

Party association in defeat as well as in victory, coupled with its assertion of political principles when they are intelligently understood and patriotically and zealously professed, gives birth to a love and veneration for a chosen organization which binds its members so closely and so strongly that much of sacrifice will be endured for its sake. Besides, it is difficult for a devoted adherent, who believes deeply and earnestly, to convince himself that even with many and grievous faults his party cannot serve the country better than any in opposition to it; and underlying all these considerations is the conviction that party association is necessary to the proper accomplishment of our plan of popular government.

These things intensify in the strongest possible way the importance to a young citizen of a deliberate and thoughtful choice of party affiliation, and not less the importance of constant and decent activity in party service. In this way he will aid

in keeping the organization to which he is attached true to its principles, and maintaining it as a safe agency for the execution of the people's will; and in this way he will aid in securing for himself the opportunity to labor without perplexity for the doctrines which he believes will subserve his country's welfare, while preserving his affection and devotion for his party without distressing moral misgivings.

What has been thus far said assumes not only the need of party organization in American politics, but it also suggests as a general proposition that effective political action will be found within party lines. These seem at least to be the natural conditions. There has grown up among us, however, a large contingent of independent or unattached voters, whose influence in the decision of public questions by the people cannot be ignored; and many of these unattached and independent voters are young men. This situation indicates either a failure on the part of this portion of our citizenship to give due importance to the effectiveness of political action through party association, or a failure on the part of existing organized parties to present to them satisfactory doctrines or methods. Whatever the reason may be, this abstention from party affiliation gives rise to a belief that the situation ought to receive attention. If a large share of the thousands of our young men who yearly cross the threshold of responsible citizenship are heedless of civic obligations, measures should be taken to stimulate their sense of political duty. If, on the other hand, the condition of parties is such as to repel the most thoughtful and best-intentioned of this constantly increasing contingent of the voters, no time should be lost in applying a remedy. Parties cannot afford to encourage the reënforcement of an independent army which stands ready to engage on either side, and to make or mar the most carefully planned party efforts. It should always be remembered that political action is absolutely voluntary; nor should the peculiar American tendency to insist upon a self-chosen and self-satisfying mode of enjoying individual privilege be overlooked.

There should by no means be an abandonment of fundamental and well-established party principles for the sake of

catching voters. Such schemes undermine the virility of party organization, and are resented as tricky devices when subjected to the test of American acuteness. As new conditions arise, however, party principles should be applied to them; and this should be done with the greatest possible care and thoughtfulness, and with a studious exclusion of every disturbing complication arising from sinister addition or confusing statement. Above all things, our people require in political and party action frank, straightforward dealing.

CONSCIENCE THE ONLY SAFE POLITICAL GUIDE

This, then, is the conclusion of the matter: Every young man should regard political conviction and activity as a prime factor of his citizenship. He should give no place to the notion that there is anything inherently disreputable or contaminating in party association. He should not permit a too self-satisfied estimate of the infallibility of his own judgment to prevent the legitimate concession necessary to usefulness in party organization. He should, however, insist upon an honest adherence and devotion to the standard under which he has enlisted, and should never surrender his liberty of conscience. On the other hand, parties should never be used as instrumentalities of political trickery and chicane, but should rather be regarded as agencies related to the operation of the best of human governments. They should be built upon foundations of beneficent principles and patriotic motives. They should be consistently tenacious of their creeds, earnestly outspoken in their advocacy, and watchful against the approach of false doctrine; and last, but by no means least, they should be fair and clean in their methods and in their relations with their members; they should be generous in the interchange of counsel, and tolerant of individual judgment.

These requirements must not be regarded as fanciful if, in these days of emergency and menace, we are to find safety and confidence in the love of our people for their country, and in their intelligent and patriotic obedience to the demands of political duty.

THE GLORY OF PATRIOTISM

By WILLIAM McKINLEY

[A pathetic interest attaches to this selection from the address by one who, a few years later, was himself numbered among our Martyr-Presidents. It was delivered on July 4, 1894, at the dedication of the Cuyahoga County Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Cleveland, O.]

IT was in this square that the remains of the martyred Lincoln, the great emancipator, rested as they journeyed to his Western home. It was on this very spot, almost where we stand to-day, that the whole population of Northern Ohio viewed for the last time him who had been captain of all our armies under the Constitution, and whose death was a sacrifice to the great cause of freedom and the Union.

Here, too, my fellow citizens, on this very spot, the remains of the immortal Garfield lay in state, attended by the Congress of the United States, by the supreme judiciary of the nation, by the officers of the army and the navy of the United States, by the governors and legislators of all the surrounding States. The steady tread of a mourning State and nation was uninterrupted through the entire night. It was here that the people looked upon his face for the last time forever.

Interesting, my fellow citizens, and patriotic as the scenes witnessed in the past have been, I venture to say that none of them has stirred so many memories or quickened such patriotic feeling as the services we perform to-day in the dedication of this beautiful structure to the memory of the loyal soldiers and sailors who contributed their lives to save the government from dissolution. Cuyahoga County can well be proud of this great memorial. It is a fitting tribute to the soldiers living and the soldiers dead. Is it any wonder that these old soldiers love to carry the flags under which they fought and for which their brave comrades gave up their lives? Is it any wonder that the old soldier loves the flag under whose folds he fought and for

which his comrades shed so much blood? He loves it for what it is and for what it represents. It embodies the purposes and history of the government itself. It records the achievements of its defenders upon land and sea. It heralds the heroism and sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers who planted free government on this continent and dedicated it to liberty forever. It attests the struggles of our army and the valor of our citizens in all the wars of the Republic. It has been sanctified by the blood of our best and our bravest. It records the achievements of Washington and the martyrdom of Lincoln. It has been bathed in the tears of a sorrowing people. It has been glorified in the hearts of a freedom-loving people, not only at home but in every part of the world. Our flag expresses more than any other flag; it means more than any other national emblem. It expresses the will of a free people and proclaims that they are supreme and that they acknowledge no earthly sovereign other than themselves. It never was assaulted that thousands did not rise up to smite the assailant. Glorious old banner! . . .

What does this monument mean? It means the immortal principle of patriotism. It means love of country. It means not only love of country but love of liberty! This alone could have inspired over 2,800,000 Union soldiers to leave home and family and to offer to die if need be for our imperiled institutions. Love of country alone could have inspired 300,000 men to die for the Union. Nothing less sacred than this love of country could have sustained 175,000 brave men, who suffered and starved and died in rebel prisons. Nor could anything else have given comfort to the 500,000 maimed and diseased, who escaped immediate death in siege and battle to end in torment the remainder of their patriot lives. It is a noble patriotism, and it impels you, my fellow countrymen, to erect this magnificent monument to their honor and memory. And similar love of country will inspire your remotest descendants to do homage to their valor and bravery forever.

This is what the monument means; the lesson it conveys to the present and all future generations. It means that the cause in which they died was a righteous one, and it means

that the cause which triumphed through their valor shall be perpetuated for all time.

Charles Sumner said that President Lincoln was put to death by the enemies of the Declaration of Independence, but, said Sumner, though dead, he would always continue to guard that title-deed of the human race. So that it does seem to me that every time we erect a new monument to the memory of the Union soldiers and sailors, we are cementing the very foundations of the government itself. We are doing that which will strengthen our devotion to free institutions and insure their permanency for the remotest posterity. We are not only rendering immortal the fame of the men who participated in the war by these magnificent structures, but we are doing better than that. We are making immortal the principles for which they contended and the union of free men for which they died.

Their erection may be a matter of comparatively little importance or concern to the Union soldiers who are still living, but no one can accurately foretell the value and importance of their influence upon the young men and the young women from whom the Republic must draw her future defenders. Every time we erect a monument, every time we do honor to the soldiers of the Republic, we reaffirm our devotion to the country, to the glorious flag, to the immortal principles of liberty, equality, and justice, which have made the United States unrivaled among the nations of the world. The union of these States must be perpetual. That is what our brave boys died for. That is what this monument must mean; and such monuments as this are evidences that the people intend to take care that the great decrees of the war shall be unquestioned and supreme.

The unity of the Republic is secure so long as we continue to honor the memory of the men who died by the tens of thousands to preserve it. The dissolution of the Union is impossible so long as we continue to inculcate lessons of fraternity, unity, and patriotism, and erect monuments to perpetuate these sentiments.

Such monuments as these have another meaning, which is

one dear to the hearts of many who stand by me. It is, as Mr. Lincoln said at Gettysburg, that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation's later birth of freedom and the people's gain of their own sovereignty shall not perish from the earth. That is what this monument means. That is the lesson of true patriotism; that what was won in war shall be worn in peace.

But we must not forget, my fellow countrymen, that the Union which these brave men preserve, and the liberties which they secured, place upon us, the living, the gravest responsibility. We are the freest government on the face of the earth. Our strength rests in our patriotism. Anarchy flees before patriotism. Peace and order and security and liberty are safe so long as love of country burns in the hearts of the people. It should not be forgotten, however, that liberty does not mean lawlessness. Liberty to make our own laws does not give us license to break them. Liberty to make our own laws commands a duty to observe them ourselves and enforce obedience among all others within their jurisdiction. Liberty, my fellow citizens, is responsibility, and responsibility is duty, and that duty is to preserve the exceptional liberty we enjoy within the law and for the law and by the law.

PATRIOTISM AND POLITICS

By JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

I HAVE no apology to make for offering some reflections on the political outlook of the nation ; for my rights as a citizen were not abdicated or abridged on becoming a Christian prelate, and the sacred character which I profess, far from lessening, rather increases, my obligations to my country.

In answer to those who affirm that a churchman is not qualified to discuss politics, by reason of his sacred calling, which removes him from the political arena, I would say that this statement may be true in the sense that a clergyman, as such, should not be a heated partisan of any political party ; but it is not true in the sense that he is unfitted by his sacred profession for discussing political principles. His very seclusion from popular agitation gives him a vantage-ground over those that are in the whirlpool of party strife, just as they who have never witnessed Shakespeare's plays performed on the stage are better qualified to judge of the genius of the author and the literary merit of his productions than they who witness the plays amid the environment of stage scenery.

Every man in the Commonwealth leads a dual life—a private life under the shadow of the home, and a public life under the ægis of the state. As a father, a husband, or a son, he owes certain duties to the family ; as a citizen, he owes certain obligations to his country. These civic virtues are all comprised under the generic name, patriotism.

Patriotism means love of country. Its root is the Latin word *patria*, a word not domesticated in English. The French have it in *patrie* ; the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races have it literally translated in Fatherland. "Fatherland," says Cicero, is "the common parent of us all: *Patria est communis omnium nostrum parens.*" It is the paternal home extended, the family

reaching out to the city, the province, the country. Hence, with us, fatherland and country have come to be synonymous. Country in this sense comprises two elements, the soil itself and the men who live thereon. We love the soil in which our fathers sleep, *terra patrum*, *terra patria*, the land in which we were born. We love the men who as fellow dwellers share that land with us. When Dom Pedro died in Paris, he was laid to his last sleep on Brazilian soil, which he had carried away with him for that very purpose. Let a citizen from Maine meet a citizen from California on the shores of the Bosphorus or on the banks of the Tiber, they will, at once, forget that at home they dwelt three thousand miles apart. State lines are obliterated, party differences are laid aside, religious animosities, if such had existed, are extinguished. They warmly clasp hands, they remember only that they are fellow American citizens, children of the same mother, fellow dwellers in the same land over which floats the star-spangled banner.

Patriotism implies not only love of soil and of fellow citizens, but also, and principally, attachment to the laws, institutions, and government of one's country; filial admiration of the heroes, statesmen, and men of genius, who have contributed to its renown by the valor of their arms, the wisdom of their counsel, or their literary fame. It includes, also, an ardent zeal for the maintenance of those sacred principles that secure to the citizen freedom of conscience, and an earnest determination to consecrate his life, if necessary, *pro aris et focis*, in defense of altar and fireside, of God and Fatherland. Patriotism is a universal sentiment of the race:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"

Patriotism is not a sentiment born of material and physical well-being; it is a sentiment that the poverty of country and the discomforts of climate do not diminish, that the inflictions of conquest and despotism do not augment. The truth is, it is a rational instinct placed by the Creator in the breast of man.



JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

When God made man a social being, He gave him a sentiment that urges him to sacrifice himself for his family and his country, which is, as it were, his larger family. "Dear are ancestors, dear are children, dear are relatives and friends; all these loves are contained in love of country."

The Roman was singularly devoted to his country. *Civis Romanus sum* was his proudest boast. He justly gloried in being a citizen of a republic conspicuous for its centuries of endurance.

Patriotism finds outward and, so to say, material expression, in respect for the flag that symbolizes the country, and for the chief magistrate who represents it. Perhaps it is only when an American travels abroad that he fully realizes how deep-rooted is his love for his native country. The sentiment of patriotism, which may be dormant at home, is aroused and quickened in foreign lands. The sight of an American flag flying from the mast of a ship in mid-ocean or in some foreign port, awakes in him unwonted emotion and enthusiasm.

Love of country, as I have described it, which is fundamentally an ethical sentiment, and which was such in all nations, even before Christian Revelation was given to the world, and which is such to-day among nations that have not heard the Christian message, is elevated, ennobled, and perfected by the religion of Christ. Patriotism in non-Christian times and races has inspired heroism even unto death. We do not pretend that Christian patriotism can do more. But we do say that Christianity has given to patriotism and to the sacrifices it demands, nobler motives and higher ideals.

If the virtue of patriotism was held in such esteem by pagan Greece and Rome, guided only by the light of reason, how much more should it be cherished by Christians, instructed as they are by the voice of Revelation! The Founder of the Christian religion has ennobled and sanctified loyalty to country by the influence of His example and the force of His teaching.

Next to God, our country should hold the strongest place in our affections. Impressed, as we ought to be, with a profound sense of the blessings which our system of government

continues to bestow on us, we shall have a corresponding dread lest these blessings should be withdrawn from us. It is a sacred duty for every American to do all in his power to perpetuate our civil institutions and to avert the dangers that threaten them.

The system of government which obtains in the United States is tersely described in the well-known sentence: "A government of the people, by the people, for the people"; which may be paraphrased thus: Ours is a government in which the people are ruled by the representatives of their own choice, and for the benefit of the people themselves.

Our rulers are called the servants of the people, since they are appointed to fulfill the people's wishes; and the people are called the sovereign people, because it is by their sovereign voice that their rulers are elected.

The method by which the supreme will of the people is registered is the ballot-box. This is the oracle that proclaims their choice. This is the balance in which the merits of the candidates are weighed. The heavier scale determines at once the decision of the majority and the selection of the candidate.

And what spectacle is more sublime than the sight of ten millions of citizens determining, not by the bullet, but by the ballot, the ruler that is to preside over the nation's destinies for four years!

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God:
And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you—'t is the ballot-box."

But the greatest blessings are liable to be perverted. Our Republic, while retaining its form and name, may degenerate into most odious tyranny; and the irresponsible despotism of the multitude is more galling, because more difficult to be shaken off, than that of the autocrat.

Our Christian civilization gives us no immunity from political corruption and disaster. The oft-repeated cry of election frauds should not be treated with indifference, though, in many

instances, no doubt, it is the empty charge of defeated partisans against successful rivals, or the heated language of a party press.

But after all reasonable allowances are made, enough remains of a substantial character to be ominous. In every possible way, by tickets insidiously printed, by "colonizing," "repeating," and "personation," frauds are attempted, and too often successfully, on the ballot. I am informed by a trustworthy gentleman that, in certain localities, the adherents of one party, while proof against bribes from their political opponents, will exact compensation before giving their votes even to their own party candidates. The evil would be great enough if it were restricted to examples of this kind, but it becomes much more serious when large bodies of men are debauched by the bribes or intimidated by the threats of wealthy corporations.

But when the very fountains of legislation are polluted by lobbying and other corrupt means; when the hand of bribery is extended, and not always in vain, to our municipal, State, and national legislators; when our lawmakers become the pliant tools of some selfish and greedy capitalists, instead of subserving the interests of the people—then, indeed, all patriotic citizens have reason to be alarmed about the future of our country.

The man who would poison the wells and springs of the land is justly regarded as a human monster, as an enemy of society, and no punishment could be too severe for him. Is he not as great a criminal who would poison and pollute the ballot-box, the unfailing fount and wellspring of our civil freedom and of our national life?

The privilege of voting is not an inherent or inalienable right. It is a solemn and sacred trust, to be used in strict accordance with the intentions of the authority from which it emanates.

When a citizen exercises his honest judgment in casting his vote for the most acceptable candidate, he is making a legitimate use of the prerogatives confided to him. But when he sells or barter his vote, when he disposes of it to the highest

bidder, like a merchantable commodity, he is clearly violating his trust and degrading his citizenship.

The enormity of the offense will be readily perceived by pushing it to its logical consequences :

First. Once the purchase of votes is tolerated or condoned or connived at, the obvious result is that the right of suffrage becomes a solemn farce. The sovereignty is no longer vested in the people, but in corrupt politicians or in wealthy corporations ; money instead of merit becomes the test of success ; the election is determined, not by the personal fitness and integrity of the candidate, but by the length of his own or his patron's purse ; and the aspirant for office owes his victory, not to the votes of his constituents, but to the grace of some political boss.

Second. The better class of citizens will lose heart and absent themselves from the polls, knowing that it is useless to engage in a contest which is already decided by irresponsible managers.

Third. Disappointment, vexation, and righteous indignation will burn in the breasts of upright citizens. These sentiments will be followed by apathy and despair of carrying out successfully a popular form of government. The enemies of the Republic will then take advantage of the existing scandals to decry our system and laud absolute monarchies. The last stage in the drama is political stagnation or revolution.

But, happily, the American people are not prone to despondency or to political stagnation, or to revolution outside of the lines of legitimate reform. They are cheerful and hopeful, because they are conscious of their strength ; and well they may be, when they reflect on the century of ordeals through which they have triumphantly passed. They are vigilant, because they are liberty-loving, and they know that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." They are an enlightened and practical people ; therefore are they quick to detect and prompt to resist the first inroads of corruption. They know well how to apply the antidote to the political distemper of the hour. They have the elasticity of mind and heart to rise to the occasion. They will never suffer the stately temple of the Constitution to be overthrown, but will hasten to strengthen the foundation where

it is undermined, to repair every breach, and to readjust every stone of the glorious edifice.

In conclusion, I shall presume to suggest, with all deference, a brief outline of what appear to me the most efficient means to preserve purity of elections and to perpetuate our political independence.

Many partial remedies may be named. The main purpose of these remedies is to foster and preserve what may be called a public conscience. In the individual man, conscience is that inner light which directs him in the knowledge and choice of good and evil, that practical judgment which pronounces over every one of his acts, that it is right or wrong, moral or immoral. Now, this light and judgment which directs man in the ordinary personal affairs of life, must be his guide also in the affairs of his political life; for he is answerable to God for his political, as well as his personal, life.

The individual conscience is an enlightenment and a guide; and it is itself illumined and directed by the great maxims of natural law and the conclusions which the mind is constantly deducing from those maxims. Now, is there not a set of maxims and opinions that fulfill the office of guides to the masses in their political life?

The means which I propose are:

First. The enactment of strict and wholesome laws for preventing bribery and the corruption of the ballot-box, accompanied with condign punishment against the violators of the law. Let such protection and privacy be thrown around the polling booth that the humblest citizen may be able to record his vote without fear of pressure or of interference from those that might influence him. Such a remedy has already been attempted, with more or less success, in some States, by the introduction of new systems of voting.

Second. A pure, enlightened, and independent judiciary to interpret and enforce the laws.

Third. A vigilant and fearless press that will reflect and create a healthy public opinion. Such a press, guided by the laws of justice and the spirit of American institutions, is the organ and the reflection of national thought, the outer bulwark

of the rights and liberties of the citizen against the usurpations of authority and the injustice of parties, the speediest and most direct castigat^{or} of vice and dishonesty. It is a duty of the citizens of a free country not only to encourage the press, but to coöperate with it; and it is a misfortune for any land when its leading men neglect to instruct their country and act on public opinion through this powerful instrument for good.

Fourth. The incorporation into our school system of familiar lessons embodying a history of our country, a brief sketch of her heroes, statesmen, and patriots, whose civic virtues the rising generation will thus be taught to emulate. The duties and rights of citizens along with reverence for our political institutions should likewise be inculcated. There is danger that the country whose history is not known and cherished will become to the masses only an abstraction, or, at best, that it will be in touch with them only on its less lovable side, the taxes and burdens it imposes. Men lost in an unnatural isolation, strangers to the past life of their nation, living on a soil to which they hold only by the passing interests of the present, as atoms without cohesion, are not able to realize and bring home to themselves the claims of a country that not only *is*, but that was before them, and that will be, as history alone can teach, long after them.

Fifth. A more hearty celebration of our national holidays.

The Hebrew people, as we learn from sacred scripture, were commanded to commemorate by an annual observance their liberation from the bondage of Pharaoh and their entrance into the Promised Land. In nearly all civilized countries there are certain days set apart to recall some great events in their national history, and to pay honor to the memory of the heroes who figured in them. The United States has already established three national holidays. The first is consecrated to the birth of the "Father of his Country"; the second, to the birth of the nation; and the third is observed as a day of Thanksgiving to God for His manifold blessings to the nation. On those days, when the usual occupations of life are suspended, every citizen has leisure to study and admire the political institutions of his country, and to thank God for the

benedictions that He has poured out on us as a people. In contemplating these blessings, we may well repeat with the Royal Prophet: "He hath not done in like manner to every nation, and His judgments He hath not made manifest to them."

If holidays are useful to those that are to the manner born, they are still more imperatively demanded for the foreign population constantly flowing into our country, and which consists of persons who are strangers to our civil institutions. The annually recurring holidays will create and develop in their minds a knowledge of our history and admiration for our system of government. It will help, also, to mold our people into unity of political faith. By the young, especially, are holidays welcomed with keen delight; and as there is a natural, though unconscious, association in the mind between the civic festivity and the cause that gave it birth, their attachment to the day will extend to the patriotic event or to the men whose anniversary is celebrated.

Sixth. The maintenance of party lines is an indispensable means for preserving political purity. One party watches the other, takes note of its shortcomings, its blunders and defects; and it has at its disposal the means for rebuking any abuse of power on the part of the dominant side, by appealing to the country at the tribunal of the ballot-box. The healthier periods of the Roman Republic were periods of fierce political strife. The citizens of Athens were not allowed to remain neutral. They were compelled to take sides on all questions of great public interest. Not only was every citizen obliged to vote, but the successful candidate was bound to accept the office to which he was called, and to subordinate his taste for private life to the public interests.

England owes much of her greatness and liberty to the active and aggressive vigilance of opposing political camps. Political parties are the outcome of political freedom. Parties are not to be confounded with factions. The former contend for a principle, the latter struggle for a master.

To jurists and statesmen these considerations may seem trite, elementary, and commonplace. But, like all elementary

principles, they are of vital import. They should be kept prominently in view before the people, and not obscured in a maze of wordy technicalities. They are landmarks to guide men in the path of public duty, and they would vastly contribute to the good order and stability of the commonwealth if they were indelibly stamped on the heart and memory of every American citizen.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

By ROSSITER JOHNSON

TO be a good American citizen it is first of all necessary to be an intelligent citizen. Natural brightness, general intelligence, is not enough, though the more general intelligence one possesses the more available and powerful is every one of his faculties. But just as one might be an intelligent mathematician without being an intelligent artist or an intelligent florist, so one may be intelligent in various ways without being intelligent in regard to citizenship. It must be remembered that whether we are mathematicians, artists, florists, farmers, merchants, mechanics, lawyers, laborers, or what not, we are all citizens; and because we are citizens of a republic we are responsible, every one of us, for a share in the maintenance of its life, its liberties, its laws, its good order, and even its moral character.

To be an intelligent citizen, and therefore a valuable citizen, and therefore a citizen of influence, one must have a fair knowledge of the history of our country. It is not necessary that he carry in his memory the exact date of every event or the thousands of incidents that are properly recorded in a popular history and make it a pleasure to read it. Little does it matter whether he remembers, or ever knew, how many caravels Columbus had, or whether he first sighted land in October, or on which of the Bahama islands he first landed. But he should know that Columbus made his great voyage in the employ of the Spanish government, and that this gave the Spaniards the first opportunity of profiting by the discovery; that they came as conquerors and seekers after treasure; that the French, who came next, were little better or wiser; and that it was because the English came as settlers and colonists

that they practically took possession of the best part of the continent, held it against all comers, and determined the character of the institutions that here grew up and came to a vigorous maturity.

He need not be required to stand examination on the treaty that William Penn made with the Indians, or on the biography of Daniel Boone; but he should know why the thirteen Colonies—which are now thirteen States of the Union—refused to be any longer dependencies of Great Britain and endured seven years of war to gain their independence. He should be familiar with the outline history of the struggle to unite those States under a general government. For this, he should read carefully the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution, with some account, however brief, of the proceedings of the convention that framed the Constitution. If he were asked to name some of the most eminent men who sat in that convention and determined the character of our Republic, he ought to be able at least to answer, Washington, Franklin, Madison, and Hamilton.

Franklin told his countrymen that the Revolution of 1776 was only the war of separation, and that the war of independence was yet to be fought. He did not live to see it, for he died in 1790, but it came in 1812, and with its splendid naval victories it put an end to the British outrages on our commerce on the high seas. Of course the citizen who is interested in his country's history and welfare will read some account of that remarkable contest between the strongest and the weakest nation then on earth. If he feels humiliated by some of the actions on land, he will be correspondingly cheered by the maritime victories and the reflection that, from that day to this, American sailors have seldom fired at anything without hitting it.

Only a little more reading is required to make the young citizen familiar with the origin and character of the Monroe Doctrine, which may yet play a very important part in the welfare of our country; and this knowledge may be necessary

to make his vote intelligent and effective in some crucial election.

Coming next to the Civil War—the greatest and most significant contest of modern times—the citizen should not be ignorant of the causes that led to it, and should know clearly how it was brought on, how it was conducted, why it ended as it did, and especially what was the attitude toward us of European governments during the struggle. It is a tremendous piece of history, and is full of novel and interesting details; but books are to be had that, while making the story brief and readable, show clearly the main plot and movement of the mighty drama.

Probably there is no young man in the land that cannot find leisure to read carefully so much of his country's history as is here indicated; and he will have read to little purpose if he has not thereby learned three lessons: That the wisdom and valor of Americans have accomplished a great advance in liberty and enlightened government in less time than any other people on earth have performed a similar service for mankind. That in so doing they have secured for us a heritage such as no other continent can show. And that the Republic must forever stand on its own feet, expecting no favors from any other nation at any time when we may seem to need favors, and keeping steadily in mind Washington's advice to avoid entangling alliances. The only thing at all resembling an alliance that our citizens should ever countenance is a state of cordial relations and honest friendship between our great Republic and the smaller republics on our own continent, to which we are as a big brother. The Monroe Doctrine constitutes a half-alliance with them, for their benefit directly and for ours indirectly.

Next after the question of slavery, which was settled by a costly war, the subject that has been most strenuously and constantly debated, and oftenest voted on, is the question of tariff on imports. It may be said, in a general way, that there are three parties on this question, none of which coincides exactly with any of the great political parties. These are:

those who would do away with the custom-houses and have absolute free trade, no duty on anything; those whose desire is expressed in the phrase "a tariff for revenue only"; and those who call for a high tariff (on certain articles, at least), with the plea that this is necessary to protect American industries from ruinous foreign competition. Thus far, the United States government has had five sources of income—tariff on imports, sales of public lands, income taxes, charges for patents, and postage. Until within a year or two, the receipts from postage have fallen short of the cost of maintaining the postal system. The sales of public lands, once considerable, are now necessarily small. The net income from patents issued is trifling compared with the financial necessities of the government. The experiment of a direct tax has been made twice—once by assessing the States, in accordance with Article I, Section 2, of the Constitution, when not all the States responded, and subsequently the money was returned to those that did; and once by an income tax, which was allowed to pass because of a great emergency, but which, being enacted a second time, was by the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional. But in 1913 a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution was adopted, whereby Congress is empowered to impose a tax on incomes from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the States; and Congress then enacted such a law, the purpose being to make good the deficit caused by large diminutions in customs duties. Yet the tariff will remain, as it always has been, the chief source of revenue for carrying on the government.

The wit of man never yet has devised a system of taxation that did not work hardship in some cases, and probably never can. The best that can be done is for legislators and voters to approach the subject honestly and disinterestedly, not depending upon abstract reasoning alone, but guided also by experience, and mindful that there must necessarily be periodical revision. Here, more frequently than elsewhere, comes in the moral element of universal application; the citizen that demands a certain form of taxation because it will favor his pocket or his business, without reference to the general wel-

fare, is certainly not patriotic, if indeed he has common honesty.

The good citizen obeys all laws that have been regularly enacted, whether he approves them or not. If every one were at liberty to disregard such laws as he might not like, we should have anarchy. The most common examples of law-breaking by apparently respectable citizens are the attempts to bring valuable goods into the country and evade payment of the duty. Some who would be shocked at an accusation of any other form of dishonesty are unable to comprehend the proposition that they have no more right to cheat the government than to cheat an individual.

The maxim that "ignorance of the law excuses no one" not only implies that every citizen is bound to know the law, but assumes that if he deals with his fellows in a spirit of fairness and good sense he is not likely to break the laws that are framed in accordance with the principles of justice.

However diverse may be our business interests, our religions, our social relations, our tastes, and our pleasures, there is one thing that we all necessarily have in common—our government, to which we all must look for protection. A little thought and easy analysis will show that the sole function of government is protection in some form—protection of our lives, protection of our health, protection of our property rights, protection of our social relations, protection for us in our pursuit of happiness. As every one claims and enjoys this protection, every one is bound to contribute to it. The man that goes fishing on election day instead of going to the polls does not contribute to it as he should. The man that sells his vote does not contribute to it. The man that is indifferent to nominations and does nothing to prevent the candidacy of incompetent or dishonest men does not contribute to it. The man that "swears off" his just taxes does not contribute to it. The man that shirks jury duty does not contribute to it. The lawyer that avails himself of every possible technicality and every device of rhetoric and sophistry to shield his criminal client does not contribute to it. The legislator who is sent to the capital to represent and favor a particular interest at all

hazards does not contribute much to it. The faddist calling himself a reformer, who hawks his legal nostrum about the land, seldom contributes to it. The quiet, clear-headed, law-abiding citizen does well to avoid all such.

No citizen should let his politics be affected by his religious or social relations. Every citizen is bound to remember that the man who differs with him in religious belief, or is in another social plane, is one with him in citizenship and in fealty to the Republic. The country has suffered greatly from the blindness of hereditary politics and chronic politics—men who think they must adhere to a certain party because it has been their father's party, and men who always vote the ticket that bears their party label, no matter who may be the candidates or what the questions at issue. Such men are of little use to the community on election day, whatever may be their value on other days. Some of the special political movements of recent years, though of little account in their avowed purposes and direct results, have incidentally been of some benefit by loosening the bands of hereditary and chronic politics.

Nothing is more pitiful, in a political aspect, than the citizen who neglects to attend the caucus, or primary, of his party and then whines about the corruption of politics, the unfit nominations, and alleged bossism. If every voter attended the primaries of his own party, and asserted his rights there, bossism would be impossible; and this would be more manly, as well as more patriotic, than "pleading the baby act" by asking for legislation against bosses. Legislation has not abolished bosses, and never can. If a man lies down in the road and goes to sleep, he must expect to be run over, law or no law. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

Perhaps no simple question is debated oftener than the justice of the motto "Our country, right or wrong." It should not be difficult to solve the problem by a little analysis. It goes without saying that it is the duty of every citizen to use his influence to make his country do right—as God gives him to see the right. But he should never forget that other citizens who differ with him may be quite as wise and quite as con-

scientious as himself. And when it has been determined that their ideas shall be carried out, instead of his, it becomes his plain duty to yield to the judgment of the majority, in that as in other matters, and stand by the country as he would have expected them to do if his ideas had prevailed. In every crisis that our country has passed through there have been carpers and critics who could not cease their fault-finding after the course of action had been determined, but in no instance have they produced any good result. When the war of the Revolution was in progress there were Tories—or Loyalists, as they are now more politely called—who opposed any idea of independence, and the only effect they ever produced was an occasional betrayal to benefit the enemy. In the War of 1812, which secured to us the liberty of the seas, virulent pamphlets were published, abusing the government and all who upheld it. Some of them may now be found on the dustiest shelves of public libraries; but no one is proud to say that his grandfather wrote one of them.

When the Constitution was completed by the convention of which Washington was president, after a hundred days of deliberation and debate, three of the members of that body, who had participated freely in all its transactions, refused to join the others in signing the document, because it was not in all respects as they would have had it. But it was noticeable that they afterward accepted office under it! And when it was submitted to the States for ratification, several eminent men did their utmost to prevent its adoption, among them one who afterward was chosen President under it! When President Lincoln had set his hand to the most gigantic and difficult task of modern times, and was doing the only thing that could save the Republic from ruin, such things were said about him in daily print—not at the South, but at the North—as would make the reader to-day ashamed of his countrymen. No one cares to claim the authorship of them now.

The only true rule is, speak your mind freely, candidly, courteously, in the discussion; and when all have spoken, bow gracefully to the judgment of the majority. That is the spirit

of our commonwealth—its strength and its safety. When we have done that, as Montesquieu puts it, we may reckon the number of our services by the number of our fellow citizens.

It has been said that in the ancient republics the purpose was to promote the interests of the state, without regard to the happiness of the individual citizen; while with us the welfare of the citizen is the purpose of the state. This is plainly set forth in the preamble to the Constitution, which declares that its purpose is, to “establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.” This draws no line between the welfare of the state and the happiness of the individual, but plainly suggests that each is necessary to the other.

If we are looking for brief, comprehensive rules for good citizenship, we shall find none better than one offered by Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, more than two thousand years ago. When he was asked how wrong-doing could be prevented in the state he answered, “By those who are not wronged feeling the same indignation as those who are.” This is closely allied to St. Paul’s expression, “the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.”

If we could find an intelligent person ignorant of geography, show him an unlabeled globe, and ask him to tell us which seemed to him the most desirable country represented on its surface, after turning and studying it thoughtfully he might say: “Here is one that borders broadly, with many harbors, on both great oceans—the only country of which this is true. On the south it is bounded by an immense gulf, large enough to be called a sea, and on the north by a series of great lakes. It has long rivers that are probably navigable; and I observe several chains of mountains that suggest an abundance of mineral treasures; while innumerable streams that cross the intervening plains are proof of a well-watered and fertile soil. It appears to have an area of about three million square miles, all in the north temperate zone, but extending across so many degrees of latitude that its natural productions must be widely varied, probably including everything needful to the enjoyment

of civilized life; and no large country, presumably the home of a powerful nation, is near enough to necessitate great standing armies. If there is one country on the earth that is richer, safer, more delightful and more nearly inexhaustible than all others, it must be this. And if it has an intelligent population and a free government, it should be the happiest of all."

POLITICAL DISHONESTY

By HENRY WARD BEECHER

POLITICAL dishonesty breeds dishonesty of every kind. It is possible for good men to permit single sins to co-exist with general integrity, where the evil is indulged through ignorance. Once, undoubted Christians were slave-traders. They might be, while unenlightened; but not in our times. A state of mind which will intend one fraud will, upon occasions, intend a thousand. He that upon one emergency will lie, will be supplied with emergencies. He that will perjure himself to save a friend will do it, in a desperate juncture, to save himself. The highest Wisdom has informed us that he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much. Circumstances may withdraw a politician from temptation to any but political dishonesty; but, under temptation, a dishonest politician would be a dishonest cashier—would be dishonest anywhere—in anything. The fury which destroys an opponent's character would stop at nothing, if barriers were thrown down. That which is true of the leaders in politics is true of subordinates. Political dishonesty in voters runs into general dishonesty, as the rotten speck taints the whole apple. A community whose politics is conducted by a perpetual breach of honesty on both sides, will be tainted by immorality throughout. Men will play the same game in their private affairs that they have learned to play in public matters. The guile, the crafty vigilance, the dishonest advantage, the cunning sharpness, the tricks and traps and sly evasions, the equivocal promises, and unequivocal neglect of them, which characterize political action, will equally characterize private action. The mind has no kitchen to do its dirty work in, while the parlor remains clean. Dishonesty is an atmosphere; if it comes into one apartment, it penetrates into every one. Whoever will lie in politics,

will lie in traffic. Whoever will slander in politics, will slander in personal squabbles. A professor of religion who is a dishonest politician is a dishonest Christian. His creed is a perpetual index of his hypocrisy.

The genius of our government directs the attention of every citizen to politics. Its spirit reaches the uttermost bound of society, and pervades the whole mass. If its channels are slimy with corruption, what limit can be set to its malign influence? The turbulence of elections, the virulence of the press, the desperation of bad men, the hopelessness of efforts which are not cunning, but only honest, have driven many conscientious men from any concern with politics. This is suicidal. Thus the tempest will grow blacker and fiercer. Our youth will be caught up in its whirling bosom and dashed to pieces, and its hail will break down every green thing. At God's house the cure should begin. Let the hand of discipline smite the leprous lips which shall utter the profane heresy: All is fair in politics. If any hoary professor, drunk with the mingled wine of excitement, shall tell our youth that a Christian man may act in politics by any other rule of morality than that of the Bible; and that wickedness performed for a party is not as abominable as if done for a man; or that any necessity justifies or palliates dishonesty in word or deed—let such a one go out of the camp, and his pestilent breath no longer spread contagion among our youth. No man who loves his country should shrink from her side when she groans with raging distempers. Let every Christian man stand in his place; rebuke every dishonest practice; scorn a political as well as a personal lie; and refuse with indignation to be insulted by the solicitation of an immoral man. Let good men of all parties require honesty, integrity, veracity, and morality in politics, and there, as powerfully as anywhere else, the requisitions of public sentiment will ultimately be felt.

OUTLINES OF GOVERNMENT, AND HOW THREE GREAT PEOPLES ARE GOVERNED

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF GOVERNMENT

By W. J. DARBY

GOVERNMENT may be called the power that makes and enforces laws for the guidance of a nation. The term is derived from the Latin word *gubernare*, meaning "to steer a ship." From the same word we get our term governor, signifying one who guides the "ship of state"; that is, one who directs the affairs of a people or nation.

It must be understood that there were not always nations, though even in the earliest times of which we know anything there is found some sort of government. So far as we can discover, the beginning of government, like the beginning of society, was in the family. The family in early times was very large, including not only father, mother, and children, but also children's husbands and wives, and grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and servants. The head of the family was the father, whose word was law, and whose power was absolute. His was the family government; and so far as we know, this was the first form of government. As time went on, the family naturally grew into a group of families, and these together formed what was known as a tribe. The tribe was composed of descendants of a common ancestor, and the head of the tribe was the eldest living descendant of that ancestor.

You can see that the tribal government was merely the old

family government on a larger scale. But the head of a tribe often needed advice on matters relating to the general interests of the tribe, so he called together the heads of the different families and consulted with them. The government of the tribe, then, was in the hands of a chief and a council of advisers; and upon the same kind of authority, under various forms, has stood every government that has existed.

Just as one family grew into many families, so one tribe grew into many tribes; and in the course of time the tribes that were related to one another found it desirable to band together for the advancement of their common interests and for protection against common enemies. This union of tribes formed a nation. This word, derived from the Latin *natus*, meaning "born," indicates that the people of a nation are all related by birth or origin. The leadership of a nation was either seized by the strongest man or given to him by common consent; for in those days, when war was almost continual, and the head of a nation was the chief of its fighting men, it was necessary above everything else that the ruler should be strong and brave.

The ruler of a nation in early times, who was usually known as a king, had practically supreme power to make and enforce laws for the people. But among the chieftains or nobles of the nation might be found men with power enough to resist the authority of the king if they wished to do so, and the king made it a custom to consult with such men in matters of government. In this the king merely continued the custom of the tribal chieftains who held counsel with the heads of the families.

It might be said, then, that no new form of government is ever really created; every seemingly new form is simply a development of a form already in existence. The king of a nation was the head of a number of tribes just as the chief of a tribe was the head of a number of families, and the king's council consisted of the chiefs of the tribes just as the chief's council consisted of the heads of the families.

In the family, in the tribe, and in the nation the eldest son of the leader succeeded to the leadership. This custom, known

as hereditary succession, is as old as government itself; but it has been often set aside. In very early times, when a tribe had to fight almost continually for independence, or even for existence, and a strong and able warrior was necessary as leader, if the former chief's son did not prove to be such a man, either a stronger man was selected by the tribe in his stead or a stronger man overthrew him and seized the leadership. Some tribes even abandoned altogether the custom of hereditary succession, and upon the death of a chief selected as his successor the man they thought best fitted to rule them. We may say that almost from the beginning there were two usual ways in which men became heads of government—by inheritance and by election. These distinctions are very important, as you will see later.

In the nation the same custom of succession held that was observed in the tribe—with like exceptions. The king did not always lead his men in battle, and sometimes, when a weak king held the throne, one or more nobles took command of the armies and carried on the government in the name of the king. But this did not often happen, for where there was a weak king some powerful noble generally seized the opportunity to overthrow him and take the throne himself; but as he, too, handed down the power he had won to his eldest son, there was no real change in the custom of hereditary succession.

It may be said that the custom of hereditary succession was the rule with all nations in the beginning, and that some nations early abandoned it and adopted the practice of choosing their rulers.

Throughout the course of history there have been frequent changes in forms of government. These changes—too many and too complex to be recited here—have been mainly in the direction of a decrease in the power of the ruler and an increase in the power of the people. At first the people had no deciding voice in the government; the power of the ruler was absolute. But in the early, simple governments of the family and tribe the people were very near to the ruler, and we may suppose that in some things he respected their wishes. In the

nation the king became far removed from the people, and the only check on his power was the influence of the nobles. These men, heads of the chief families in the nation, were a privileged class and had little sympathy with the common people.

The nobles were landowners and the only profession they would condescend to follow was that of the soldier. All the trades were in the hands of the people, and tradesmen, merchants, and mechanics were looked upon with contempt by the privileged class. But as a country develops, its industries and commerce become more important, and the prosperity and power of those engaged in them increase. Sooner or later in every nation grew up a middle class, a class of manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen, whose power finally became so great that the ruling class could not ignore them. The representative men of this middle class at first attended the meetings of the king and his council by kind permission of the king. They laid before the king and his council the wishes of the people. At first little attention was paid to their petitions; but gradually their power grew; they began to demand a share in the councils of the king, not as a privilege but as a right; they laid before the king the wishes of the people not as petitions, but as demands. And little by little the king was forced to consult the desires of these men who represented the people. The manufactures, the commerce, the resources of the country were in their hands; the money of the country was in their hands; without the money they controlled the king could not keep up his government, could not make war, could scarcely do anything.

So the middle class became the real power in the nation. And just as the king and nobles were obliged to consider the wishes of the middle class, so the middle class have been forced to consider more and more the wishes of the working people who supply the labor that makes manufacture and commerce possible. The opinions of these people are now more regarded by the official rulers of nations than ever before, and in all countries the influence of what are called the working classes in affairs of government increases as they be-

come better educated and acquire a deeper sense of their power and responsibility.

This gradual change of power, in the course of centuries, from the hands of a few to the hands of the many has brought about various changes in the forms of government in different countries. In some countries the people have made an end of kingship, and now, as you know, elect their rulers—who are rather to be called their public servants—by methods of their own choosing. A country having such a form of government is called a republic, and the republican form is established in the United States, France, and many other countries.

In certain countries the people have judged it best to retain the monarch, although in some cases they have so much restricted his power that his authority is more in appearance than in reality. Thus a modern sovereign has been described as reigning without ruling. The form of government known as a constitutional monarchy is the form under which most of the European countries are ruled. In such monarchies the people may be glad to own the name and duty of subjects, and may regard their sovereigns with a truer loyalty than any absolute ruler could command.

Taking the United States as an example of a republic, and Great Britain as an example of a constitutional monarchy, we will consider more in chapters that follow how these great countries are governed.

HOW GREAT BRITAIN IS GOVERNED

By W. J. DARBY

ALTHOUGH Great Britain is a monarchy and the United States a republic, and although the American people elect the head of their government every four years, while the English people are ruled by a sovereign who holds the throne for life by right of succession, yet the difference between their forms of government is really not very great. The difference is chiefly in name and in the fact that the people of the United States choose their President, while the English people do not choose their King. This would seem to make the government of the United States more a government by the people than that of Great Britain; but as a matter of fact the English King has less real power than the President of the United States; and while he is respected and honored and all the affairs of government are carried on in his name, the King has little to say in the making or enforcing of the laws.

The legislative or lawmaking power in Great Britain is in the hands of a Parliament consisting of the sovereign and two houses, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, which has existed nearly in its present form since the middle of the fourteenth century. The House of Lords, or upper house, is composed of five classes of peers: (1) those who hold their seats by hereditary right; (2) those who hold their seats by creation of the King; (3) English bishops, or peers of the Church, who hold their seats by right of office; (4) Irish peers, who are elected for life; (5) Scottish peers, who are elected for the duration of a Parliament.

It may be seen that the people have little to say in creating the House of Lords; but they have everything to say in creating the House of Commons, and it is the House of Commons

that possesses the real power. The lower house of the British Parliament consists of elected members representing county, borough, and university constituencies in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland. There are 670 members in the House of Commons, of whom 377 represent counties, 284 represent boroughs, and 9 represent universities. These are elected directly by the people, not for any stated number of years, but for the duration of a Parliament, which may vary from a few months to several years, as you will see presently. Parliament is summoned by the King, who, by advice of the Privy Council, issues a writ to that effect before the assembling of each Parliament. In this custom there is a reminder of the time when the representatives of the people attended the meetings of the King and his Council merely by kind permission of the sovereign. In reality, the royal writ summoning Parliament is scarcely more than a form, as Parliament never really goes out of existence.

Any Parliament may last for seven years, though it never does last so long. It lasts as long as the party in power has the support of the people, and no longer. When the party in power, which for the time being controls the Government, finds that it cannot pass its measures by a substantial majority, the ministers who represent it in the Cabinet—which I will tell you about presently—resign. Parliament is then dissolved, a writ is issued summoning a new Parliament, and a new election is held. The party in the majority in the new Parliament forms the new Government.

This system of party government is practically the same as that of the United States. But the British Parliament is, if anything, closer to the people than the Congress of the United States, and follows public opinion more quickly. If the party in power does not find sufficient support for any measure it introduces it “goes to the country”; that is, it makes way for another election, so that the people have a chance to say whether or not they want that particular measure passed.

When a bill is passed in the House of Commons it goes to the House of Lords. If it is rejected by the Lords it goes back to the Commons, and if it is passed a second time by the

Commons it goes again to the Lords. If the Lords reject the bill a second time it is again taken up by the Commons, and if it passes in the Commons for the third time it becomes law, whether the Lords wish it or not. Previous to 1911 no bill could become law without the consent of the House of Lords, but in that year the veto power of the House of Lords was annulled by the vote of the people. The House of Lords cannot now defeat any bill, but it may delay it till the party in power goes out of office and so in the end prevent its passage into law. Before a bill becomes law it is signed by the King; and, like the President of the United States, the King has the right of veto on all legislation; but while the President not infrequently exercises his veto, the King of England seldom—almost never—makes use of his.

So you see that the people of Great Britain, through the House of Commons, practically make their own laws. In the same way they enforce them. The executive power of the British Government is nominally in the hands of the King; actually it is in the hands of the Cabinet. The Cabinet is a body of ministers composed of the leaders of the party in the majority in Parliament, which means that it is chosen indirectly by the people. The head of the Cabinet, the Prime Minister, or Premier, is the First Lord of the Treasury, and the other members of the Cabinet are: the Lord President of the Council, the Lord High Chancellor, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for India and Lord Privy Seal, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the President of the Board of Trade, the President of the Board of Education, the Secretary for Scotland, the President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, the Postmaster-General, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the First Commissioner of Works.

Some of these ministers have titles similar to those of Cabinet officers in the United States and their duties also are similar; some of them correspond to other officers in the

United States Cabinet, though their titles are somewhat different. The Chancellor of the Exchequer corresponds to the American Secretary of the Treasury; the First Lord of the Admiralty corresponds to the Secretary of the Navy; and the President of the Board of Trade corresponds to the Secretary of Commerce. The Lord High Chancellor is head of the legislative department of the British Government, and in many respects corresponds to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Chief Justice is not in the United States Cabinet; and in England, there is an Attorney-General, who is not in the British Cabinet. The titles of other members of the British Cabinet indicate clearly enough the scope of their duties. For instance, the Secretary of State for India represents the Government in Indian affairs, and the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is responsible for Irish affairs.

The President of the Local Government Board exercises supervision over the affairs of the local governments in Great Britain; and here let me explain to you what British local government means. The British Government, having in charge the affairs of the whole great British Empire, cannot provide for every detail of government in every part of the empire; so it delegates to certain local bodies the power of government in local affairs. For the purposes of local government, England and Wales are divided into sixty-two administrative counties, which are different from the geographical counties. In each county the King is represented by a Lord Lieutenant whose powers are little more than nominal. The governing body of the county is a county council consisting of councillors elected by the people and of aldermen elected by the councillors. The councillors are elected for three years and the aldermen for six years. The council has charge of the county police, schools, asylums, reformatories, licenses for music and dance halls and for race-courses, county rates, bridges and main roads, and a variety of other affairs within the county.

The administrative counties, except the County of London, are subdivided into districts, known as urban and rural dis-

tricts. An urban district comprises a town or a closely populated area, while a rural district comprises several country parishes. Every district has its council, which has control of district affairs, and every parish of over three hundred inhabitants has a parish council that regulates the affairs of the parish. The County of London, not including the city, is divided into twenty-eight boroughs, each having a mayor, aldermen, and councillors. The City of London, all large towns, and all county boroughs are ruled by municipal corporations that exist by virtue of charters granted by the Crown. A municipal corporation consists of a mayor, aldermen, and burgesses. The burgesses are really the rate-paying citizens, and they act through a council elected by themselves, which in turn elects the aldermen and the mayor. All county and district councils and other local governing bodies are responsible to the Local Government Board, which is a branch of the national Government.

There is a Local Government Board for Scotland, consisting of the Secretary for Scotland, the Solicitor-General of Scotland, and three other members nominated by the Crown. The county, district, parish, and municipal councils in Scotland are similar to those in England. In Scotland the terms "bailie" and "provost" are used instead of "alderman" and "mayor."

Ireland is governed by a Lord Lieutenant, representing the King, and the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, representing the Government. It has county, district, and municipal councils similar to those in England and Scotland. There are no parish councils in Ireland. Towns that do not hold charters from the Crown entitling them as corporations are governed by commissioners. Both Ireland and Scotland send members to the British Parliament, Ireland sending 103 and Scotland 72.

The judiciary or judging department of the British Government consists of the House of Lords, the Supreme Court of Judicature, the Chancery and Probate courts, and various local courts. The Supreme Court of Judicature consists of the Court of Appeal and the High Court of Justice, and is the

highest court in the land except the House of Lords, which is the final Court of Appeal. The House of Lords is also the final Court of Appeal in Scotland and Ireland. Scotland has a High Court of Justiciary, a Court of Session, and Sheriff Courts; and in Ireland, besides a Supreme Court consisting of a Court of Appeals and a High Court of Justice, there are also county and criminal courts.

Remembering that the judiciary branch of government interprets the meaning and intention of the laws, and metes out punishment to those who offend and equity to those that obey them, we realize how important a branch it is. Without it government could not be carried on with justice and effectiveness.

HOW CANADA IS GOVERNED

By THOMAS B. FLINT

CANADA is that portion of the British Empire formerly known as British North America. It occupies all the northern part of the North American continent east of the United States possessions in Alaska and north of the United States boundary line. Its relation to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is that of a self-governing Colony. In area it is the largest of the English Colonies; and it is the most important in wealth and population.

There are several classes of Colonies under the Imperial sway. The first and highest class is composed of those Colonies having self-governing powers, with complete legislative and judicial institutions and a government responsible to the people as represented in their parliaments. There are other Colonies and dependencies in great number, wherein the administrative and lawmaking powers are more fully under the control of the British Government.

The Colonies of the first class are: the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Union of South Africa, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Colony of Newfoundland. In these the Governor is the only official controlled by the Imperial authorities. His power is limited by very strict constitutional rules. Besides the appointment of the Governor or the Governor-General, as the case may be, the Crown reserves certain rights of veto upon legislation, but this power is seldom used. It is called into exercise only on those rare occasions when some enactment is judged to be beyond the powers granted, or against the general Imperial policy toward foreign powers.

In all essential respects the government in Colonies of the first class is quite independent, and is exercised by the people through their legally qualified representatives.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

Other Colonies have various degrees of self-government. They are known as Crown Colonies, and their legislation and administration are carried on under the supervision of the Imperial Colonial Secretary and the Government in England.

The Dominion of Canada is a Federal Union of nine provinces. It controls all the rest of Canadian territory, and governs it either through local councils of an elective character or directly by the Governor-General in Council.

The provinces and territories now forming the Dominion came under British rule at different times and under varying circumstances. The Eastern or Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, were first under French rule and later became possessions of Great Britain.

Nova Scotia was colonized by the French in 1598, taken from them by the English in 1621, restored to France in 1632, and again ceded to England in 1714. Cape Breton, now a part of Nova Scotia, was finally taken from the French in 1758, and was a separate Colony till 1819.

A portion of New Brunswick became English in 1713, but the province did not become wholly British until after the fall of Quebec in 1759. It then formed a part of Nova Scotia, but in 1784 it became a separate province. Prince Edward Island was annexed to Nova Scotia in 1713, and became a separate Colony in 1769.

Ontario and Quebec (greatly enlarged by the legislation of 1912) are the largest of the original provinces forming the Dominion. They are known as "Old Canada." Quebec, founded by the French in 1608, fell to the British in 1759, and in 1713 was formally ceded to Great Britain. Between 1713 and 1744 it was governed by military authority, but in the latter year a Council was established by the British Parliament.

In 1791 an Imperial Act was passed dividing Canada into Upper Canada and Lower Canada, and a constitution was provided for each province. In 1840 these two provinces were reunited into one province, and they so continued till 1867. Under the Federal Union Upper Canada became the

Province of Ontario and Lower Canada became the Province of Quebec. British Columbia became a Crown Colony in 1858, and entered the Dominion in 1871. At the time of the Union in 1867 all these provinces were in the full enjoyment of responsible self-government.

The vast regions north of British Columbia and west of Ontario, known as Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territories, were taken over by the Dominion in 1869, the Hudson's Bay Company's claims therein having been purchased for \$1,500,000 in cash and certain reserved sections of land of considerable value. Out of this territory the present provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta have been carved—Manitoba in 1870 and the two latter provinces in 1905. The Yukon and Northwest Territories are still under territorial government.

The nine provinces are integral members of the federation, each having, in addition to its representation in the Parliament, its own Governor, Executive Council (or Cabinet), and legislature. The legislative bodies of the provinces are called legislatures, while that of the Dominion is called Parliament. The legislature of each province except Quebec and Nova Scotia consists of one house called the Legislative Assembly. Quebec and Nova Scotia retained the two chambers upon entering the Union. The upper house is called the Legislative Council; the lower, the House of Assembly.

Upon the petition of the provinces of Canada, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the Dominion was constituted by an Act of the Imperial Parliament known as "The British North America Act, 1867." This Act is sometimes, but erroneously, referred to as the "Constitution." Only in a very limited sense can it be properly termed a constitution. The constitutional rules and principles under which government and legislation are carried on are not set forth in this Act. The Act defines the powers of the Dominion and those of the provinces, distributing them according to the understanding entered into by the original four provinces, but it leaves the method of the working out of those powers to the general principles and limitations of British constitutional

law and practice. The statement in the Act that these methods are to be "similar in principle to those in the United Kingdom" covers the whole constitutional ground. These principles were actually in full force and effect in the four provinces many years prior to the establishment of the Confederation.

A description of the method of legislation and government of the Dominion would suffice for that of the individual provinces. These follow the customs, rules, and usages of the British Parliament in almost every particular. The Dominion of Canada is a Federal Union. The provinces in their relation to the Dominion are like the States in their relation to the United States. The Governor-General of Canada is appointed by the Crown and represents the King. He is the official head of the administration, but is guided in his political action by constitutional rules well known and understood. On the advice of his Council (the Cabinet), he appoints the provincial governors who hold office for a limited period, usually five years. To be valid, all his official acts must be approved by his Council. The Senate is a pale copy of the House of Lords in England, each Senator being appointed for life by the Governor in Council, while the House of Commons, like that of Great Britain and Ireland, is the real ruling body. The Cabinet forms the executive government and is made up of fifteen heads of departments, who must be members of Parliament or Senators.

There is an official body known as the Privy Council, a portion of which is called the "Cabinet." Every member of the Cabinet is a Privy Councillor, but many Privy Councillors are not in the Cabinet. The Privy Council as a whole is composed of Cabinet ministers, ex-Cabinet ministers, and others who are appointed on account of distinguished public service. It never meets as an official body and exercises no public functions.

The ministers, whose duties are indicated by the title of their respective offices, are fifteen in number, and these form the real active and responsible Council of State, at the head of which is the President of the Council, who is the Prime Minister and leader of the Government.

The department heads are as follows: Secretary of State, Minister of Justice and Attorney-General, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Minister of Marine, Fisheries and Naval Service, Minister of Railways and Canals, Minister of Militia and Defence, Minister of Finance, Postmaster-General, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Interior, Minister of Customs, Minister of Inland Reserves, Minister of Labour.

There are generally two or three members of the Senate or of the House of Commons in the Cabinet who are not connected with any department. The Solicitor-General, usually a member of the House of Commons, is not in the Cabinet.

The Dominion has also a High Commissioner in London, whose functions somewhat resemble those of an ambassador. He is the public agent of the Dominion near the Imperial Government.

In the provincial governments there is no Privy Council. The heads of the executive departments form the Governor's Council or Cabinet.

The Parliament of Canada, as already indicated, consists of two houses, the Senate and the House of Commons. The Speaker of the Senate is a Senator appointed for one Parliament by the Governor in Council. The Speaker of the House of Commons is elected by the members of the House, but he is always nominated by the leader of the Government from among the ranks of his own party. There is also (elected in the same way) a Deputy Speaker, who is Chairman of Committees of the Whole, and who also presides in the absence of the Speaker.

In 1913 the Senate consisted of 87 members—from Quebec 24, from Ontario 24, from Nova Scotia 10, from New Brunswick 10, from Prince Edward Island 4, from British Columbia 3, and 4 each from Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan.

The members of the House of Commons are 221 in number, elected by the people for a term of five years, unless the House is sooner dissolved and a new election ordered. The constituencies are arranged by Federal law, but the voters are qualified under provincial law. Voting is by ballot. In

distributing the representation among the provinces according to population, the Province of Quebec is taken as the standard. To this province 65 members are always allotted. Each constituency is as nearly as possible of the same voting population except in the case of cities. The representation of the other provinces is based upon the proportion of 65 members to the population of Quebec. If a province contained twice the population of Quebec, it would be allotted 130 members; and so on.

In 1913 the representation of the provinces was as follows: Ontario 86, Quebec 65, Nova Scotia 18, New Brunswick 13, Manitoba 10, British Columbia 7, Prince Edward Island 4, Saskatchewan 10, Alberta 7, the Yukon Territory 1. The representation is readjusted and redistributed every ten years as soon as possible after the completion of the decennial census.

The House of Commons, like its great prototype in England, is, as I have said, the ruling power in the state. The Government must always have a majority in that branch of the legislature. If for any reason it ceases to command a majority, it must either resign or call a new election. If in such an election a majority of supporters of the Government are elected, it retains power. If the supporters of the Opposition secure a majority, the Government at once resigns and the leader of the Opposition becomes Prime Minister and forms a Cabinet from among his own supporters in the Senate and House. All ministers must have seats in Parliament. If a Cabinet minister fails of reelection by the people, he must resign his office unless he is called to the Senate for one of the provinces. If a private member is called to be head of a department, his seat is at once declared vacant and he must be reelected to the House for some constituency in order to hold his office.

The minority party in the House of Commons is officially styled "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition," and the leader of the Opposition is allowed the same salary as a Cabinet minister in addition to his pay as Member. Ministers receive \$7,000 salary. Senators and Members receive \$2,500 each for a session. The average duration of sessions is six months. In addition to

the sessional allowance, Senators and Members have free transportation on all railways in the Dominion throughout the year, and during sessions of Parliament they have free postage.

The distribution of power between the legislatures and the Parliament is clearly set forth in the British North America Act. Speaking generally, matters pertaining to education, highways, local aid to agriculture, regulation of mines, local taxation, and all other matters of purely local concern, are allotted to the provinces. The provinces receive yearly from the Dominion large sums fixed by law toward the maintenance of provincial revenues. The amount thus paid is based partly upon population and partly upon other circumstances.

All matters of national importance and of interest to Canada as a whole—such as customs tariff, inland revenue, the public domain outside the provinces, the postal service, trade, commerce and fisheries, railways, canals and telegraph lines, militia and defence, navel service, banks and banking, and the criminal law—are assigned to the Federal authority. Any powers not especially granted or reserved to the provinces remain in the jurisdiction of the Union. In this respect the Constitution of Canada differs from that of the United States, whereby all powers not specifically or by necessary implication granted to the Union remain vested in the States.

The judiciary branch of Government in Canada is partly under Federal and partly under provincial control. The purely Federal courts are the Supreme Court of Canada, a court of appeal only, and the Exchequer Court of Canada, which has Admiralty jurisdiction, jurisdiction over the patent law, and takes cognizance of all civil actions against the Crown or Government. The other high courts are provincial as to their constitution and procedure, but the judges are appointed and paid by the Dominion. There are in each province high or superior courts with civil and criminal jurisdiction. There are also county courts having quite extensive powers, the judges of which are also appointed and paid by the Dominion. The provincial legislatures provide and pay for probate and surrogate, police and magistrate courts.

Naturally there have been wide differences of views as to Federal and provincial rights under the Union. These have been settled by the courts as cases have arisen. Where grave constitutional points are concerned, as to the validity of laws and rights of action under them, affecting important interests, the causes having these points in issue are carried to the Supreme Court of Canada. From this court an appeal lies to a tribunal known as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council sitting in London. In this court judges of great eminence in Great Britain and in the Colonies hear appeals from all the courts of the Empire. Its decisions are final. Consequently there now exists a series of constitutional decisions settling the main principles upon which the Federal system in the Colonies must be carried on. Certain restrictions are placed upon the right of appeal to this court in order to prevent unwise and unnecessary litigation; but appeals on constitutional questions are always entertained. The existence of this Imperial court of final resort is regarded as one of the most powerful bonds of Imperial unity.

HOW THE UNITED STATES IS GOVERNED

AS defined by Abraham Lincoln, the government of the United States is a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." The United States is what is known as a federal republic. The word "federal" means joined, united, working together, and it is used here because the government of the United States controls the whole country, which is made up of forty-eight States, each of which has its own subordinate government with certain powers and functions belonging distinctly to itself. All the States joined together make the nation.

The head of the Federal government is called the President, and there is a Vice-President, who acts as head of the government when for any reason the President is unable to perform the duties of his office.

The President and Vice-President are chosen by the voters of all the States. But the voters in the several States do not vote directly for them. They vote for men known as Presidential electors. The Constitution provides that each State shall choose as many Presidential electors as it has persons representing it in Congress—two electors to correspond to the two senators from each State, and as many more as the State sends members to the House of Representatives. All together these electors compose what is called the electoral college. "Each party in each State chooses its candidates for this body; each district being represented by its own successful candidate, according to the popular vote. The successful electoral candidates in each State meet at their respective State capitals, on the first Monday in January following the general election, and vote for the candidates heading the party tickets with which each member is affiliated. The electoral votes are



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formally counted, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, on the second Wednesday in February, and the President and Vice-President declared elected. In case of non-election, the matter is placed in the hands of Congress, which chooses candidates by two-thirds vote."

The Vice-President is president of the Senate while the President of the United States lives and retains his office, but succeeds him if he dies in office or otherwise quits it. In the early days of the Republic, the unsuccessful candidate for President was usually elected Vice-President, but in later times each party has chosen its candidate for this office as well as for that of President.

The government of the United States is divided into three main branches. These are: the legislative or lawmaking branch; the executive or managing branch; the judiciary or judging branch. The legislative branch consists of the two houses of Congress, the Senate and the House of Representatives. The executive branch consists of the President and his ten advisers, who form his Cabinet. The judiciary branch consists of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of the United States district courts in all the States of the Union. The United States courts are separate from the State courts.

To show what these three branches have to do, we may say that Congress makes laws; the President and his Cabinet carry them into effect; and the judges of the United States courts interpret and apply the laws in deciding cases brought before them.

It has been said that, while Congress makes laws, the judges sometimes unmake them. So far as this is true, it is because the judges sometimes find that a law is contrary to the Constitution of the United States, which tells what kind of laws may be made and what kind may not be made. If Congress makes laws that are against the Constitution, the judges set them aside.

Congress, as we have seen, consists of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate consists of members formerly elected by the legislatures or lawmaking bodies of the States, but henceforth to be elected by the people of the

several States. Each State has two senators, and each senator is elected for a term of six years. As there are forty-eight States, the number of senators is ninety-six.

The House of Representatives consists of members elected by the people of the several States. Each member of the House is elected from a congressional district. The congressional districts are determined as equally as possible upon a basis of population, and are reapportioned—changed to suit the varying population—three years after every census, or counting of the people of the nation. In 1913 the House had 435 members.

Laws made for the nation consist originally of bills passed by the votes of a majority of the members of Congress. A bill may be drawn up in either house, and when it has been passed in that house it is sent to the other to be voted on. If it is passed by both houses, it is sent to the President. If the President signs his name to the bill it becomes a law. If he does not approve it—that is, if he withholds his signature—he returns the bill, with his objections, to the house that first passed it. This act is the President's veto. "Veto" is a Latin word meaning "I forbid," and the bill that a President vetoes fails to become a law unless, after the veto, two-thirds of both houses pass it again. This seldom happens now; usually, in recent years, the President's veto has been respected.

Bills are presented to either house by committees chosen to deal with special subjects. When a new law is proposed in the form of a bill, it is referred to the appropriate committee, who, if they approve it, submit it to their house, which then votes upon it. The President often suggests laws that he thinks should be passed, and his suggestions may be acted upon by Congress, which draws up and passes such bills as it thinks best.

The executive or managing branch of the government consists of the President and ten heads of departments, who form his Cabinet. The officers composing the Cabinet, and their functions, are as follows:

The Secretary of State, head of the Department of State, controls the relations of the government with foreign coun-

tries, and is the director of all ministers, ambassadors, etc., who represent the United States at foreign capitals. He also directs all United States consuls in cities of foreign countries, who are sent out to protect American citizens in those places, and to promote the interests of American commerce there.

The Secretary of the Treasury, head of the Treasury Department, has charge of all money in the United States Treasury. He also directs the collection of taxes on things—such as tobacco, liquors, playing-cards—subject to the internal revenue tax, and controls all the United States custom-houses. The mints where money is coined are also under him.

The Secretary of War, head of the War Department, controls the United States Army. He has charge of all the forts belonging to the government, and directs all officers and soldiers of the army. The War Department has direction of the Weather Bureau, which issues daily predictions regarding the weather.

The Secretary of the Navy, head of the Navy Department, directs all the officers and sailors of the United States Navy and of the United States Marine Corps. He has in charge the building of ships for the navy, and he orders their movements.

The Secretary of the Interior, head of the Department of the Interior, has charge of the United States business in all the States and territories, also of the United States lands and forest reserves, and of the irrigation dams and systems in the arid regions of the West. His department has to do with most of the relations between the States and the United States government.

The Attorney-General, head of the Department of Justice, is the chief law officer of the government; he directs the conduct of its suits in the United States courts, and takes care of its legal interests in all parts of the country.

The Postmaster-General, head of the Post Office Department, directs the carrying of the mails all over the country, and of the mails entering and leaving the United States.

The Secretary of Agriculture, head of the Department of Agriculture, does the work of advising and helping the farmers

of the country to make the most of the soil and crops. His department tries new ideas, and issues bulletins that tell farmers about the various kinds of crops that can be raised in this country.

The Secretary of Commerce, head of the Department of Commerce, has direction of the vast commercial affairs of the government. He must understand the conditions of trade and business at home and abroad.

The Secretary of Labor, head of the Department of Labor, which was created in 1913, has important functions connected with the interests of the wage-earners of the country and their relations with their employers.

These secretaries are appointed by the President and may take office with the approval of the Senate. Each secretary is the executive head of his own department, where he represents the President. He is supposed to do always as the President desires.

In case of the President's death in office or of his retirement, the Vice-President, as we have said, succeeds him. If the Vice-President also dies, or retires, the Secretary of State becomes President. After him in the order of succession come the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior.

Each State is self-governing, and has its government separate from that of every other State and in most things from that of the nation. Yet each State has responsible relations to the national government, and is bound to respect its authority in all matters of national as distinguished from purely State character. We may understand this if we think of a house in which many persons live—a large family, for example. Each person has his own clothes, books, and other belongings, but they all live together, and, if they do right by each other, every one does something to keep the house going. If they are all grown up, each one pays board. If they are parents and children, each boy or girl does something to help father and mother, if only by being “good” and obeying household rules for the well-being of all.

"That which is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee." In this way all the members of a family may live together happily while each one has his own property and business separate from the others.

Just as the chief man in the nation is called the President, so the chief man in each of the States is called the governor, and the chief man in a city is called the mayor. All the voters of all the States may vote to elect the President of the United States, and all the voters of each State or each city may vote to elect their governor or their mayor.

The President has no right to interfere with the governor of any State unless he does something against the whole United States, as, for example, trying to separate his State from the Union. The President and the United States government have control of only a few things within the States, such as the mails, the railroads running from one State to another, and United States lands in any State. These United States lands are largely great forests that the government keeps from being cut down, so as to save the trees and their wood from being wasted.

The United States government has customs officers in different States, especially in those along the ocean, on the Great Lakes, or on the border between the United States and Canada or Mexico. These customs officers collect duty—money demanded by the government as a tax upon certain articles brought into the United States from other countries.

The President of the United States can call on any or all of the State governors to send soldiers to fight the nation's enemies in time of war. But neither the President nor any other authority can interfere with the laws of any of the States unless they conflict with the supreme laws of the Republic.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS ON HEROES AND PATRIOTS

ABBOTT, E. (Ed.)	<i>Heroes of the Nations</i>
ALEXANDER, MRS. . . .	<i>Heroes of the Crusades</i>
BALDWIN, JAMES . . .	<i>An American Book of Golden Deeds</i>
BANKS, LOUIS ALBERT	<i>Heroic Personalities</i>
BANKS, M. B.	<i>Heroes of South Sea Islands</i>
BEECHER, HENRY WARD	<i>Patriotic Addresses</i>
BLAIKIE, WILLIAM GARDEN	<i>Heroes of Israel</i>
BROOKS, ELBRIDGE S. . .	<i>Century Book of Famous Americans</i>
BROOKS, ELBRIDGE S.	<i>Heroic Happenings</i>
BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH	<i>Patriot Schoolmaster</i>
CARLYLE, THOMAS	<i>Heroes and Hero Worship</i>
CARRINGTON, H. B. . . .	<i>Beacon Lights of Patriotism</i>
CATHERWOOD, M. H. . . .	<i>Heroes of the Middle West</i>
CHURCH, ALFRED JOHN . . .	<i>Heroes of Chivalry and Romance</i>
COFFIN, CHARLES CARLETON	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>
CROWLEY, M. C.	<i>Heroine of the Strait</i>
CURTIN, JEREMIAH	<i>Hero Tales of Ireland</i>
DE BONNECHOSE, E.	<i>Hero of Brittany</i>
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE	<i>Hero of the People</i>
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	<i>Heroism and Character</i>
EWART, HENRY C. . . .	<i>Heroes and Martyrs of Science</i>
FARMER, MRS. LYDIA H. . . .	<i>Boys' Book of Famous Rulers</i>
FOA, MME. E.	<i>Boy Life of Napoleon</i>
FOSTER, ERNEST	<i>Heroes of Indian Empire</i>
FOWLER, A. E.	<i>Patriotic Stories of America</i>
GETTEMY, CHARLES FERRIS	<i>The True Story of Paul Revere</i>
GODDARD, ETHEL	<i>Dreams for Ireland</i>
HALL, THOMAS W.	<i>Heroes of our Revolution</i>
HAPGOOD, NORMAN	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>

HILL, G. M.	<i>Heroic Deeds in our War with Spain</i>
HOARE, E. N.	<i>Heroism in Humble Life</i>
HOBSON, RICHMOND P.	<i>The Sinking of the Merrimac</i>
JACKSON, SAMUEL MACAULEY	<i>Heroes of the Reformation</i>
JENKINS, BURRIS ATKINS	<i>Heroes of Faith</i>
JOHNSON, ROSSITER	<i>Heroism</i>
JOHNSTON, CHARLES H. L.	<i>Famous Cavalry Leaders</i>
KAUFMAN, ROSALIE (Ed.)	<i>Our Young Folks' Plutarch</i>
KNOX, THOMAS W.	<i>Boys' Life of General Grant</i>
MANNING, A.	<i>Heroes of the Desert</i>
MARTIN, MRS.	<i>Heroes of Early Methodism</i>
MORGAN, JAMES	<i>Abraham Lincoln the Boy and the Man</i>
MORRIS, CHARLES	<i>Heroes of Progress in America</i>
OWEN, MRS. O. F.	<i>Heroines of History</i>
QUAYLE, W. A.	<i>Hero—Jean Valjean</i>
RAGOZIN, Z. A.	<i>Tales of Heroic Ages</i>
ROBINSON, A. E.	<i>Hero of Ticonderoga</i>
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, AND HENRY CABOT LODGE	<i>Hero Tales from American History</i>
ROSS, CLINTON	<i>Heroes of our War with Spain</i>
SANDERSON, E.	<i>Hero Patriots of the Nineteenth Century</i>
SEAWELL, MOLLY E.	<i>Heroes of Navy Service</i>
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	<i>Patriotism</i>
SHEPPARD, A.	<i>Heroine of Santiago</i>
SMITH, HELEN AINSLIE	<i>One Hundred Famous Americans</i>
TOWLE, GEORGE MAKEPEACE	<i>Young Folks' Heroes of History</i>
TRUE, CHARLES KITTRIDGE	<i>Heroes of Holland</i>
TWAIN, MARK	<i>Joan of Arc</i>
VALENTINE, MRS. L. J.	<i>Heroes of United Service</i>
WALSH, W. P.	<i>Heroes of the Mission Field</i>
WHYMPER, F.	<i>Heroes of the Arctic</i>
YONGE, CHARLOTTE MARY	<i>Patriots of Palestine</i>





